





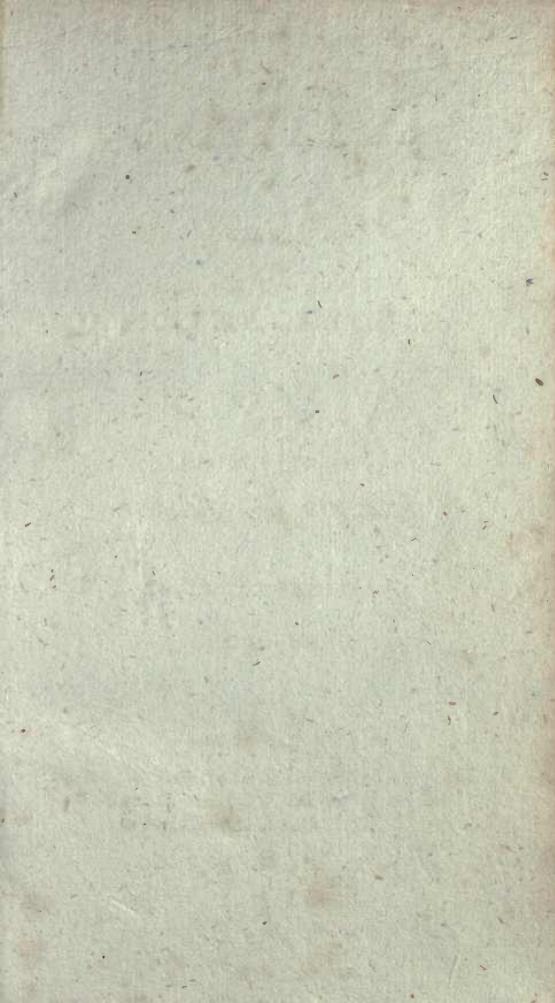
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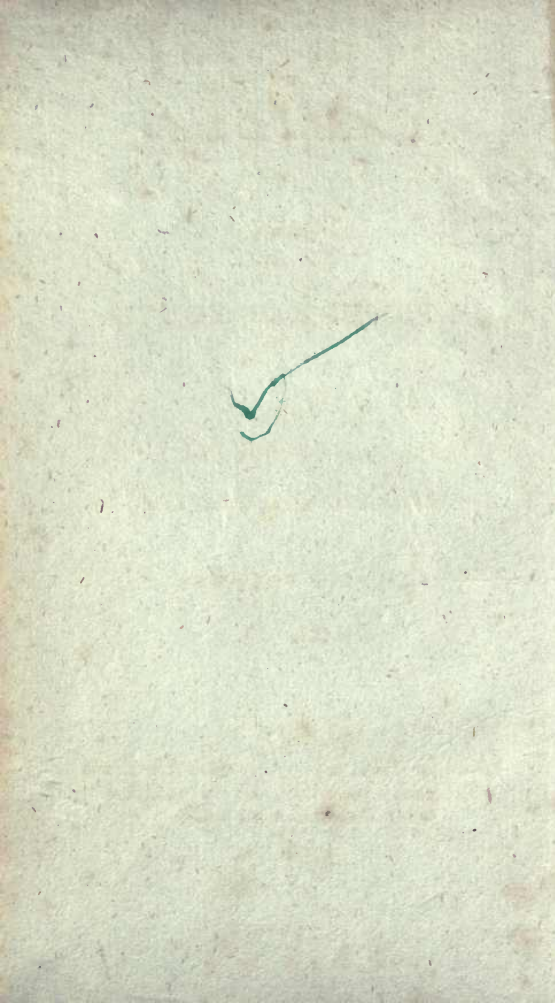


L. Tregonwell.











*CAMILLA:*

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

*EVELINA AND CECILIA.*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for T. PAYNE, at the Mews-Gate; and  
T. CADELL Jun. and W. DAVIES (Successors  
to Mr. CADELL) in the Strand.

1796.

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COMPTON

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CAMILLA;

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

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B O O K . V.

C H A P . I.

*A Pursuer.*

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fears so justly excited from the mixt emotions and exertions of Sir Hugh, Mr. Tyrold had the happiness to see him fall into a tranquil sleep, from which he awoke without any return of pain; his night was quiet; the next day was still better; and the day following he was pronounced out of danger.

The rapture which this declaration excited in the house, and diffused throughout the neighbourhood, when communicated to the worthy baronet, gave a gladness to his heart that recompensed all he had suffered.

The delight of Camilla exceeded whatever she had yet experienced: her life had lost half its value in her estimation, while she believed that of her uncle to be in danger.

No one single quality is perhaps so endearing, from man to man, as good-nature. Talents excite more admiration; wisdom, more respect; and virtue, more esteem: but with admiration envy is apt to mingle, and fear with respect; while esteem, though always honourable, is often cold: but good-nature gives pleasure without any alloy; ease, confidence, and happy carelessness, without the pain of obligation, without the exertion of gratitude.

If joy was in some more tumultuous, content was with none so penetrating as with Eugenia. Apprised now that she had  
been

been the immediate cause of the sufferings of her uncle, his loss would have given to her peace a blow irrecoverable; and she determined to bend the whole of her thoughts to his wishes, his comfort, his entire restoration.

To this end all her virtue was called in aid; a fear, next to aversion, having seized her of Clermont, from the apprehension she might never inspire in him such love as she had inspired in Bellamy, nor see in him, as in young Melmond, such merit as might raise similar sentiments for himself.

Molly Mill had not failed to paint to her the disappointment of Bellamy in not seeing her; but she was too much engrossed by the dangerous state of her uncle, to feel any compunction in her breach of promise; though touched with the account of his continual sufferings, she became very gentle in her reprimands to Molly for again meeting him; and, though Molly again disobeyed, she again was pardoned. He came daily to the lane behind

the park pales, to hear news of the health of Sir Hugh, without pressing either for an interview or a letter; and Eugenia grew more and more moved by his respectful obsequiousness. She had yet said nothing to Camilla upon the subject; not only because a dearer interest mutually occupied them, but from a secret shame of naming a lover at a period so ungenial.

But now that Sir Hugh was in a fair way of recovery, her situation became alarming to herself. Openly, and before the whole house, she had solemnly been assigned to Clermont Lynmere; and, little as she wished the connexion, she thought it, from circumstances, her duty not to refuse it. Yet this gentleman had attended her so long, had endured so many disappointments, and borne them so much to her satisfaction, that, though she lamented her concession as an injury to Clermont, and grew ashamed to name it even to Camilla, she believed it would be cruelty unheard of to break it. She determined, therefore,  
to



to see him, to pronounce a farewell, and then to bend all her thoughts to the partner destined her by her friends.

Molly Mill was alone to accompany her to give her negative, her good wishes, and her solemn declaration that she could never again see or hear of him more. He could deem it no indelicacy that she suffered Molly to be present, since she was the negociator of his own choice.

Molly carried him, therefore, this news, with a previous condition that he was not to detain her mistress one minute. He promised all submission; and the next morning, after breakfast, Eugenia, in extreme dejection at the ungrateful task she had to perform, called for Molly, and walked forth.

Camilla, who was then accidentally in her own room, was, soon after, summoned by three smart raps to her chamber door.

There, to her great surprise, she saw Edgar, who, after a hasty apology, begged to have a few minutes conference with her alone.

She descended with him into the parlour, which was vacant.

“ You suspect, perhaps,” said he, in an hurried manner, though attempting to smile, “ that I mean to fatigue you with some troublesome advice ; I must, therefore, by an abrupt question, explain myself. Does Mr. Bellamy still continue his pretensions to your sister Eugenia ? ”

Startled in a moment from all thoughts of self, that at first had been rushing with violence to her heart, Camilla answered, “ No ! why do you ask ? ”

“ I will tell you : In my regular visits here of late, I have almost constantly met him, either on foot or on horseback, in the vicinity of the park. I suspected he watched to see Eugenia ; but I knew she now never left the house ; and concluded he was ignorant of the late general confinement. This moment, however, upon my entrance, I saw him again ; and, as he hastily turned away upon meeting my eye, I dismounted, gave my horse to my man, and determined to satisfy myself which way he was strolling.

ing. I then followed him to the little lane to the right of the park, where I perceived an empty post-chaise-and-four in waiting: he advanced, and spoke with the postillion—I came instantly into the house by the little gate. This may be accidental; yet it has alarmed me; and I ventured, therefore, thus suddenly to apply to you, in order to urge you to give a caution to Eugenia, not to walk out, just at present, unattended.”

Camilla thanked him, and ran eagerly to speak to her sister; but she was not in her room; nor was she with her uncle; nor yet with Dr. Orkborne. She returned uneasily to the parlour, and said she would seek her in the park.

Edgar followed; but they looked around for her in vain: he then, deeming the danger urgent, left her, to hasten to the spot where he had seen the post-chaise.

Camilla ran on alone; and, when she reached the park gate, perceived her sister, Molly Mill, and Bellamy, in the lane.

They heard her quick approach, and turned round.

The countenance of Bellamy exhibited the darkest disappointment, and that of Eugenia the most excessive confusion. "Now then, Sir," she cried, "delay our separation no longer."

"Ah, permit me," said he, in a low voice, "permit me to hope you will hear my last sad sentence, my final misery, another day! — I will defer my mournful departure for that melancholy joy, which is the last I shall feel in my wretched existence!"

He sighed so deeply, that Eugenia, who seemed already in much sorrow, could not utter an abrupt refusal; and, as Camilla now advanced, she turned from him, without attempting to say any thing further.

Camilla, in the delight of finding her sister safe, after the horrible apprehensions she had just experienced, could not speak to her for tears.

Abashed at once, and amazed, Eugenia faintly asked what so affected her? She gave  
no

no explanation, but begged her to turn immediately back.

Eugenia consented ; and Bellamy, bowing to them both profoundly, with quick steps walked away.

Camilla asked a thousand questions ; but Eugenia seemed unable to answer them.

In a few minutes they were joined by Edgar, who, walking hastily up to them, took Camilla apart.

He told her he firmly believed a villainous scheme to have been laid : he had found the chaise still in waiting, and asked the postillion to whom he belonged. The man said he was paid for what he did ; and refused giving any account of himself. Bellamy then appeared : he seemed confounded at his sight ; but neither of them spoke ; and he left him and his chaise, and his postillion, to console one another. He doubted not, he said, but the design had been to carry Eugenia off, and he had probably only pretended to take leave, that the chaise might advance, and the postillion aid the elopement : though finding help at

B 5

hand,

hand, he had been forced to give up his scheme.

Camilla even with rapture blest his fortunate presence; but was confounded with perplexity at the conduct of Eugenia. Edgar, who feared her heart was entangled by an object who sought only her wealth, proposed dismissing Molly Mill; that he might tell her himself the opinion he had conceived of Bellamy.

Camilla overtook her sister, who had walked on without listening to or regarding them; and, sending away Molly, told her Edgar wished immediately to converse with her, upon something of the utmost importance.

“ You know my high esteem of him,” she answered; “ but my mind is now occupied upon a business of which he has no information, and I entreat that you will neither of you interrupt me.”

Camilla, utterly at a loss what to conjecture, joined Mandlebert alone, and told him her ill success. He thought every thing was to be feared from the present state of  
the

the affair, and proposed revealing at once all he knew of it to Mr. Tyrold: but Camilla desired him to take no step till she had again expostulated with her sister, who might else be seriously hurt or offended. He complied, and said he would continue in the house, park, or environs, incessantly upon the watch, till some decisive measure were adopted.

Joining Eugenia then again, she asked if she meant seriously to encourage the addresses of Bellamy.

“By no means,” she quietly answered.

“My dear Eugenia, I cannot at all understand you; but it seems clear to me that the arrival of Edgar has saved you from some dreadful violence.”

“You hurt me, Camilla, by this prejudice. From whom should I dread violence? from a man who—but too fatally for his peace—values me more than his life?”

“If I could be sure of his sincerity,” said Camilla, “I should be the last to think ill of him: but reflect a little, at least, upon

the risk that you have run; my dear Eugenia! there was a post-chaise in waiting, not twenty yards from where I stopt you!”

“ Ah, you little know Bellamy! that chaise was only to convey him away; to convey him, Camilla, to an eternal banishment!”

“ But why, then, had he prevailed with you to quit the park?”

“ You will call me vain if I tell you.”

“ No; I shall only think you kind and confidential.”

“ Do me then the justice,” said Eugenia, blushing, “ to believe me as much surpris'd as yourself at his most unmerited passion: but he told me, that if I only cast my eyes upon the vehicle which was to part him from me for ever, it would not only make it less abhorrent to him, but probably prevent the loss of his senses.”

“ My dear Eugenia,” said Camilla, half smiling, “ this is a violent passion, indeed, for so short an acquaintance!”

“ I knew



“ I knew you would say that,” answered she, disconcerted ; “ and it was just what I observed to him myself : but he satisfied me that the reason of his feelings being so impetuous was, that this was the first and only time he had ever been in love.—So handsome as he is!—what a choice for him to make!”

Camilla, tenderly embracing her, declared, “ the choice was all that did him honour in the affair.”

“ He never,” said she, a little comforted, “ makes me any compliments ; I should else disregard, if not disdain him : but indeed he seems, notwithstanding his own extraordinary manly beauty, to be wholly superior to external considerations.”

Camilla now forbore expressing farther doubt, from the fear of painful misapprehension ; but earnestly entreated her to suffer Edgar to be entrusted and consulted : she decidedly, however, refused her consent. “ I require no advice,” cried she, “ for I am devoted to my uncle’s will : to speak then of this affair would be the most  
cruel

cruel indelicacy, in publishing a conquest which, since it is rejected, I ought silently, though gratefully, to bury in my own heart."

She then related the history of all that had passed to Camilla; but solemnly declared she would never, to any other human being, but him who should hereafter be entitled to her whole heart, betray the secret of the unhappy Bellamy.

## C H A P. II.

*An Adviser.*

**T**HE wish of Camilla was to lay this whole affair before her father; but she checked it, from an apprehension she might seem displaying her duty and confidence at the expence of those of her sister; whose motives for concealment were intentionally the most pure, however, practically, they might be erroneous; and whom she both pitied and revered for her proposed submission to her uncle, in opposition to her palpable reluctance.

She saw not, however, any obstacle to consulting with Edgar, since he was already apprised of the business, and since his services might be essentially useful to her sister: while, with respect to herself, there seemed, at this time, more of dignity in meeting than shunning his friendly intercourse, since his regard for her seemed to have  
lost

lost all its peculiarity. He has precisely, cried she, the same sentiments for my sisters as for me,—he is equally kind, disinterested, and indifferent to us all! anxious alike for Eugenia with Mr. Bellamy, and for me with the detestable Major! Be it so!—we can no where obtain a better friend; and I should blush, indeed, if I could not treat as a brother one who can treat me as a sister.

Tranquil, though not gay, she returned to converse with him; but when she had related what had passed, he confessed that his uneasiness upon the subject was increased. The heart of Eugenia appeared to him positively entangled; and he besought Camilla not to lose a moment in acquainting Mr. Tyrold with her situation.

She pleaded against giving this pain to her sister with energetic affection: her arguments failed to convince, but her eloquence powerfully touched him; and he contented himself with only entreating that she would again try to aid him with an opportunity of conversing with Eugenia.

This

This she could not refuse ; nor could he then resist the opportunity to inquire why Mrs. Arlbery had left her and Lavinia at the play. She thanked him for remembering his character of her monitor, and acknowledged the fault to be her own, with a candour so unaffected, that, captivated by the soft seriousness of her manner, he flattered himself his fear of the Major was a chimæra, and hoped that, as soon as Sir Hugh was able to again join his family, no impediment would remain to his begging the united blessings of the two brothers to his views.

When Camilla told her sister the request of Edgar, she immediately suspected the attachment of Bellamy had been betrayed to him ; and Camilla, incapable of any duplicity, related precisely how the matter had passed. Eugenia, always just, no sooner heard than she forgave it, and accompanied her sister immediately down stairs.

“ I must rest all my hope of pardon,” cried Edgar, “ for the part I am taking, to your conviction of its motive ; a filial love

love and gratitude to Mr. Tyrold, a fraternal affection and interest for all his family."

"My own sisterly feelings," she answered, "make me both comprehend and thank your kind sollicitude: but, believe me, it is now founded in error. I am shocked to find you informed of this unhappy transaction; and I charge and beseech that no interference may wound its ill-fated object, by suffering him to surmise your knowledge of his humiliating situation."

"I would not for the world give you pain," answered Edgar: "but permit me to be faithful to the brotherly character in which I consider myself to stand with you---all."

A blush had overspread his face at the word Brotherly; while at that of *all*, which recovered him, a still deeper stained the cheeks of Camilla: but neither of them looked at the other; and Eugenia was too self-absorbed to observe either.

"Your

“Your utter inexperience in life,” he continued, “makes me, though but just giving up leading-strings myself, an adept in the comparison. Suffer me then, as such, to represent to you my fears, that your innocence and goodness may expose you to imposition. You must not judge all characters by the ingenuousness of your own; nor conclude, however rationally and worthily a mind such as yours might ---may---and will inspire a disinterested regard, that there is no danger of any other, and that mercenary views are out of the question, because mercenary principles are not declared.”

“I will not say your inference is severe,” replied Eugenia, “because you know not the person of whom you speak: but permit me to make this irrefragable vindication of his freedom from all sordid motives; he has never once named the word fortune, neither to make any inquiries into mine, nor any professions concerning his own. Had he any inducement to duplicity, he might have asserted to me what he

he pleased, since I have no means of detection."

"Your situation," said Edgar, "is pretty generally known; and for his--- pardon me if I hint it may be possible that silence is no virtue. However, since I am unacquainted, you say, with his character, will you give me leave to make myself better informed?"

"There needs no investigation; to me it is perfectly known."

"Forgive me if I ask how!"

"By his letters and by his conversation."

A smile which stole upon the features of Edgar obliged him to turn his head another way; but presently recovering, "My dear Miss Eugenia," he cried, "will it not be most consonant to your high principles, and scrupulous delicacy, to lay the whole of what has passed before Mr. Tyrol?"

"Undoubtedly, if my part were not strait forward. Had I the least hesitation, my father should be my immediate and decisive



cisive umpire. But---I am not at liberty even for deliberation!—I am not---I know--- at my own disposal!” —

She blushed and looked down, confused; but presently, with firmness, added, “It is not, indeed, fit that I should be; my uncle completely merits to be in all things my director. To know his wishes, therefore, is not only to know, but to be satisfied with my doom. Such being my situation, you cannot misunderstand my defence of this unhappy young man. It is but simple justice to rescue an amiable person from calumny.”

“Let us allow all this,” said Edgar; “still I see no reason why Mr. Tyrold---”

“Mr. Mandlebert,” interrupted she, “you must do what you judge right. I can desire no one to abstain from pursuing the dictates of their own sense of honour. I leave you, therefore, unshackled: but there is no consideration which, in my opinion, can justify a female in spreading, even to her nearest connexions, an unrequited partiality. If, therefore, I am forced to  
inflict

inflict this undue mortification, upon a person to whom I hold myself so much obliged, an uneasiness will remain upon my mind, destructive of my forgetfulness of an event which I would fain banish from my memory."

She then refused to be any longer detained.

"How I love the perfect innocence, and how I reverence the respectable singularity of that charming character!" cried Edgar; "yet how vain are all arguments against such a combination of fearless credulity, and enthusiastic reasoning? What can we determine?"

"I am happy to retort upon you that question," replied Camilla; "for I am every way afraid to act myself, lest I should hurt this dear sister, or do wrong by my yet dearer father."

"What a responsibility you cast upon me! I will not, however, shrink from it, for the path seems far plainer to me since I have had this conversation. Eugenia is at present safe; I see, now, distinctly, her  
heart

heart is yet untouched. The readiness with which she met the subject, the openness with which she avows her esteem, the unembarrassed, though modest simplicity with which she speaks of his passion and his distress, all shew that her pity results from generosity, not from love. Had it been otherwise, with all her steadiness, all her philosophy, some agitation and anxiety would have betrayed her secret soul. The internal workings of hopes and fears, the sensitive alarms of repressed consciousness---" A deep glow, which heated his face, forced him here to break off; and, abruptly leaving his sentence unfinished, he hastily began another.

" We must not, nevertheless, regard this as security for the future, though it is safety for the present; nor trust her unsuspecting generosity of mind to the dangerous assault of artful distress. I speak without reserve of this man; for though I know him not, as she remonstrated, I cannot, from the whole circumstances of his clandestine conduct, doubt his being an adventurer.

adventurer.---You say nothing? tell me, I beg, your opinion."

Camilla had not heard one word of this last speech. Struck with his discrimination between the actual and the possible state of Eugenia's mind, and with the effect the definition had produced upon himself, her attention was irresistibly seized by a new train of ideas, till finding he waited for an answer, she mechanically repeated his last word "opinion?"

He saw her absence of mind, and suspected his own too palpable disturbance had occasioned it: but in what degree, or from what sensations, he could not conjecture. They were both some time silent; and then, recollecting herself, she said it was earnestly her wish to avoid disobliging her sister, by a communication, which, made by any one but herself, must put her into a disgraceful point of view.

Edgar, after a pause, said, they must yield, then, to her present fervour, and hope her sounder judgment, when less played upon, would see clearer. It ap-

peared to him, indeed, that she was so free, at this moment, from any dangerous impression, that it might, perhaps, be even safer to submit quietly to her request, than to urge the generous romance of her temper to new workings. He undertook, meantime, to keep a constant watch upon the motions of Bellamy, to make sedulous inquiries into his character and situation in life, and to find out for what ostensible purpose he was in Hampshire: entreating leave to communicate constantly to Camilla what he might gather, and to consult with her, from time to time, upon what measures should be pursued: yet ultimately confessing, that if Eugenia did not steadily persist in refusing any further rejections, he should hold himself bound in conscience to communicate the whole to Mr. Tyrold.

Camilla was pleased, and even thankful for the extreme friendliness and kind moderation of this arrangement; yet she left him mournfully, in a confirmed belief his regard for the whole family was equal.

Eugenia, much gratified, promised she would henceforth take no step with which Edgar should not first be acquainted.

## C H A P. III.

*Various Confabulations.*

MR. Tyrold saw, at first, the renewed visits of Edgar at Cleves with extreme satisfaction; but while all his hopes were alive from an intercourse almost perpetual, he perceived, with surprise and perplexity, that his daughter became more and more pensive after every interview: and as Edgar, this evening, quitted the house, he observed tears start into her eyes as she went up stairs to her own room.

Alarmed and disappointed, he thought it now high time to investigate the state of the affair, and to encourage or prevent future meetings, as it appeared to him to be propitious or hopeless.

Penetrated with the goodness, while lamenting the indifference of Edgar, Camilla had just reached her room; when, as she

turned round to shut her door, Mr. Tyrold appeared before her.

Hastily, with the back of her hand, brushing off the tears from her eyes, she said, "May I go to my uncle, Sir?---can my uncle admit me?"

"He can always admit you," he answered; "but, just now, you must forget him a moment, and consign yourself to your father."

He then entered, shut the door, and making her sit down by him, said, "What is this sorrow that affails my Camilla? Why is the light heart of my dear and happy child thus dejected?"

Speech and truth were always one with Camilla; who, as she could not in this instance declare what were her feelings, remained mute and confounded.

"Hesitate not, my dear girl," cried he kindly, "to unbosom your griefs or your apprehensions, where they will be received with all the tenderness due to such a confidence, and held sacred from every human inspection;



inspection; unless you permit me yourself to entrust your best and wisest friend."

Camilla now trembled, but could not even attempt to speak.

He saw her disorder, and presently added, "I will forbear to probe your feelings, when you have satisfied me in one doubt;— Is the sadness I have of late remarked in you the effect of secret personal disturbance, or of disappointed expectation?"

Camilla could neither answer nor look up: she was convinced, by this question, that the subject of her melancholy was understood, and felt wholly overcome by the deeply distressing confusion, with which wounded pride and unaffected virgin modesty impress a youthful female, in the idea of being suspected of a misplaced, or an unrequited partiality.

Her silence, a suffocating sigh, and her earnest endeavour to hide her face, easily explained to Mr. Tyrold all that passed within; and respecting rather than wishing to conquer a shame flowing from fearful delicacy, "I would spare you," he said,

“all investigation whatever, could I be certain you are not called into any action; but, in that case, I know not that I can justify to myself so implicit a confidence, in youth and inexperience so untried in difficulties, so unused to evil or embarrassment as yours. Tell me then, my dear Camilla, do you sigh under the weight of any disingenuous conduct? or do you suffer from some suspense which you have no means of terminating?”

“My dearest father, no!” cried she, sinking upon his breast. “I have no suspense!”

She gasped for breath.

“And how has it been removed, my child?” said Mr. Tyrold, in a mournful tone; “has any deception, any ungenerous art—”

“O no, no!--he is incapable---he is superior---he---” She stopt abruptly; shocked at the avowal these few words at once inferred of her partiality, of its hopelessness, and of its object.

She walked, confused, to a corner of the room, and, leaning against the wainscot, enveloped

enveloped her face in her handkerchief, with the most painful sensations of shame.

Mr. Tyrold remained in deep meditation. Her regard for Edgar he had already considered as undoubted, and her undisguised acknowledgment excited his tenderest sympathy: but to find she thought it without return, and without hope, penetrated him with grief. Not only his own fond view of the attractions of his daughter, but all he had observed, even from his childhood, in Edgar, had induced him to believe she was irresistibly formed to captivate him; and what had lately passed had seemed a confirmation of all he had expected. Camilla, nevertheless, exculpated him from all blame; and, while touched by her artlessness, and honouring her truth, he felt, at least, some consolation to find that Edgar, whom he loved as a son, was untainted by deceit, unaccused of any evil. He concluded that some unfortunate secret entanglement, or some mystery not yet to be developed, directed compulsatorily his conduct, and

C 4

checked

checked the dictates of his taste and inclination.

Gently, at length, approaching her, "My dearest child," he said, "I will ask you nothing further; all that is absolutely essential for me to know, I have gathered. You will never, I am certain, forget the noble mother whom you are bound to revere in imitating, nor the affectionate father whom your ingenuousness renders the most indulgent of your friends. Dry up your tears then, my Camilla, and command your best strength to conceal forever their source, and, most especially-- from its cause."

He then embraced, and left her.

"Yes, my dearest father," cried she, as she shut the door, "most perfect and most lenient of human beings! yes, I will obey your dictates; I will hide till I can conquer this weak emotion, and no one shall ever know, and Edgar least of all, that a daughter of yours has a feeling she ought to disguise!"

Elevated

Elevated by the kindness of a father so adored, to deserve his good opinion now included every wish. The least severity would have chilled her confidence, the least reproof would have discouraged all effort to self-conquest; but, while his softness had soothed, his approbation had invigorated her; and her feelings received additional energy from the conscious generosity with which she had represented Edgar as blameless. Blameless, however, in her own breast, she could not deem him: his looks, his voice, his manner,---words that occasionally dropt from him, and meanings yet more expressive which his eyes or his attentions had taken in charge, all, from time to time, had told a flattering tale, which, though timidity and anxious earnestness had obscured from her perfect comprehension, her hopes and her sympathy had prevented from wholly escaping her. Yet what, internally, she could not defend she forgave; and, acquitting him of all intentional deceit, concluded that what he had felt for her, he had thought too

slight and immaterial to deserve repressing on his own part, or notice on her's. To continue with him her present sisterly conduct was all she had to study, not doubting but that what as yet was effort, would in time become natural.

Strengthened thus in fortitude, she descended chearfully to supper, where Mr. Tyrold, though he saw with pain that her spirits were constrained, felt the fondest satisfaction in the virtue of her exertion.

Her night passed in the consolation of self-applause. My dear father, thought she, will see I strive to merit his lenity, and that soothing consideration with the honourable friendship of Edgar, will be sufficient for the happiness of my future life, in the single and tranquil state in which it will be spent.

Thus comforted, she again met the eye of Mr. Tyrold the next day at breakfast; in the midst of which repast Edgar entered the parlour. The tea she was drinking was then rather gulped than sipped; yet she maintained an air of unconcern, and

returned his salutation with apparent composure.

Edgar, while addressing to Mr. Tyrold his inquiries concerning Sir Hugh, saw, from the window, his servant, whom he had out-galloped, thrown with violence from his horse. He rushed out of the parlour; and the first person to rise, with involuntary intent to follow him, was Camilla. But, as she reached the hall-door, she saw that the man was safe, and perceived that her father was the only person who had left the room besides herself. Ashamed, she returned, and found the female party collected at the windows.

Hoping to retrieve the error of her eagerness, she seated herself at the table, and affected to finish her breakfast.

Eugenia told her they had discovered the cause of the accident, which had been owing to a sharp stone that had penetrated into the horse's hoof, and which Edgar was now endeavouring to extract.

A general scream, just then, from the window party, and a cry from Eugenia of

“ O Edgar !” carried her again to the hall, door with the swiftness of lightning, calling out, “ Where?---What?---Good Heaven!”---

Molly Mill, accidentally there before her, said, as she approached, that the horse had kicked Mr. Mandlebert upon the shoulder.

Every thing but tenderness and terror was now forgotten by Camilla ; she darted forward with unrestrained velocity, and would have given, in a moment, the most transporting amazement to Edgar, and to herself the deepest shame, but that Mr. Tyrold, who alone had his face that way, stopt, and led her back to the house, saying, “ There is no mischief ; a bee stung the poor animal at the instant the stone was extracted, and the surprize and pain made it kick ; but, fortunately, without any bad effect. I wish to know how your uncle is ; I should be glad you would go and sit with him till I can come.”

With these words he left her ; and, though abashed and overset, she found no sensation



sensation so powerful as joy for the safety of Edgar.

Still, however, too little at ease for conversing with her uncle, she went straight to her own chamber, and flew involuntarily to a window, whence the first object that met her eyes was her father, who was anxiously looking up. She retreated, utterly confounded, and threw herself upon a chair at the other end of the room.

Shame now was her only sensation. The indiscretion of her first surprise, she knew, he must forgive, though she blushed at its recollection; but a sollicitude so pertinacious, an indulgence so repeated of feelings he had enjoined her to combat—how could she hope for his pardon? or how obtain her own, to have forfeited an approbation so precious?

She could not go to her uncle; she would have remained where she was till summoned to dinner, if the house-maid, after finishing all her other work, had not a third time returned to inquire if she might clean her room.

She

She then determined to repair to the Library, where she was certain only to encounter Eugenia, who would not torment, or Dr. Orkborne, who would not perceive her: but at the bottom of the stairs she was stopt by Miss Margland, who, with a malicious smile, asked if she was going to hold the bafon?

“What bafon?” cried she, surprifed.

“The bafon for the furgeon.”

“What furgeon?” repeated she, alarmed.

“Mr. Burton, who is come to bleed Mr. Mandlebert.”

She asked nothing more. She felt extremely faint, but made her way into the park, to avoid further conference.

Here, in the most painful fufpence, dying for information, yet fhirking who ever could give it her, she remained, till she faw the departure of the furgeon. She then went round by a back way to the apartment of Eugenia, who informed her that the contufion, though not dangerous, was violent, and that Mr. Tyroid had infifted

sisted upon immediate bleeding. The surgeon had assured them this precaution would prevent any ill consequence; but Sir Hugh, hearing from the servants what had happened, had desired that Edgar would not return home till the next day.

The joy of Camilla, that nothing was more serious, banished all that was disagreeable from her thoughts, till she was called back to reflections less consoling, by meeting Mr. Tyrold, as she was returning to her own room; who, with a gravity unusual, desired to speak with her, and preceded her into the chamber.

Trembling, and filled with shame, she followed, shut the door, and remained at it without daring to look up.

“ My dear Camilla,” cried he with earnestness, “ let me not hope in vain for that exertion you have promised me, and to which I know you to be fully equal. Risk not, my dear girl, to others, those outward marks of sensibility which, to common or unfeeling observers, seem but the effect of an unbecoming remissness in the self-command

mand which should dignify every female who would do herself honour. I had hoped, in this house at least, you would not have been misunderstood; but I have this moment been undeceived: Miss Margland has just expressed a species of compassion for what she presumes to be the present state of your mind, that has given me the severest pain."

He stopt, for Camilla looked thunder-struck.

Approaching her, then, with a look of concern, and a voice of tenderness, he kindly took her hand, and added: "I do not tell you this in displeasure, but to put you upon your guard. You will hear from Eugenia that we shall not dine alone; and from what I have dropt you will gather how little you can hope to escape scrutiny. Exert yourself to obviate all humiliating surmises, and you will amply be repaid by the balm of self-approbation."

He then kissed her, and quitted the room.

She

She now remained in utter despair: the least idea of disgrace totally broke her spirit, and she sat upon the same spot on which Mr. Tyrold had left her, till the ringing of the second dinner bell.

She then gloomily resolved to plead an head-ach, and not to appear.

When a footman tapt at her door, to acquaint her every body was seated at the table, she sent down this excuse: forming to herself the further determination, that the same should suffice for the evening, and for the next morning, that she might avoid the sight of Edgar, in presence either of her father or Miss Margland.

Eugenia, with kind alarm, came to know what was the matter, and informed her, that Sir Hugh had been so much concerned at the accident of Edgar, that he had insisted upon seeing him, and, after heartily shaking hands, had promised to think no more of past mistakes and disappointments, as they had now been cleared up to the county, and desired him to take up his abode at Cleves for a week.

Camilla

Camilla heard this with mixt pleasure and pain. She rejoiced that Edgar should be upon his former terms with her beloved uncle; but how preserve the caution demanded from her for so long a period, in the constant sight of her now watchful father, and the malicious Miss Margland?

She had added to her own difficulties by this present absconding, and, with severe self-blame, resolved to descend to tea. But, while settling how to act, after her sister had left her, she was struck with hearing the name of Mandlebert pronounced by Mary, the house-maid, who was talking with Molly Mill upon the landing place. Why it had been spoken she knew not; but Molly answered: "Dearee me, never mind; I'll help you to do his room, if Nanny don't come in time. My little mistress would rather do it herself, than he should want for any thing."

"Why, it's natural enough," said Mary, "for young ladies to like young gentlemen; and there's none other comes a nigh 'em, which I often thinks dull  
enough

enough for our young misses. And, to be certain, Mr. Mandlebert would be as pretty a match for one of 'em as a body could desire."

"And his man," said Molly, "is as pretty a gentleman sort of person, to my mind, as his master. I'm sure I'm as glad as my young lady when they comes to the house."

"O, as to Miss Eugeny," said Mary, "I believe, in my conscience, she likes our crack-headed old Doctor as well as e'er a young gentleman in Christendom; for there she'll sit with him, hour by hour, poring over such a heap of stuff as never was seed, reading, first one, then t'other, God knows what; for I believe never nobody heard the like of it before; and all the time never give the old Doctor a cross word.—"

"She never given nobody a cross word," interrupted Molly; "if I was Mr. Mandlebert, I'd sooner have her than any of 'em, for all she's such a nidging little thing."

"For

“For certain,” said Mary, “she’s very good, and a deal of good she does, to all as asks her; but Miss Camilla for my money. She’s all alive and merry, and makes poor master young again to look at her. I wish Mr. Mandlebert would have her, for I have overheard Miss Margland telling Miss Lynmere she was desperate fond of him, and did all she could to get him.”

Camilla felt flushed with the deepest resentment, and could scarcely command herself to forbear charging Miss Margland with his persecuting cruelty.

Nanny, the under house-maid, now joining them, said she had been detained to finish altering a curtain for Miss Margland. “And the cross old Frump,” she added, “is in a worse spite than ever, and she kept abusing that sweet Mr. Mandlebert to Miss Lynmere all the while, till she went down to dinner, and she said she was sure it was all Miss Camilla’s doings his staying here again, for she could come  
over



over master for any thing: and she said she supposed it was to have another catch at the young 'Squire's heart, but she hoped he would not be such a fool."

"I'm sure I wish he would," cried Molly Mill, "if it was only to spite her, she's such a nasty old viper. And Miss Camilla's always so good-natured, and so affable, she'd make him a very agreeable wife, I dare say."

"And she's mortal fond of him, that's true," said Mary, "for when they was both here, I always see her a running to the window, to see who was a coming into the park, when he was rode out; and when he was in the house, she never so much as went to peep, if there come six horses, one after t'other. And she was always a saying, 'Mary, who's in the parlour? Mary, who's below?' while he was here; but before he come, duce a bite did she ask about nobody."

"I like when I meets her," said Molly Mill, "to tell her Mr. Mandlebert's here,  
Miss;

Miss ; or Mr. Mandlebert's there, Miss ; — Deeree me, one may almost see one self in her eyes, it makes them shine so."

Camilla could endure no more; she arose, and walked about the room; and the maids, who had concluded her at dinner, hearing her step, hurried away, to finish their gossiping in the room of Mandlebert.

Camilla now felt wholly sunk; the persecutions of Miss Margland seemed nothing to this blow: they were cruel, she could therefore repine at them; they were unprovoked, she could therefore repel them: but to find her secret feelings, thus generally spread, and familiarity commented upon, from her own unguarded conduct, exhausted, at once, patience, fortitude, and hope, and left her no wish but to quit Cleves while Edgar should remain there.

Certain, however, that her father would not permit her to return to Etherington  
alone,

alone, a visit to Mrs. Arlbery was the sole refuge she could suggest; and she determined to solicit his permission to accept immediately the invitation of that lady.

## C H A P. IV.

*A Dodging.*

CAMILLA waited in the apartment of Mr. Tyrold till he came up stairs, and then begged his leave to spend a few days at the Grove; hinting, when he hesitated, though with a confusion that was hardly short of torture, at what had passed amongst the servants.

He heard her with the tenderest pity, and the kindest praise of her sincerity; and, deeply as he was shocked to find her thus generally betrayed, he was too compassionate to point out, at so suffering a moment, the indiscretions from which such observations must have originated. Yet he saw consequences the most unpleasant in this rumour of her attachment; and though he still privately hoped that the behaviour of Mandlebert was the effect of some transient embarrassment, he wished  
her

her removed from all intercourse with him that was not fought by himself, while the incertitude of his intentions militated against her struggles for indifference. The result, therefore, of a short deliberation was to accede to her request.

Camilla then wrote her proposition to Mrs. Arlbery, which Mr. Tyrold sent immediately by a stable-boy of the baronet's.

The answer was most obliging; Mrs. Arlbery said she would herself fetch her the next morning, and keep her till one of them should be tired.

The relief which this, at first, brought to Camilla, in the week's exertions it would spare, was soon succeeded by the most acute uneasiness for the critical situation of Eugenia, and the undoubted disapprobation of Edgar. To quit her sister at a period when she might serve her;---to forsake Cleves at the moment Edgar was restored to it, seemed selfish even to herself, and to him must appear unpardonable. "Alas!" she cried, "how for ever I repent my hasty actions!"

actions! Why have I not better struggled against my unfortunate feelings?"

She now almost hated her whole scheme, regretted its success, wished herself suffering every uneasiness Miss Margland could inflict, and all the shame of being watched and pitied by every servant in the house, in preference to deserting Eugenia, and making Mandlebert deem her unworthy. But self-upbraiding was all that followed her contrition: Mrs. Arlbery was to fetch her by appointment; and it was now too late to trifle with the conceding goodness of her father.

She did not dare excuse herself from appearing at breakfast the next morning, lest Mr. Tyrold should think her utterly incorrigible to his exhortations.

Edgar earnestly inquired after her health as she entered the room; she slightly answered she was better; and began eating, with an apparent eagerness of appetite: while he, who had expected some kind words upon his own accident, surprised and disappointed, could swallow nothing.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold, seeing and pitying what passed in her mind, gave her a commission, that enabled her, soon, to leave the room without affectation; and, happy to escape, she determined to go down stairs no more till Mrs. Arlbery arrived. She wished to have conversed first upon the affairs of Eugenia with Edgar: but to name to him whither she was herself going, when she could not possibly name why; to give to him a surprize that must recoil upon herself in disapprobation, was more than she could endure. She had invested him with full powers to counsel and to censure her; he would naturally use them to dissuade her from a visit so ill-timed; and what could she urge in opposition to his arguments that would not seem trifling or wilful?

The present moment was all that occupied, the present evil all that ever alarmed the breast of Camilla: to avoid him, therefore, now, was the whole of her desire, unmolested with one anxiety how she might better meet him hereafter.

She watched at her window till she saw the groom of Mrs. Arlbery gallop into the Park. She hastened then to take leave of Sir Hugh, whom Mr. Tyrold had prepared for her departure; but, at the door of his apartment, she encountered Edgar.

“You are going out?” cried he, perceiving an alteration in her dress.

“I am---just going to---to speak to my uncle,” cried she, stammering and entering the room at the same moment.

Sir Hugh kindly wished her much amusement, and hoped she would make him long amends when he was better. She took leave; but again, on the landing-place, met Edgar, who, anxious and perplexed, watched to speak to her before she descended the stairs. Eagerly advancing, “Do you walk?” he cried; “may I ask? or---am I indiscreet?”

She answered she had something to say to Eugenia, but should be back in an instant. She then flew to the chamber of her sister, and conjured her to consult Edgar in whatever should occur during her absence. Eugenia solemnly consented.



Jacob presently tapped at the door, to announce that Mrs. Arlbery was waiting below in her carriage.

How to pass or escape Edgar became now her greatest difficulty; she could suggest nothing to palliate to him the step she was taking, yet could still less bear to leave him to wild conjecture and certain blame: and she was standing irresolute and thoughtful, when Mr. Tyrold came to summon her.

After mildly representing the indecorum of detaining any one she was to receive by appointment, he took her apart, and putting a packet into her hand, "I would not," he said, "agitate your spirits this morning, by entering upon any topic that might disturb you: I have therefore put upon paper what I most desire you to consider. You will find it a little sermon upon the difficulties and the conduct of the female heart. Read it alone, and with attention. And now, my dearest girl, go quietly into the parlour, and let one brief

and cheerful good-morrow serve for every body alike."

He then returned to his brother.

She made Eugenia accompany her down stairs, to avoid any solitary attack from Edgar; he suffered them to pass; but followed to the parlour, where she hastily bid adieu to Miss Margland and Indiana; but was stopt from running off by the former, who said, "I wish I had known you intended going out, for I designed asking Sir Hugh for the chariot for myself this morning, to make a very particular visit."

Camilla, in a hesitating voice, said she should not use her uncle's chariot.

"You walk then?"

"No,---ma'am---but---there is---there is a carriage---I believe, now at the door."

"O dear, whose?" cried Indiana; "do, pray, tell me where you are going?" while Edgar, still more curious than either, held out his hand to conduct her, that he might obtain better information.

"I am

“ I am very glad your head-ach is so well,” said Miss Margland ; “ but, pray—is Mr. Mandlebert to be your chaperon?”

They both blushed, though both affected not to hear her : but, before they could quit the room, Indiana, who had run to a bow-window, exclaimed, “ Dear! if there is not Mrs. Arlbery in a beautiful high phaeton!”

Edgar, astonished, was now as involuntarily drawing back, as Camilla, involuntarily, was hurrying on : but Miss Margland, insisting upon an answer, desired to know if she should return to dinner?

She stammered out, No. Miss Margland pursued her to ask at what time the chariot was to fetch her ; and forced from her a confession that she should be away for some days.

She was now permitted to proceed. Edgar, impressed with the deepest displeasure, leading her in silence across the hall : but, stopping an instant at the door,

“ This excursion,” he gravely said, “ will rescue you from no little intended importunity : I had purposed tormenting you, from time to time, for your opinion and directions with respect to Miss Eugenia.”

And then, bowing coldly to Mrs. Arlbery, who eagerly called out to welcome her, he placed her in the phaeton, which instantly drove off.

He looked after them for some time, almost incredulous of her departure : but, as his amazement subsided into certainty, the most indignant disappointment succeeded. That she could leave Cleves at the very moment he was reinstated in its society, seemed conviction to him of her indifference ; and that she could leave it in the present state of the affairs of Eugenia, made him conclude her so great a slave to the love of pleasure, that every duty and all propriety were to be sacrificed to its pursuit. “ I will think of her,” cried he, “ no more ! She concealed from me her plan, lest I should torment her with admonitions :

nitions : the glaring homage of the Major is better adapted to her taste,—She flies from my sincerity to receive his adulation,—I have been deceived in her disposition,—I will think of her no more!”

## C H A P. V.

*A Sermon.*

**T**HE kind reception of Mrs. Arlbery, and all the animation of her discourse, were thrown away upon Camilla. An absent smile, and a few faint acknowledgments of her goodness were all she could return: Eugenia abandoned when she might have been served, Edgar contemning when he might have been approving----these were the images of her mind, which resisted entrance to all other.

Tired of fruitless attempts to amuse her, Mrs. Arlbery, upon their arrival at the Grove, conducted her to an apartment prepared for her, and made use of no persuasion that she would leave it before dinner.

Camilla then, too unhappy to fear any injunction, and resigned to whatever she might receive, read the discourse of Mr. Tyrold.

*For*

*For Miss Camilla Tyrold.*

It is not my intention to enumerate, my dear Camilla, the many blessings of your situation; your heart is just and affectionate, and will not forget them: I mean but to place before you your immediate duties, satisfied that the review will ensure their performance.

Unused to, because undeserving control, your days, to this period, have been as gay as your spirits. It is now first that your tranquillity is ruffled; it is now, therefore, that your fortitude has its first debt to pay for its hitherto happy exemption.

Those who weigh the calamities of life only by the positive, the substantial, or the irremediable mischiefs which they produce, regard the first sorrows of early youth as too trifling for compassion. They do not enough consider that it is the suffering, not its abstract cause, which demands human commiseration. The man who loses his whole fortune, yet possesses firmness, philosophy, a disdain of ambition, and an

accommodation to circumstances, is less an object of contemplative pity, than the person who, without one real deprivation, one actual evil, is first, or is suddenly forced to recognise the fallacy of a cherished and darling hope.

That its foundation has always been shallow is no mitigation of disappointment to him who had only viewed it in its superstructure. Nor is its downfall less terrible to its visionary elevator, because others had seen it from the beginning as a folly or a chimera; its dissolution should be estimated, not by its romance in the unimpassioned examination of a rational looker on, but by its believed promise of felicity to its credulous projector.

Is my Camilla in this predicament? had she wove her own destiny in the speculation of her wishes? Alas! to blame her, I must first forget, that delusion, while in force, has all the semblance of reality, and takes the same hold upon the faculties as truth. Nor is it till the spell is broken, till the perversion of reason and error of judgment



ment become wilful, that Scorn ought to point "its finger" or Censure its severity.

But of this I have no fear. The love of right is implanted indelibly in your nature, and your own peace is as dependant as mine and as your mother's upon its constant culture.

Your conduct hitherto has been committed to yourself. Satisfied with establishing your principles upon the adamantine pillars of religion and conscience, we have not feared leaving you the entire possession of general liberty. Nor do I mean to withdraw it, though the present state of your affairs, and what for some time past I have painfully observed of your precipitance, oblige me to add partial counsel to standing precept, and exhortation to advice. I shall give them, however, with diffidence, fairly acknowledging and blending my own perplexities with yours.

The temporal destiny of woman is enwrappt in still more impenetrable obscurity than that of man. She begins her career by  
being

being involved in all the worldly accidents of a parent; she continues it by being associated in all that may environ a husband: and the difficulties arising from this doubly appendant state, are augmented by the next to impossibility, that the first dependance should pave the way for the ultimate. What parent yet has been gifted with the foresight to say, "I will educate my daughter for the station to which she shall belong?" Let us even suppose that station to be fixed by himself, rarely as the chances of life authorize such a presumption; his daughter all duty, and the partner of his own selection solicitous of the alliance: is he at all more secure he has provided even for her external welfare? What, in this sublunary existence, is the state from which she shall neither rise nor fall? Who shall say that in a few years, a few months, perhaps less, the situation in which the prosperity of his own views has placed her, may not change for one more humble than he has fitted her for enduring, or more exalted than he has accomplished her for sustaining?

The

The conscience, indeed, of the father is not responsible for events, but the infelicity of the daughter is not less a subject of pity.

Again, if none of these outward and obvious vicissitudes occur, the proper education of a female, either for use or for happiness, is still to seek, still a problem beyond human solution; since its refinement, or its negligence, can only prove to her a good or an evil, according to the humour of the husband into whose hands she may fall. If fashioned to shine in the great world, he may deem the metropolis all turbulence; if endowed with every resource for retirement, he may think the country distasteful. And though her talents, her acquirements, may in either of these cases be set aside, with an only silent regret of wasted youth and application; the turn of mind which they have induced, the appreciation which they have taught of time, of pleasure, or of utility, will have nurtured inclinations and opinions not so ductile to new sentiments and employments, and either submission becomes a  
hardship,

hardship, or resistance generates dissension.

If such are the parental embarrassments, against which neither wisdom nor experience can guard, who should view the filial without sympathy and tenderness?

You have been brought up, my dear child, without any specific expectation. Your mother and myself, mutually deliberating upon the uncertainty of the female fate, determined to educate our girls with as much simplicity as is compatible with instruction, as much docility for various life as may accord with invariable principles, and as much accommodation with the world at large, as may combine with a just distinction of selected society. We hoped, thus, should your lots be elevated, to secure you from either exulting arrogance, or bashful insignificance; or should they, as is more probable, be lowly, to instil into your understandings and characters such a portion of intellectual vigour as should make you enter into an humbler scene

scene without debasement, helplessness, or repining.

It is now, Camilla, we must demand your exertions in return. Let not these cares, to fit you for the world as you may find it, be utterly annihilated from doing you good, by the uncombated sway of an unavailing, however well-placed attachment.

We will not here canvass the equity of that freedom by which women as well as men should be allowed to dispose of their own affections. There cannot, in nature, in theory, nor even in common sense, be a doubt of their equal right: but disquisitions on this point will remain rather curious than important, till the speculatist can superinduce to the abstract truth of the position some proof of its practicability.

Meanwhile, it is enough for every modest and reasonable young woman to consider, that where there are two parties, choice can belong only to one of them: and then let her call upon all her feelings of delicacy, all her notions of propriety,  
to

to decide: Since Man must choose Woman, or Woman Man, which should come forward to make the choice? Which should retire to be chosen?

A prepossession directed towards a virtuous and deserving object wears, in its first approach, the appearance of a mere tribute of justice to merit. It seems, therefore, too natural, perhaps too generous, to be considered either as a folly or a crime. It is only its encouragement where it is not reciprocal, that can make it incur the first epithet, or where it ought not to be reciprocal that can brand it with the second. With respect to this last, I know of nothing to apprehend:—with regard to the first—I grieve to wound my dearest Camilla, yet where there has been no subject for complaint, there can have been none for expectation.

Struggle then against yourself as you would struggle against an enemy. Refuse to listen to a wish, to dwell even upon a possibility, that opens to your present idea of happiness. All that in future may be  
realised

realised probably hangs upon this conflict. I mean not to propose to you in the course of a few days to reinstate yourself in the perfect security of a disengaged mind. I know too much of the human heart to be ignorant that the acceleration, or delay, must depend upon circumstance: I can only require from you what depends upon yourself, a steady and courageous warfare against the two dangerous underminers of your peace and of your fame, imprudence and impatience. You have champions with which to encounter them that cannot fail of success,---good sense and delicacy.

Good sense will shew you the power of self-conquest, and point out its means. It will instruct you to curb those unguarded movements which lay you open to the strictures of others. It will talk to you of those boundaries which custom forbids your sex to pass, and the hazard of any individual attempt to transgress them. It will tell you, that where allowed only a negative choice, it is your own best interest to combat against a positive wish. It will bid  
you,

you, by constant occupation, vary those thoughts that now take but one direction, and multiply those interests which now recognise but one object: and it will soon convince you, that it is not strength of mind which you want, but reflection, to obtain a strict and unremitting control over your passions.

This last word will pain, but let it not shock you. You have no passions, my innocent girl, at which you need blush, though enough at which I must tremble!—For in what consists your constraint, your forbearance? your wish is your guide, your impulse is your action. Alas! never yet was mortal created so perfect, that every wish was virtuous, or every impulse wise!

Does a secret murmur here demand: if a discerning predilection is no crime, why, internally at least, may it not be cherished? whom can it injure or offend, that, in the hidden recesses of my own breast, I nourish superior preference of superior worth?

This



This is the question with which every young woman beguiles her fancy; this is the common but seductive opiate, with which inclination lulls reason.

The answer may be safely comprised in a brief appeal to her own breast.

I do not desire her to be insensible to merit; I do not even demand she should confine her social affections to her own sex, since the most innocent esteem is equally compatible, though not equally general with ours: I require of her simply, that, in her secret hours, when pride has no dominion, and disguise would answer no purpose, she will ask herself this question, "Could I calmly hear that this elect of my heart was united to another? Were I to be informed that the indissoluble knot was tied, which annihilates all my own future possibilities, would the news occasion me no affliction?" This, and this alone, is the test by which she may judge the danger, or the harmlessness of her attachment.

I have

I have now endeavoured to point out the obligations which you may owe to good sense. Your obligations to delicacy will be but their consequence.

Delicacy is an attribute so peculiarly feminine, that were your reflections less agitated by your feelings, you could delineate more distinctly than myself its appropriate laws, its minute exactions, its sensitive refinements. Here, therefore, I seek but to bring back to your memory what livelier sensations have inadvertently driven from it.

You may imagine, in the innocency of your heart, that what you would rather perish than utter can never, since untold, be suspected: and, at present, I am equally sanguine in believing no surmise to have been conceived where most it would shock you: yet credit me when I assure you, that you can make no greater mistake, than to suppose that you have any security beyond what sedulously you must earn by the most indefatigable vigilance.

lance. There are so many ways of communication independent of speech, that silence is but one point in the ordinances of discretion. You have nothing, in so modest a character, to apprehend from vanity or presumption; you may easily, therefore, continue the guardian of your own dignity: but you must keep in mind, that our perceptions want but little quickening to discern what may flatter them; and it is mutual to either sex to be to no gratification so alive, as to that of a conscious ascendance over the other.

Nevertheless, the female who, upon the softening blandishment of an undisguised prepossession, builds her expectation of its reciprocity, is, in common, most cruelly deceived. It is not that she has failed to awaken tenderness; but it has been tenderness without respect: nor yet that the person thus elated has been insensible to flattery; but it has been a flattery to raise himself, not its exciter in his esteem. The partiality which we feel inspires diffidence: that which we create has a contrary effect.

A certainty

A certainty of success in many destroys, in all weakens, its charm: the bashful excepted, to whom it gives courage; and the indolent, to whom it saves trouble.

Carefully, then, beyond all other care, shut up every avenue by which a secret which should die untold can further escape you. Avoid every species of particularity; neither shun nor seek any intercourse apparently; and in such meetings as general prudence may render necessary, or as accident may make inevitable, endeavour to behave with the same open esteem as in your days of unconsciousness. The least unusual attention would not be more suspicious to the world, than the least undue reserve to the subject of our discussion. Coldness or distance could only be imputed to resentment; and resentment, since you have received no offence, how, should it be investigated, could you vindicate? or how, should it be passed in silence, secure from being attributed to pique and disappointment?

There

There is also another motive, important to us all, which calls for the most rigid circumspection. The person in question is not merely amiable; he is also rich: mankind at large, therefore, would not give merely to a sense of excellence any obvious predilection. This hint will, I know, powerfully operate upon your disinterested spirit.

Never from personal experience may you gather, how far from soothing, how wide from honourable, is the species of compassion ordinarily diffused by the discovery of an unreturned female regard. That it should be felt unsought may be considered as a mark of discerning sensibility; but that it should be betrayed uncalled for, is commonly, however ungenerously, imagined rather to indicate un-governed passions, than refined selection. This is often both cruel and unjust; yet, let me ask—Is the world a proper confidant for such a secret? Can the woman who has permitted it to go abroad, reasonably demand that consideration and respect

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from the community, in which she has been wanting to herself? To me it would be unnecessary to observe, that her indiscretion may have been the effect of an inadvertence which owes its origin to artlessness, not to forwardness: She is judged by those, who, hardened in the ways of men, accustom themselves to trace in evil every motive to action; or by those, who, preferring ridicule to humanity, seek rather to amuse themselves wittily with her susceptibility, than to feel for its innocence and simplicity.

In a state of utter constraint, to appear natural is, however, an effort too difficult to be long sustained; and neither precept, example, nor disposition, have enured my poor child to the performance of any studied part. Discriminate, nevertheless, between hypocrisy and discretion. The first is a vice; the second a conciliation to virtue. It is the bond that keeps society from disunion; the veil that shades our weakness from exposure, giving time for that interior correction, which the publica-  
tion

tion of our infirmities would else, with respect to mankind, make of no avail.

It were better no doubt, worthier, nobler, to meet the scrutiny of our fellow-creatures by consent, as we encounter, per force, the all-viewing eye of our Creator: but since for this we are not sufficiently without blemish, we must allow to our unstable virtues all the encouragement that can prop them. The event of discovered faults is more frequently callousness than amendment; and propriety of example is as much a duty to our fellow-creatures, as purity of intention is a debt to ourselves.

To delicacy, in fine, your present exertions will owe their future recompence, be your ultimate lot in life what it may. Should you, in the course of time, belong to another, you will be shielded from the regret that a former attachment had been published; or should you continue mistress of yourself, from a blush that the world is acquainted it was not by your choice.

I shall now conclude this little discourse by calling upon you to annex to whatever I have offered you of precept, the constant remembrance of your mother for example.

In our joint names, therefore, I adjure you, my dearest Camilla, not to embitter the present innocence of your suffering by imprudence that may attach to it censure, nor by indulgence that may make it fasten upon your vitals! Imprudence cannot but end in the demolition of that dignified equanimity, and modest propriety, which we wish to be uniformly remarked as the attributes of your character: and indulgence, by fixing, may envenom a dart that as yet may be gently withdrawn, from a wound which kindness may heal, and time may close; but which, if neglected, may wear away, in corroding disturbance, all your life's comfort to yourself, and all its social purposes to your friends and to the world.

AUGUSTUS TYROLD.



## C H A P. VI.

*A Chat.*

**T**HE calm sadness with which Camilla had opened her letter was soon broken in upon by the interest of its contents, the view it displayed of her duties, her shame at her recent failures, and her fears for their future execution; and yet more than all, by the full decision in which it seemed written, that the unhappy partiality she had exposed, had been always, and would for ever remain unreturned.

She started at the intimation how near she stood to detection even from Edgar himself, and pride, reason, modesty, all arose to strengthen her with resolution, to guard every future conflict from his observation.

The article concerning fortune touched her to the quick. Nothing appeared to her so degrading as the most distant idea

that such a circumstance could have any force with her. But the justice done to Edgar she gloried in, as an apology for her feelings, and exculpatory of her weakness. Her tears flowed fast at every expression of kindness to herself, her burning blushes dried them up as they were falling, at every hint of her feebleness, and the hopelessness of its cause; but wholly subdued by the last paragraph, which with reverence she pressed to her lips, she offered up the most solemn vows of a strict and entire observance of every injunction which the letter contained.

She was thus employed, unnoticing the passage of time, when Mrs. Arlbery tapped at her door, and asked if she wished to dine in her own room.

Surprised at the question, and ashamed to be thus seen, she was beginning a thousand apologies for not being yet dressed: but Mrs. Arlbery, interrupting her, said, "I never listen to excuses. 'Tis the only battery that overpowers me. If, by any mischance, and in an evil hour, some coun-  
try

try cousin, not knowing my ways, or some antediluvian prig, not minding them, happen to fall upon me with formal speeches, where I can make no escape, a fit of yawning takes me immediately, and I am demolished for the rest of the day."

Camilla, attempting to smile, promised to play the country cousin no more. Mrs. Arlbery then observed she had been weeping; and taking her hand, with an examining look, "My lovely young friend," she cried, "this will never do!"

"What, ma'am?---how?---what?---"

"Nay, nay, don't be frightened. Come down to dinner, and we'll talk over the hows? and the whats? afterwards. Never mind your dress; we go no where this evening; and I make a point not to suffer any body to change their attire in my house, merely because the afternoon is taking place of the morning. It seems to me a miserable compliment to the mistress of a mansion, to see her guests only equip themselves for the table. For my part, I deem the garb that is good enough for me,

good enough for my geese and turkies—apple and oyster-sauce included.”

Camilla then followed her down stairs, where she found no company but Sir Sedley Clarendel.

“Come, my dear Miss Tyrold,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “you and I may now consider ourselves as *tête-à-tête*; Sir Sedley won’t be much in our way. He hears and sees nothing but himself.”

“Ecstatically flattering that!” cried Sir Sedley; “dulcet to every nerve!”

“O, I know you listen just now, because you are yourself my theme. But the moment I take another, you will forget we are either of us in the room.”

“Inhuman to the quick!” cried he; “barbarous to a point!”

“This is a creature so strange, Miss Tyrold,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “that I must positively initiate you a little into his character;—or, rather, into its own caricature; for as to character, he has had none intelligible

ligible these three years.—See but how he smiles at the very prospect of being portrayed, in defiance of all his efforts to look unconcerned! yet he knows I shall shew him no mercy. But, like all other egotists, the only thing to really disconcert him, would be to take no notice of him. Make him but the first subject of discourse, and praise or abuse are pretty much the same to him.”

“ O shocking! shocking! killing past refuscitation! Abominably horrid, I protest!”

“ O I have not begun yet. This is an observation to suit thousands. But do not fear; you shall have all your appropriations. Miss Tyrold, you are to be auditor and judge: and I will save you the time and the trouble which decyphering this animal, so truly a non-descript, might cost you.”

“ What a tremendous exordium! distressing to a degree! I am agued with trepidation!”

“ O you wretch! you know you are enchanted. But no further interruption!

I send you to Coventry for the next ten minutes.

“ This man, my dear Miss Tyrold, whom we are about to delineate, was meant by nature, and prepared by art, for something greatly superior to what he now appears: but, unhappily, he had neither solidity of judgment, nor humility of disposition, for bearing meekly the early advantages with which he set out in life; a fine person, fine parts, and a fine estate, all dashed into consciousness at the presuming age of one and twenty. By this aggregate of wealthy, of mental, and of personal prosperity, he has become at once self spoiled and world spoiled. Had you known him, as I have done, before he was seized with this systematic affectation, which, I am satisfied, causes him more study than the united pedants of both universities could inflict upon him, you would have seen the most delightful creature breathing! a creature combining, in one animated composition, the very essences of spirit, of gaiety, and of intelligence. But now, with every thing  
within

within his reach, nothing seems worth his attainment. He has not sufficient energy to make use of his own powers. He has no one to command him, and he is too indolent to command himself. He has therefore turned fop from mere wantonness of time and of talents; from having nothing to do, no one to care for, and no one to please. Take from him half his wit, and by lessening his presumption, you will cure him of all his folly. Rob him of his fortune, and by forcing him into exertion, you will make him one of the first men of his day. Deface and maim his features and figure, and by letting him see that to appear and be admired is not the same thing, you will render him irresistible."

"Have you done?" cried the baronet smiling.

"I protest," said Mrs. Arlbery, "I believe you are a little touched! And I don't at all want to reform you. A perfect character only lulls me to sleep."

“Obliging in the superlative! I must then take as a consolation, that I have never given you a nap?”

“Never, Clarendel, I assure you; and yet I don't hate you! Vice is detestable; I banish all its appearances from my coteries; and I would banish its reality, too, were I sure I should then have any thing but empty chairs in my drawing-room – but foibles make all the charm of society. They are the only support of convivial raillery, and domestic wit. If formerly, therefore, you more excited my admiration, it is now, believe me, you contribute most to my entertainment.”

“Condoling to a phenomenon! I have really, then, the vastly prodigious honour to be exalted in your fair graces to the level of a mountebank? a quack doctor? his merry Andrew? or any other such respectable buffoon?”

“Piqued! piqued! I declare! this exceeds my highest ambition. But I must not weaken the impression by dwelling upon it.”

She



She then asked Camilla if she had any message for Cleves, as one of her servants was going close to the park gate.

Camilla, glad to withdraw, said she would write a few words to her father, and retired for that purpose.

\* \* \* \*

“What in the world, my dear Clarendel,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “can I do with this poor thing? She has lost all her sprightliness, and vapours me but to look at her. She has all the symptoms upon her of being in the full meridian of that common girlish disease, an hopeless passion.”

“Poor little tender dove!” cried the baronet. “’Twould be odious to cure her. Unfeeling to excess. What in nature can be half so mellifluously interesting? I shall now look at her with most prodigious softness. Ought one not to sigh as she approaches?”

“The matter to be sure is silly enough,” answered Mrs. Arlbery; “but, this nonsense apart, she is a charming girl. Besides,

sides, I perceive I am a violent favourite with her; and flattery, my dear Clarendel, will work its way, even with me! I really owe her a good turn: Else I should no longer endure her; for the tender passion has terribly flattened her. If we can't restore her spirits, she will be a mere dead weight to me."

"O a very crush! a cannon ball would be a butterfly in the comparifon! But who is the irrefiftible? What form has the little blind traitor affumed?"

"O, assure yourself, that of the first young man who has come in her fight. Every damfel, as she enters the world, has some picture ready painted upon her imagination, of an object worthy to enslave her: and before any experience forms her judgment, or any comparifon her taste, she is the dupe of the first youth who presents himself to her, in the firm persuasion of her ductile fancy, that he is just the model it had previously created."

She then added, she had little doubt but young Mandlebert was the hero, from  
their

their private conferences after the raffle, and from her blushes when forced to name him.

“Nay, nay, this is not of the first incongruity!” said the young baronet, “not romantic to outrage. Beech park has nothing very horrific in it. Nothing invincibly beyond the standard of a young lady’s philosophy.”

“Depend upon it, that’s the very idea its master has conceived of the matter himself. You wealthy Cavaliers rarely want flappers to remind you of your advantages. That Mandlebert, you must know, is my aversion. He has just that air and reputation of faultlessness that gives me the spleen. I hope, for her sake, he won’t think of her; he will lead her a terrible life. A man who piques himself upon his perfections, finds no mode so convenient and ready for displaying them, as proving all about him to be constantly in the wrong. However, a character of that stamp rarely marries; especially if he is rich, and has no obstacles in his way. What can I do, then, for this

poor thing? The very nature of her malady is to make her entertain false hopes. I am quite bent upon curing them. The only difficulty, according to custom, is how. I wish you would take her in hand yourself."

"I?---preposterous in the extreme! what particle of chance should I have against Mandlebert?"

"O you vain wretch! to be sure you don't know, that though he is rich, you are richer? and, doubtless, you never took notice, that though he is handsome, you are handsomer? As to manners, there is little to choose between you, for he is as much too correct, as you are too fantastic. In conversation, too, you are nearly upon a par, for he is as regularly too right, as you are ridiculously too wrong,—but O the charm of dear amusing wrong, over dull commanding right! you have but to address yourself to her with a little flattering distinction, and Mandlebert ever after will appear to her a pedant."

“What a wicked sort of sprite is a female wit!” cried Sir Sedley, “breathing only in mischief! a very will-o’-the-wisp, personified and petticoated, shining but to lead astray. Dangerous past all fathom! Have the goodness, however, my fair Jack-o’-lanthorn, to intimate what you mean I should do with this languishing dulcinea, should I deliver her from thralldom? You don’t advise me, I presume, to take unto myself a wife? I protest I am shivered to the utmost point north at the bare suggestion! frozen to an icicle!”

“No, no; I know you far too confirmed an egotist for any thing but an old bachelor. Nor is there the least necessity to yoke the poor child to the conjugal plough so early. The only sacrifice I demand from you is a little attention; the only good I aim at for her, is to open her eyes, which have now a film before them, and to let her see that Mandlebert has no other pre-eminence, than that of having been the first young man with whom she became acquainted. Never imagine I  
want

want her to fall in love with you. Heaven help the poor victim to such a complication of caprice!"

"Nay, now I am full south again! burning with shame and choler! How you navigate my sensations from cold to heat at pleasure! Cooke was a mere river waterman to you. My blood chills or boils at your command. Every sentence is a new climate. You waft me from extreme to extreme, with a rapidity absolutely dizzying. A balloon is a broad-wheeled waggon to you."

"Come, come, jargon apart, will you make yourself of any use? The cure of a romantic first flame is a better surety to subsequent discretion, than all the exhortations of all the fathers, and mothers, and guardians, and maiden aunts in the universe. Save her now, and you serve her for life;—besides giving me a prodigious pleasure in robbing that frigid Mandlebert of such a conquest."

"Unhappy young swain! I pity him to immensity. How has he fallen thus under  
the

the rigour of your wrath? Do you banish him your favour, like another Aristides, to relieve your ear from hearing him called the Just?"

"Was ever allusion so impertinent? or, what is worse, for aught I can determine, so true? for, certainly, he has given me no offence; yet I feel I should be enchanted to humble him. Don't be concerned for him, however; you may assure yourself he hates me. There is a certain spring in our propensities to one another, that involuntarily opens and shuts in almost exact harmony, whether of approbation or antipathy. Except, indeed, in the one article of love, which, distinguishing nothing, is ready to grasp at any thing."

"But why have you not recourse to the gallant cockade?"

"The Major? O, I have observed, already, she receives his devoirs without emotion; which, for a girl who has seen nothing of the world, is respectable enough, his red coat considered. Whether the  
man

man has any meaning himself, or whether he knows there is such a thing, I cannot tell: but as I do not wish to see her surrounded with brats, while a mere brat herself, it is not worth inquiry. You are the thing, Clarendel, the very thing! You are just agreeable enough to annul her puerile fascination, yet not interesting enough to involve her in any new danger."

"Flattering past imitability! divine Arlberiana!"

"Girls, in general," continued she, "are insupportable nuisances to women. If you do not let them to prate about their admirers, or their admired, they die of weariness;—if you do, the weariness reverberates upon yourself."

Camilla here returned. She had written a few lines to Eugenia, to enforce her reliance upon Edgar, with an earnest request to be sent for immediately, if any new difficulty occurred. And she had addressed a few warmly grateful words to her

her



her father, engaging to follow his every injunction with her best ability.

Sir Sedley now rung for his carriage; and Camilla, for the rest of the evening, exerted herself to receive more cheerfully the kind civilities of her lively hostess.

**A** though the evening conversation at the Grove, Camilla was captivated by the strains of the strings of Sir Hugh with a short note from Eugenia.

At length Camilla, having

An incident has happened that over-  
powers me with shame and honor.  
O, never will I tell the cause.  
Come and pass an hour or two in my  
study, your obliged

Camilla

Camilla could scarcely find to leave a  
message to her father, before the law  
to the carriage; nor even inquire for her  
under a Glass before the tea to the  
treatment of Eugenia, and with a thousand  
tender

## C H A P. VII.

*A Recall.*

AFTER two days passed with tolerable, though not natural cheerfulness at the Grove, Camilla was surprised by the arrival of the carriage of Sir Hugh with a short note from Eugenia.

*To Miss Camilla Tyrold.*

AN incident has happened that overpowers me with sadness and horror. I cannot write. I send the chariot. O! come and pass an hour or two at Cleves with your distressed

EUGENIA!

Camilla could scarcely stop to leave a message for Mrs. Arlbery, before she flew to the carriage; nor even inquire for her uncle at Cleves, before she ran to the apartment of Eugenia, and, with a thousand tender

tender careffes, desired to know what had thus cruelly afflicted her.

“ Alas!” she answered, “ my uncle has written to Clermont to come over,—and informed him with what view!”

She then related, that Indiana, the preceding day, had prevailed with Sir Hugh to let her go to the Middleton races; and she found he would be quite unhappy if she refused to be also of the party. That they had been joined by Bellamy on the race ground, who only, however, spoke to Miss Margland, as Edgar, watchful and uneasy, scarce let him even see any one else. But the horses having taken fright, while they were in a great crowd, Bellamy had persuaded Miss Margland to alight, while the coach passed a terrible concourse of carriages; and, in that interval, he had contrived to whisper a claim upon her tacit promise of viewing the chaise which was for ever to convey him away from her; and, though her engagement to Edgar made her refuse, he had drawn her, she knows not herself how, from her party,  
and,

and, while she was angrily remonstrating, and he seemed in the utmost despair at her displeasure, Edgar, who had been at first eluded by being on horseback, dismounted, forced his way to her, and almost carried her back to the coach, leaving Bellamy, who she was sure had no sinister design, nearly dead with grief at being unworthily suspected. Edgar, she however added, was fixed in believing he meant to convey her away; and Jacob, asserting he saw him purposely frighten the horses, had told his surmises to Sir Hugh; which he had corroborated by an account that the same gentleman had stopt to converse with her in her last return from Etherington. Sir Hugh, terrified, had declared he would no longer live without Clermont upon the spot. She had felt too much for his disturbance to oppose him at the moment, but had not imagined his plan would immediately be put into execution, till, early this morning, he had sent for her, and produced his letter of recall, which had taken him, he said, the whole night to compose  
and

and finish. Urged by surprise and dissatisfaction, she was beginning a little remonstrance; but found it made him so extremely unhappy, that, in the fear of a relapse, she desisted; and, with a shock she knew not when she should overcome, saw the fatal letter delivered for the post.

Camilla, with much commiseration, inquired if she had consulted with Edgar. Yes, she answered; and he had extorted her permission to relate the whole transaction to her father, though in a manner wide from justice to the ill-fated Bellamy; whose design might be extraordinary, but whose character, she was convinced, was honourable.

Camilla, whose education, though private, had not, like that of Eugenia, been secluded and studious, was far less credulous than her sister, though equally artless. She knew, too, with regard to this affair, the opinion of Edgar, and to know and be guided by it was imperceptibly one. She declared herself, therefore, openly against

Bellamy, and made her motives consist in a commentary upon his proceedings.

Eugenia warmly defended him, declaring the judgment of Camilla, and that of all her friends, to be formed in the dark; for that none of them could have doubted a moment his goodness or his honour, had they seen the distracted suffering that was marked in his countenance.

“And what,” cried Camilla, “says my father to all this?”

“He says just what Edgar says:—he is all that is kind and good, but he has never beheld Bellamy—how, then, should he know him?”

A message came now from Sir Hugh to Camilla, that he would see her before she went, but that he was resting at present from the fatigue of writing a letter. He sent her, however, with his love, the foul copy, to amuse her till she could come to him.

To Clermont Lynmere Esq.

Dear Nephew,

I HAVE had a very dangerous illness, and the doctors themselves are all surpris'd that I recovered; but a greater doctor than them was pleas'd to save me, for which I thank God. But as this attack has made me think more than ever I thought before, I am willing to turn my thoughts to good account.

Now, as I have not the gift of writing, at which, thank God, I have left off repining, from the reason of its great troublesome-ness in acquiring, I can't pretend to any thing of a fine letter, but shall proceed to business.

My dear Clermont, I write now to desire you would come over out of hand; which I hope you won't take unkind, foreign parts being no great pleasure to see, in comparision of old England; besides which, I have another apology to offer, which is, having a fine prize in view for you; which is the more essential, owing

to some unlucky circumstances, in which I did not behave quite as well as I wish, though very unwillingly; which I mention to you as a warning. However, you have no need to be cast down, for this prize will set all right, and make you as rich as a lord, at the same time that you are as wise as a philosopher. And as learning, though I have the proper respect for it, won't serve to make the pot boil, you must needs be glad of more substantial fuel; for there's no living upon air, however you students may affect to think eating mere gluttony.

Now, this prize is no other than your cousin Eugenia Tyrold, whom I don't tell you is a beauty; but if you are the sensible lad I take you for, you won't think the worse of her for wanting such frail perfections. Besides, we should not be too nice amongst relations, for if we are, what can we expect from the wide world? So I beg you to come over with all convenient speed, for fear of her falling a prey to some sharper, many such being to be found;



found; especially at horse-races, and so forth. I remain,

Dear nephew,

Your affectionate uncle,

HUGH TYROLD.

Eugenia, from motives of delicacy and of shame, declined reading the copy as she had declined reading the letter; but looked so extremely unhappy, that Camilla offered to plead with her uncle, and use her utmost influence that he would countermand the recall.

“No,” answered she, “no! ’tis a point of-duty and gratitude, and I must bear its consequences.”

She was now called down to Mr. Tyrold. Camilla accompanied her.

He told her he had gathered, from the kind zeal and inquiries of Edgar, that Belamy had certainly laid a premeditated plan for carrying her off, if she went to the races; which, as the whole neighbourhood was there, might reasonably be expected.

Eugenia, with fervour, protested such wickedness was impossible.

“I am unwilling, my dear child,” he answered, “to adulterate the purity of your thoughts and expectations, by inculcating suspicions; but, though nature has blessed you with an uncommon understanding, remember, in judgment you are still but fifteen, and in experience but a child. One thing, however, tell me candidly, Is it from love of justice, or is it for your happiness you combat thus ardently for the integrity of this young man?”

“For my justice, Sir!” said she firmly.

“And no latent reason mingles with and enforces it?”

“None, believe me! save only what gratitude dictates.”

“If your heart, then, is your own, my dear girl, do not be uneasy at the letter to Clermont. Your uncle is the last man upon earth to put any constraint upon your inclinations; and need I add to my dearest

dearest Eugenia, I am the last father to thwart or distress them? Resume, therefore, your courage and composure; be just to your friends, and happy in yourself."

Reason was never thrown away upon Eugenia. Her mind was a soil which received and naturalized all that was sown in it. She promised to look forward with more cheerfulness, and to dwell no longer upon this agitating transaction.

Edgar now came in. He was going to Beech Park to meet Bellamy. He was charged with a long message for him from Sir Hugh; and an order to inform him that his niece was engaged; which, however, he declined undertaking, without first consulting her.

This was almost too severe a trial of the duty and fortitude of Eugenia. She coloured, and was quitting the room in silence: but presently turning back, "My uncle," she cried, "is too ill now for argument, and he is too dear to me for opposition:—Say, then, just what you think

will most conduce to his tranquillity and recovery.”

Her father embraced her ; Camilla shed tears ; and Edgar, in earnest admiration, kissed her hand. She received their applause with sensibility, but looked down with a secret deduction from its force, as she internally uttered, “ My task is not so difficult as they believe ! touched as I am with the constancy of Bellamy—It is not Melmond who loves me ! it is not Melmond I reject !—”

Edgar was immediately setting off, but, stopping him—“ One thing alone I beg,” she said ; “ do not communicate your intelligence abruptly. Soften it by assurances of my kind wishes. — Yet, to prevent any deception, any future hope—say to him—if you think it right—that I shall regard myself, henceforward, as if already in that holy state so sacred to one only object.”

She blushed, and left them, followed by Camilla.

“ If

“ If born but yesterday,” cried Mr. Tyrold, while his eyes glistened, “ she could not be more perfectly free from guile.”

“ Yet that,” said Edgar, “ is but half her praise ; she is perfectly free, also, from self ! she is made up of disinterested qualities and liberal sensations. To the most genuine simplicity, she joins the most singular philosophy ; and to knowledge and cultivation, the most uncommon, adds all the modesty as well as innocence of her extreme youth and inexperience.”

Mr. Tyrold subscribed with frankness to this just praise of his highly-valued daughter ; and they then conferred upon the steps to be taken with Bellamy, whom neither of them scrupled to pronounce a mere fortune-hunter. All the inquiries of Edgar were ineffectual to learn any particulars of his situation. He said he was travelling for his amusement ; but he had no recommendation to any one ; though, by being constantly well-dressed, and keeping a shewy footman, he had contrived to make acquaintance almost universally in

the neighbourhood. Mr. Tyrold determined to accompany Edgar to Beech Park himself; and there, in the most peremptory terms, to assure him of the serious measures that would ensue, if he desisted not from his pursuit.

He then went to take leave of Camilla, who had been making a visit to her uncle, and was returning to the Grove.

He had seen with concern the frigid air with which Edgar had bowed to her upon his entrance, and with compassion the changed countenance with which she had received his formal salutation. His hope of the alliance now sunk; and so favourite a wish could not be relinquished without severe disappointment; yet his own was immaterial to him when he looked at Camilla, and saw in her expressive eyes the struggle of her soul to disguise her wounded feelings. He now regretted that she had not accompanied her mother abroad; and desired nothing so earnestly as any means to remove her from all intercourse with Mandlebert. He seconded, therefore, her  
speed

speed to be gone, happy she would be placed where exertion would be indispensable; and gently, yet clearly, intimated his wish that she should remain at the Grove, till she could meet Edgar without raising pain in her own bosom, or exciting suspicions in his. Cruelly mortified, she silently acquiesced. He then said whatever was most kind to give her courage; but, dejected by her conscious failure, and afflicted by the change in Edgar, she returned to Mrs. Arlbery in a state of mind the most melancholy.

And here, nothing could be less exhilarating nor less seasonable than the first news she heard.

The regiment of General Kinsale was ordered into Kent, in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge: It was the season for drinking the water of that spring; and Mr. Dannel was going thither with his daughter. Sir Sedley Clarendel conceived it would be serviceable also to his own health; and had suddenly proposed to Mrs. Arlbery forming a party to pass a few weeks there.

With a vivacity always ready for any new project, she instantly agreed to it, and the journey was settled to take place in three days. When Camilla was informed of this intended excursion, the disappointment with which it overpowered her was too potent for disguise: and Mrs. Arlbery was so much struck with it, that, during coffee, she took Sir Sedley apart, and said; "I feel such concern for the dismal alteration of that sweet girl, that I could prevail with myself, all love-lorn as she is, to take her with me to Tunbridge, if you will aid my hardy enterprize of driving that frozen composition of premature wisdom from her mind. If you are not as invulnerable as himself, you cannot refuse me this little sleight of gallantry."

Sir Sedley gave a laughing assent, declaring, at the same time, with the strongest professed diffidence, his conscious inability. Mrs. Arlbery, in high spirits, said she scarce knew which would most delight her, to mortify Edgar, or restore Camilla to gaiety and independance. Yet she would watch,  
she



she said, that matters went no further than just to shake off a whining first love; for the last thing upon earth she intended was to entangle her in a second.

Camilla received the invitation with pleasure yet anxiety: for though glad to be spared returning to Cleves in a state of disturbance so suspicious, she was bitterly agitated in reflecting upon the dislike of Edgar to Mrs. Arlbery, the pains he had taken to prevent her mingling with this society, and the probably final period to his esteem and good-will, that would prove the result of her accompanying such a party to a place of amusement.

## C H A P. VIII.

*A Youth of the Times.*

**M**RS. Arlbery accompanied Camilla the next day to Cleves, to ask permission of Mr. Tyrold for the excursion. She would trust the request to none but herself, conscious of powers of persuasion unused to repulse.

Mr. Tyrold was distressed by the proposition: he was not satisfied in trusting his unguarded Camilla to the dissipation of a public place, except under the wing of her mother; though he felt eager to remove her from Edgar, and rejoiced in any opportunity to allow her a change of scene, that might revive her natural spirits, and unchain her heart from its unhappy subjection.

Perceiving him undetermined, Mrs. Arlbery called forth all her artillery of eloquence and grace, to forward her conquest.

quest. The licence she allowed herself in common of fantastic command, gave way to the more feminine attraction of soft pleading: her satire, which, though never malignant, was often alarming, was relinquished for a sportive gaiety that diffused general animation; and Mr. Tyrold soon, though not caught like his daughter, ceased to wonder that his daughter had been caught.

In this indecision he took Camilla apart, and bad her tell him, without fear or reserve, her own feelings, her own wishes, her own opinion upon this scheme. She held such a call too serious and too kind for disguise: she hid her face upon his shoulder and wept; he soothed and encouraged her to confidence; and, in broken accents, she then acknowledged herself unequal, as yet, to fulfilling his injunctions of appearing cheerful and easy, though sensible of their wisdom.

Mr. Tyrold, with a heavy heart, saw how much deeper was her wound, than the airiness of her nature had prepared him

him to expect, and could no longer hesitate in granting his consent. He saw it was her wish to go; but he saw that the pleasures of a public place had no share in exciting it. To avoid betraying her conscious mortification was her sole and innocent motive; and though he would rather have sent her to a more private spot, and have trusted her to a more retired character; he yet thought it possible, that what opportunity presented unfought, might, eventually, prove more beneficial than what his own choice would have dictated; for public amusements, to the young and unhackneyed, give entertainment without requiring exertion; and spirits lively as those of Mrs. Arlbery create nearly as much gaiety as they display.

Fixed, now, for the journey, he carried Camilla to her uncle to take leave. The prospect of not seeing her again for six weeks was gloomy to Sir Hugh, though he bore it better at this moment, when his fancy was occupied by arranging preparations for the return of Clermont, than he

could have done at almost any other. He put into her hands a fifty pound Bank note for her expences, and when, with mingled modesty and dejection, she would have returned the whole, as unnecessary even to her wishes, Mr. Tyrold, interfering, made her accept twenty pounds. Sir Hugh pressed forward the original sum in vain; his brother, though always averse to refuse his smallest desire, thought it here a duty to be firm, that the excursion, which he granted as a relief to her sadness, might not lead to pleasures ever after beyond her reach, nor to their concomitant extravagance. She could not, he knew, reside at Tunbridge with the œconomy and simplicity to which she was accustomed at Etherington; but he charged her to let no temptation make her forget the moderate income of which alone she was certain; assuring her, that where a young woman's expences exceeded her known expectations, those who were foremost to praise her elegance, would most fear to form any connection

connection with her, and most despise or deride her in any calamity.

Camilla found no difficulty in promising the most exact observance of this instruction; her heart seemed in sackcloth and ashes, and she cared not in what manner her person should be arrayed.

Sir Hugh earnestly enjoined her not to fail to be at Cleves upon the arrival of Clermont, intimating that the nuptials would immediately take place.

She then sought Eugenia, whom she found with Dr. Orkborne, in a state of mind so perfectly calm and composed, as equally to surprise and rejoice her. She saw with pleasure that all Bellamy had inspired was the most artless compassion; for since his dismissal had now positively been given, and Clermont was actually summoned, she devoted her thoughts solely to the approaching event, with the firm, though early wisdom which distinguished her character.

Indiana joined them; and, in a low voice, said to Camilla, "Pray, cousin, do you know where Mr. Macdersey is? because I am sadly afraid he's dead."

Camilla, surpris'd, desired to know why she had such an apprehension?

"Because he told me he'd shoot himself through the brains if I was cruel—and I am sure I had no great choice given me: for, between ourselves, Miss Margland gave all the answers for me, without once stopping to ask me what I should chuse. So if he has really done it, the fault is more her's than mine."

She then said, that, just after Camilla's departure the preceding day, Mr. Macdersey arrived, and insisted upon seeing her, and speaking to Sir Hugh, as he was ordered into Kent, and could not go so far in suspense. Sir Hugh was not well enough to admit him; and Miss Margland, upon whom the office devolved, took upon her to give him a positive refusal; and though she went into the room  
while

while he was there, never once would let her make an answer for herself.

Miss Margland, she added, had frightened Sir Hugh into forbidding him the house, by comparing him with Mr. Bellamy; but Mr. Macdersey had frightened them all enough, in return, as he went away, by saying, that as soon as ever Sir Hugh was well, he would call him out, because of his sending him word down stairs not to come to Cleves any more, for he had been disturbed enough already by another Irish fortune-hunter, that came after another of his nieces; and he was the more sure Mr. Macdersey was one of them, because of his being a real Irishman, while Mr. Bellamy was only an Englishman. "But don't you think now, cousin," she continued, "Miss Margland might as well have let me speak for myself?"

Camilla inquired if she was sorry for the rejection.

"N--o," she answered, with some hesitation; "for Miss Margland says he's got



no rent-roll; besides, I don't think he's so agreeable as Mr. Melmond; only Mr. Melmond's worth little or no fortune they say: for Miss Margland inquired about it, after Mr. Mandlebert behaved so. Else I can't say I thought Mr. Melmond disagreeable."

Mrs. Arlbery now sent to hasten Camilla, who, in returning to the parlour, met Edgar. He had just gathered her intended excursion, and, sick at heart, had left the room. Camilla felt the consciousness of a guilty person at his sight; but he only slightly bowed; and coldly saying, "I hope you will have much pleasure at Tunbridge," went on to his own room.

And there, replete with resentment for the whole of her late conduct, he again blessed Dr. Marchmont for his preservation from her toils; and, concluding the excursion was for the sake of the Major, whose regiment he knew to be just ordered into Kent, he centered every former hope in the one single wish that he might never see her more.

Camilla,

Camilla, shocked by such obvious displeasure, quitted Cleves with still increasing sadness; and Mrs. Arlbery would heartily have repented her invitation, but for her dependance upon Sir Sedley Clarendel.

At Etherington they stopt, that Camilla might prepare her package for Tunbridge. Mrs. Arlbery would not alight.

While Camilla, with a maid-servant, was examining her drawers, the chamber door was opened by Lionel, for whom she had just inquired, and who, telling her he wanted to speak to her in private, turned the maid out of the room.

Camilla begged him to be quick, as Mrs. Arlbery was waiting.

“Why then, my dear little girl,” cried he, “the chief substance of the matter is neither more nor less than this: I want a little money.”

“My dear brother,” said Camilla, pleasure again kindling in her eyes as she opened her pocket-book, “you could never  
10 have

have applied to me so opportunely. I have just got twenty pounds, and I do not want twenty shillings. Take it, I beseech you, any part, or all."

Lionel paused and seemed half choaked. "Camilla," he cried presently, "you are an excellent girl. If you were as old and ugly as Miss Margland, I really believe I should think you young and pretty. But this sum is nothing. A drop of water to the ocean."

Camilla now, drawing back, disappointed and displeased, asked how it was possible he should want more.

"More, my dear child? why I want two or three cool hundred."

"Two or three hundred?" repeated she, amazed.

"Nay, nay, don't be frightened. My uncle will give you two or three thousand, you know that. And I really want the money. It's no joke, I assure you. It's a case of real distress."

"Distress?"

“Distress? impossible! what distress can you have to so prodigious an amount?”

“Prodigious! poor little innocent! dost think two or three hundred prodigious?”

“And what is become of the large sums extorted from my uncle Relvil?”

“O that was for quite another thing. That was for debts. That’s gone and over. This is for a perfectly different purpose.”

“And will nothing—O Lionel!—nothing touch you? My poor mother’s quitting England---her separation from my father and her family---my uncle Relvil’s severe attack---will nothing move you to more thoughtful, more praise-worthy conduct?”

“Camilla, no preaching! I might as well cast myself upon the old ones at once. I come to you in preference, on purpose to avoid sermonising. However, for your satisfaction, and to spur you to serve me, I can assure you I have avoided all new debts since the last little deposit of the poor sick hypochondriac miser, who is pining away

at

at the loss of a few guineas, that he had neither spirit nor health to have spent for himself."

"Is this your reasoning, your repentance, Lionel, upon such a catastrophe?"

"My dear girl, I am heartily concerned at the whole business, only, as it's over, I don't like talking of it. This is the last scrape I shall ever be in while I live. But if you won't help me, I am undone. You know your influence with my uncle. Do, there's a dear girl, use it for your brother! I have not a dependance in the world, now, but upon you!"

"Certainly I will do whatever I can for you," said she, sighing; "but indeed, my dear Lionel, your manner of going on makes my very heart ach! However, let this twenty pounds be in part, and tell me your very smallest calculation for what must be added?"

"Two hundred. A farthing less will be of no use; and three will be of thrice the service. But mind!--you must not say it's for me!"

“How, then, can I ask for it?”

“O, vamp up some diſmal ditty.”

“No, Lionel!” exclaimed ſhe, turning away from him; “you propoſe what you know to be impracticable.”

“Well, then, if you muſt needs ſay it’s for me, tell him he muſt not for his life own it to the old ones.”

“In the ſame breath, muſt I beg and command?”

“O, I always make that my bargain. I ſhould elſe be put into the lecture room, and not let looſe again till I was made a milkſop. They’d talk me ſo into the vapours, I ſhould not be able to act like a man for a month to come.”

“A man, Lionel?”

“Yes, a man of the world, my dear; a knowing one.”

Mrs. Arlbery now ſent to haſten her, and he extorted a promiſe that ſhe would go to Cleves the next morning, and procure a draft for the money, if poſſible, to  
be

be ready for his calling at the Grove in the afternoon.

She felt this more deeply than she had time or courage to own to Lionel, but her increased melancholy was all imputed to reflections concerning Mandlebert by Mrs. Arlbery.

\* \* \* \*

That lady lent her chaise the next morning, with her usual promptitude of good-humour, and Camilla went to Cleves, with a reluctance that never before accompanied her desire to oblige.

Her visit was received most kindly by all the family, as merely an additional leave taking; in which light, though she was too sincere to place it, she suffered it to pass. Having no chance of being alone with her uncle by accident, she was forced to beg him, in a whisper, to request a *tête-à-tête* with her: and she then, covered with all the confusion of a partner in his extravagance, made the petition of Lionel.

Sir Hugh seemed much surpris'd, but protested he would rather part with his coat and waistcoat than refuse any thing to Camilla. He gave her instantly a draft upon his banker for two hundred pounds; but added, he should take it very kind of her, if she would beg Lionel to ask him for no more this year, as he was really so hard run, he should not else be able to make proper preparations for the wedding, till his next rents became due.

Camilla was now surpris'd in her turn; and Sir Hugh then confessed, that, between presents and petitions, his nephew had had no less than five hundred pounds from him the preceding year, unknown to his parents; and that for this year, the sum she requested made the seventh hundred; without the least account for what purpose it was given.

Camilla now heartily repented being a partner in a business so rapacious, so unjustifiable, and so mysterious; but, kindly interrupting her apology, "Don't be concerned,



cerned, my dear," he cried, "for there's no help for these things; though what the young boys do with all their money now-a-days, is odd enough, being what I can't make out. However, he'll soon be wiser, so we must not be too severe with him; though I told him, the last time, I had rather he would not ask me so often; which was being almost too sharp, I'm afraid, considering his youngness; for one can't expect him to be an old man at once."

Camilla gave voluntarily her word no such application should find her its ambassadefs again: and though he would have dispensed with the promise, she made it the more readily as a guard against her own facility.

"At least," cried the baronet, "say nothing to my poor brother, and more especially to your mother; it being but vexatious to such good parents to hear of such idleness, not knowing what to think of it; for it is a great secret, he says, what he does with it all; for which reason one can't expect him to tell it. My poor brother, to

be sure, had rather he should be studying *hic, hæc, hoc*; but, Lord help him! I believe he knows no more of that than I do myself; and I never could make out much meaning of it, any further than it's being Latin; though I suppose, at the time, Dr. Orkborne might explain it to me, taking it for granted he did what was right."

Camilla was most willing to agree to concealing from her parents what she knew must so painfully afflict them, though she determined to assume sufficient courage to expostulate most seriously with her brother, against whom she felt sensations of the most painful anger.

Again she now took leave; but upon re-entering the parlour, found Edgar there alone.

Involuntarily she was retiring; but the counsel of her father recurring to her, she compelled herself to advance, and say, "How good you have been to Eugenia! how greatly are we all indebted for your kind vigilance and exertion!"

Edgar,

Edgar, who was reading, and knew not she was in the house, was surprised, both by her sight and her address, out of all his resolutions; and, with a softness of voice he meant evermore to deny himself, answered, “To me? can any of the Tyrold family talk of being indebted to me?—my own obligations to all, to every individual of that name, have been the pride, have been—hitherto—the happiness of my life!—”

The word “hitherto,” which had escaped, affected him: he stopt, recollected himself, and presently, more drily added, “Those obligations would be still much increased, if I might flatter myself that one of that race, to whom I have ventured to play the officious part of a brother, could forget those lectures, she can else, I fear, with difficulty pardon.”

“You have found me unworthy your counsel,” answered Camilla, gravely, and looking down; “you have therefore concluded I resent it: but we are not always completely wrong, even when wide from

being right. I have not been culpable of quite so much folly as not to feel what I have owed to your good offices; nor am I now guilty of the injustice to blame their being withdrawn. You do surely what is wisest, though not—perhaps—what is kindest.”

To these last words she forced a smile; and, wishing him good morning, hurried away.

Amazed past expression, and touched to the soul, he remained, a few instants, immoveable; then, resolving to follow her, and almost resolving to throw himself at her feet, he opened the door she had shut after her: he saw her still in the hall, but she was in the arms of her father and sisters, who had all descended, upon hearing she had left Sir Hugh, and of whom she was now taking leave.

Upon his appearance, she said she could no longer keep the carriage; but, as she hastened from the hall, he saw that her eyes were swimming in tears.

Her

Her father saw it too, with less surprize, but more pain. He knew her short and voluntary absence from her friends could not excite them: his heart ached with paternal concern for her; and, motioning every body else to remain in the hall, he walked with her to the carriage himself, saying, in a low voice, as he put her in, "Be of better courage, my dearest child. Endeavour to take pleasure where you are going—and to forget what you are leaving: and, if you wish to feel or to give contentment upon earth, remember always, you must seek to make circumstance contribute to happiness, not happiness subservient to circumstance."

Camilla, bathing his hand with her tears, promised this maxim should never quit her mind till they met again.

She then drove off.

"Yes," she cried, "I must indeed study it; Edgar cares no more what becomes of me! resentment next to antipathy has taken place of his friendship and esteem!"

She wrote down in her pocket-book the last words of her father; she resolved to read them daily, and to make them the current lesson of her future and disappointed life.

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Lionel, too impatient to wait for the afternoon, was already at the Grove, and handed her from the chaise. But, stopping her in the portico, "Well," he cried, "where's my draft?"

"Before I give it you," said she, seriously, and walking from the servants, "I must entreat to speak a few words to you."

"You have really got it, then?" cried he, in a rapture; "you are a charming girl! the most charming girl I know in the world! I won't take your poor twenty pounds: I would not touch it for the world. But come, where's the draft? Is it for the two or the three?"

"For the two; and surely, my dear Lionel—"

"For

“For the two? O, plague take it!—only for the two?—And when will you get me the odd third?”

“O brother! O Lionel! what a question! Will you make me repent, instead of rejoice, in the pleasure I have to assist you?”

“Why, when he was about it, why could he not as well come down like a gentleman at once? I am sure I always behaved very handsomely to him.”

“How do you mean?”

“Why, I never frightened him; never put him beside his poor wits, like t’other poor nuncle. I don’t remember I ever did him an ill turn in my life, except wanting Dr. Pothook, there, to flog him a little for not learning his book. It would have been a rare fight if he had!—Don’t you think so?”

“Rare, indeed, I hope!”

“Why, now, what could he have done, if the Doctor had really performed it? He could not in justice have found fault, when

he put himself to school to him. But he'd have felt a little queer. Don't you think he would?"

"You only want to make me laugh, to prevent my speaking to the purpose; but I am not disposed to laugh; and therefore—"

"O, if you are not disposed to laugh, you are no company for me. Give me my draft, therefore."

"If you will not hear, I hope, at least, Lionel, you will think; and that may be much more efficacious. Shall I put up the twenty? I really do not want it. And it is all, all, all I can ever procure you! Remember that!"

"What?—all?—this all?—what, not even the other little mean hundred?"

"No, my dear brother! I have promised my uncle no further application—"

"Why what a stingy, fusty old codger, to draw such a promise from you!"

"Hold, hold, Lionel! I cannot endure to hear you speak in such a manner of such  
an



an uncle! the best, the most benevolent, the most indulgent—”

“ Lord, child, don't be so precise and old maidish. Don't you know it's a relief to a man's mind to swear, and say a few cutting things when he's in a passion? when all the time he would no more do harm to the people he swears at, than you would, that mince out all your words as if you were talking treason, and thought every man a spy that heard you. Besides, how is a man the worse for a little friendly curse or two, provided he does not hear it? It's a very innocent refreshment to a man's mind, my dear; only you know nothing of the world.”

Mrs. Arlbery now approaching, he hastily took the draft, and, after a little hesitation, the twenty pounds, telling her, if she would not ask for him, she must ask for herself, and that he felt no compunction, as he was certain she might draw upon her uncle for every guinea he was worth.

He

He then heartily embraced her; said she was the best girl in the world, when she did not mount the pulpit, and rode off.

Camilla felt no concern at the loss of her twenty pounds: lowered and unhappy, she was rather glad than sorry that her means for being abroad were diminished, and that to keep her own room would soon be most convenient.

The next day was fixed for the journey.

## BOOK VI.

## CHAP. I.

*A Walk by Moonlight.*

**M**RS. Arlbery and Camilla set off in the coach of Mr. Dannel, widower of a deceased sister of the husband of Mrs. Arlbery, whom she was induced to admit of the party that he might aid in bearing the expences, as she could not, from some family considerations, refuse taking her niece into her coterie. Sir Sedley Clarendel drove his own phaeton; but, instead of joining them, according to the condition which occasioned the treaty, cantered away his ponies from the very first stage, and left word, where he

changed horses, that he should proceed to the hotel upon the Pantiles.

Mrs. Arlbery was nearly provoked to return to the Grove. With Mr. Dannel she did not think it worth while to converse; her niece she regarded as almost an idiot; and Camilla was so spiritless, that, had not Sir Sedley acceded to her plan, this was the last period in which she would have chosen her for a companion.

They travelled very quietly to within a few miles of Tunbridge, when an accident happened to one of the wheels of the carriage, that the coachman said would take some hours to repair. They were drawn on, with difficulty, to a small inn upon the road, whence they were obliged to send a man and horse to Tunbridge for chaises.

As they were destined, now, to spend some time in this place, Mrs. Arlbery retired to write letters, and Mr. Dannel to read newspapers; and, invited by a bright moon, Camilla and Miss Dannel wandered from a little garden to an adjoining meadow,

dow, which conducted them to a lane, rendered so beautiful by the strong masses of shade with which the trees intercepted the resplendent whiteness of the moon, that they walked on, catching fresh openings with fresh pleasure, till the feet of Miss Dannel grew as weary with the length of the way, unbroken by any company, as the ears of Camilla with her incessant prattling, unaided by any idea. Miss Dannel proposed to sit down, and, while relieving herself by a fit of yawning and stretching, Camilla strolled a little further in search of a safe and dry spot.

Miss Dannel, following in a moment, on tip-toe, and trembling, whispered that she was sure she heard a voice. Camilla, with a smile, asked if only themselves were privileged to enjoy so sweet a night? "Hush!" cried she, "hush! I hear it again!" They listened; and, in a minute, a soft plaintive tone reached their ears, too distant to be articulate, but undoubtedly female.

"I dare

“ I dare say it’s a robber!” exclaimed Miss Dannel shaking ; “ If you don’t run back, I shall die!”

Camilla assured her, from the gentleness of the sound, she must be mistaken; and pressed her to advance a few steps further, in case it should be any body ill.

“ But you know,” said Miss Dannel, speaking low, “ people say that sometimes there are noises in the air, without its being any body? Suppose it should be that?”

Still, though almost imperceptibly, Camilla drew her on, till, again listening, they distinctly heard the words, “ My lovely friend.”

“ La! how pretty!” said Miss Dannel ; “ let’s go a little nearer.”

They advanced, and presently, again stopping, heard, “ Could pity pour balm into my woes, how sweetly would they be alleviated by your’s, my lovely friend?”

Miss Dannel now looked enchanted, and eagerly led the way herself.

In a few minutes, arriving at the end of the lane, which opened upon a wild and romantic common, they caught a glimpse of a figure in white.

Miss Dannel turned pale. "Dear!" cried she, in the lowest whisper, "what is it?"

"A lady," answered Camilla, equally cautious not to be heard, though totally without alarm.

"Are you sure of that?" said Miss Dannel, shrinking back, and pulling her companion to accompany her.

"Do you think it's a ghost?" cried Camilla, unresisting the retreat, yet walking backwards to keep the form in sight.

"Fie! how can you talk so shocking? all in the dark so, except only for the moon?"

"Your's, my lovely friend!" was now again pronounced in the tenderest accent.

"She's talking to herself!" exclaimed Miss Dannel; "Lord, how frightful!" and she clung close to Camilla, who, mounting

mounting a little hillock of stones, presently perceived that the lady was reading a letter.

Miss Dannel, tranquilised by hearing this, was again content to stop, when their ears were suddenly struck by a piercing shriek.

“O Lord! we shall be murdered!” cried she, screaming still louder herself.

They both ran back some paces down the lane, Camilla determining to send somebody from the inn to inquire what all this meant: but presently, through an opening to the common, they perceived the form in white darting forwards, with an air wild and terrified. Camilla stopt, struck with compassion and curiosity at once; Miss Dannel could not quit her, but after the first glance, hid her face, faintly articulating, “O, don’t let it see us! don’t let it see us! I am sure it’s nothing natural! I dare say it’s somebody walking!”

The next instant, they perceived a man, looking earnestly around, as if to discover who had echoed the scream; the place they occupied was in the shade, and he  
did



did not observe them. He soon rushed hastily on, and seized the white garment of the flying figure, which appeared, both by its dress and form, to be an elegant female. She clasped her hands in supplication, cast up her eyes towards heaven, and again shrieked aloud.

Camilla, who possessed that fine internal power of the thinking and feeling mind to adopt courage for terror, where any eminent service may be the result of immediate exertion, was preparing to spring to her relief; while Miss Dannel, in extreme agony holding her, murmured out, "Let's run away! let's run away! she's going to be murdered!" when they saw the man prostrate himself at the lady's feet, in the humblest subjection.

Camilla stopt her flight; and Miss Dannel, appeased, called out; "La! his kneeling! how pretty it looks! I dare say it's a lover. How I wish one could hear what he says!"

An exclamation, however, from the lady, uttered in a tone of mingled affright and  
disgust,

disgust, of "leave me! leave me!" was again the signal to Miss Dannel of retreat, but of Camilla to advance.

The rustling of the leaves, caused by her attempt to make way through the breach, caught the ears of the suppliant, who hastily arose; while the lady folded her arms across her breast, and seemed ejaculating the most fervent thanks for this relief.

Camilla now forced a passage through the hedge, and the lady, as she saw her approach, called out, in a voice the most touching, "Surely 'tis some pitying Angel, mercifully come to my rescue!"

The pursuer drew back, and Camilla, in the gentlest words, besought the lady to accompany her to the friends she had just left, who would be happy to protect her.

She gratefully accepted the proposal, and Camilla then ventured to look round, to see if the object of this alarm had retreated: but, with an astonishment that almost confounded her, she perceived him, a few yards off, taking a pinch of snuff, and humming an opera air.

The lady, then, snatching up her letter, which had fallen to the ground, touched it with her lips, and carefully folding, put it into her bosom, tenderly ejaculating, "I have preserved thee!---O from what danger! what violation!"

Then pressing the hand of Camilla, "You have saved me," she cried, "from the calamity of losing what is more dear than I have words to express! Take me but where I may be shielded from that wretch, and what shall I not owe to you?"

The moon now shining full upon her face, Camilla saw seated on it youth, sensibility, and beauty. Her pleasure, involuntarily rather than rationally, was redoubled that she had proved serviceable to her, as, in equal proportion, was her abhorrence of the man who had caused the disturbance.

The three females were now proceeding, when the offender, with a careless air, and yet more careless bow, advancing towards them, negligently said, "Shall I have the honour to see you safe home, ladies?"

Camilla

Camilla felt indignant; Miss Dannel again screamed; and the stranger, with a look of horror and disgust, said; "Persecute me no more!"

"O hang it! O curse it!" cried he, swinging his cane to and fro, "don't be serious. I only meant to frighten you about the letter."

The lady deigned no answer, but murmured to herself "that letter is more precious to me than life or light!"

They now walked on; and, when they entered the lane, they had the pleasure to observe they were not pursued. She then said to Camilla, "You must be surpris'd to see any one out, and unprotected, at this late hour; but I had employ'd myself, unthinkingly, in reading some letters from a dear and absent friend, and forgot the quick passage of time."

A man in a livery now appearing at some distance, she hastily summoned him, and demanded where was the carriage?

In the road, he answered, where she had left it, at the end of the lane.

She then took the hand of Camilla, and with a smile of the utmost softness said,  
"When

“When the shock I have suffered is a little over, I must surely cease to lament I have sustained it, since it has brought to me such sweet succour. Where may I find you to-morrow, to repeat my thanks?”

Camilla answered, “she was going to Tunbridge immediately, but knew not yet where she should lodge.”

“Tunbridge!” she repeated; I am there myself; I shall easily find you out to-morrow morning, for I shall know no rest till I have seen you again.”

She then asked her name, and, with the most touching acknowledgments, took leave.

Camilla recounted her adventure to Mrs. Arlbery, with an animated description of the fair Incognita, and with the most heart-felt delight of having, though but accidentally, proved of service to her. Mrs. Arlbery laughed heartily at the recital, assuring her she doubted not but she had made acquaintance with some dangerous fair one, who was playing upon her inexperience, and utterly unfit to be known

to her. Camilla warmly vindicated her innocence, from the whole of her appearance, as well as from the impossibility of her knowing that her scream could be heard: yet was perplexed how to account for her not naming herself, and for the mystery of the carriage and servant in waiting so far off. These latter she concluded to belong to her father, as she looked too young to have any sort of establishment of her own.

“What I don’t understand in the matter is, that there reading of letters by the light of the moon;” said Mr. Dannel. “Where’s the necessity of doing that, for a person that can afford to keep her own coach and servants?”

Mr. Dannel was a man as unfavoured by nature as he was uncultivated by art. He had been accepted as a husband by the sister of Mr. Arlbery, merely on account of a large fortune, which he had acquired in business. The marriage, like most others made upon such terms, was as little happy in its progression as honourable in  
its

its commencement; and Miss Dannel, born and educated amidst domestic dissention, which robbed her of all will of her own, by the constant denial of one parent to what was accorded by the other, possessed too little reflexion to benefit by observing the misery of an alliance not mentally assented; and grew up with no other desire but to enter the state herself, from an ardent impatience to shake off the slavery she experienced in singleness. The recent death of her mother had given her, indeed, somewhat more liberty; but she had not sufficient sense to endure any restraint, and languished for the complete power which she imagined a house and servants of her own would afford.

When they arrived at the hotel, in Tunbridge, Mrs. Arlbery heard, with some indignation, that Sir Sedley Clarendel was gone to the rooms, without demonstrating, by any sort of inquiry, the smallest solicitude at her non-appearance.

## C H A P. II.

*The Pantiles.*

A SERVANT tapt early at the door of Camilla, the next morning, to acquaint her that a lady, who called herself the person that had been so much obliged to her the preceding day, begged the honour of being admitted.

Camilla was sorry, after the suspicions of Mrs. Arlbery, that she did not send up her name; yet, already partially disposed, her prepossession was not likely to be destroyed by the figure that now appeared.

A beautiful young creature, with an air of the most attractive softness, eyes of the most expressive loveliness, and a manner which by every look and every motion announced a soul “tremblingly alive,” glided gently into the room, and advancing, with a graceful confidence of kindness, took  
both



both her hands, and pressing them to her heart, said, "What happiness so soon to have found you! to be able to pour forth all the gratitude I owe you, and the esteem with which I am already inspired!"

Camilla was struck with admiration and pleasure; and gave way to the most lively delight at the fortunate accident which occasioned her walking out in a place entirely unknown to her; declaring she should ever look back to that event as to one of the marked blessings of her life.

"If you," answered the fair stranger, "have the benevolence thus to value our meeting, how should it be appreciated by one who is so eternally indebted to it? I had not perceived the approach of that person. He broke in upon me when least a creature so ungenial was present to my thoughts. I was reading a letter from the most amiable of friends, the most refined—perhaps—of human beings!"

Camilla, impatient for some explanation, answered, "I hope, at least, that

friend will be spared hearing of your alarm?"

"I hope so! for his own griefs already overwhelm him. Never may it be my sad lot to wound where I mean only to console."

At the words *his own*, Camilla felt herself blush. She had imagined it was some female friend. She now found her mistake, and knew not what to imagine next.

"I had retired," she continued, "from the glare of company, and the weight of uninteresting conversation, to read, at leisure and in solitude, this dear letter—heart-breaking from its own woes, heart-soothing to mine! In a place such as this, seclusion is difficult. I drove some miles off, and ordered my carriage to wait in the high road, while I strolled alone upon the common. I delight in a solitary ramble by moonlight. I can then indulge in uninterrupted rumination, and solace my melancholy by pronouncing aloud such sentences, and such names, as in the world I cannot

cannot utter. How exquisitely sweet do they sound to ears unaccustomed to such vibrations!"

Camilla was all astonishment and perplexity. A male friend so beloved, who seemed to be neither father, brother, nor husband; a carriage at her command; though without naming one relation to whom either that or herself might belong; and sentiments so tender she was almost ashamed to listen to them; all conspired to excite a wonder that painfully prayed for relief: and in the hope to obtain it, with some hesitation, she said, "I should have sought you myself this morning, for the pleasure of inquiring after your safety, but that I was ignorant by what name to make my search."

The fair unknown looked down for a moment, with an air that shewed a perfect consciousness of the inquiry meant by this speech; but turning aside the embarrassment it seemed to cause her, she presently raised her head, and said, "I had no diffi-

culty to find you, for my servant, happily, made his inquiry at once at this hotel."

Disappointed and surpris'd by this evasion, Camilla saw now an evident mystery, but knew not how to press forward any investigation. She began, therefore, to speak of other things, and her fair guest, who had every mark of an education rather sedulously than naturally cultivated, joined readily in a conversation less personal.

They did not speak of Tunbridge, of public places, nor diversions; their themes, all chosen by the stranger, were friendship, confidence, and sensibility, which she illustrated and enlivened by quotations from favourite poets, aptly introduced and feelingly recited; yet always uttered with a sigh, and an air of tender melancholy. Camilla was now in a state so depressed, that, notwithstanding her native vivacity, she fell as imperceptibly into the plaintive style of her new acquaintance, who seem'd habitually pensive, as if sympathy rather than accident had brought them together.

Yet

Yet when chance led to some mention of the adventure of the preceding evening, and the lady made again an animated eulogium of the friend whose letter she was perusing; she hazarded, with an half smile, saying: "I hope—for his own sake, this friend is some sage and aged personage?"

"O no!" she answered; "he is in the bloom of youth."

Camilla, again a little disconcerted, paused; and the lady went on.

"It was in Wales I first met him; upon a spot so beautiful that painting can never do it justice. I have made, however, a little sketch of it, which, some day or other, I will shew you, if you will have the goodness to let me see more of you."

Camilla could not refrain from an eager affirmative; and the conversation was then interrupted by a message from Mrs. Arlbery, who always breakfasted in her own room, to announce that she was going out lodging-hunting.

Camilla would rather have remained with her new acquaintance, better adapted to her present turn of mind than Mrs. Arlbery; but this was impossible, and the lovely stranger hastened away, saying she would call herself the next morning to shew the way to her house, where she hoped they might pass together many soothing and consolatory hours.

\* \* \* \*

Camilla found Mrs. Arlbery by no means in her usual high spirits. The opening of her Tunbridge campaign had so far from answered its trouble and expence, that she heartily repented having quitted the Grove. The Officers either were not arrived in the neighbourhood, or were wholly engaged in military business; Camilla, instead of contributing to the life of the excursion, seemed to hang heavily both upon that, and upon herself; and Sir Sedley Clarendel, whose own proposition had brought it to bear, had not yet made his  
appear-

appearance, though lodging in the same hotel.

Thus vexatiously disappointed, she was ill-disposed to listen with pleasure to the history Camilla thought it indispensable to relate of her recent visit: and in answer to all praise of this fair Incognita, only replied by asking her name and connexions. Camilla felt extremely foolish in confessing she had not yet learnt them. Mrs. Arlbery then laughed unmercifully at her commendations, but concluded with saying: "Follow, however, your own humour; I hate to torment or be tormented: only take care not to be seen with her."

Camilla rejoiced she did not exact any further restriction, and hoped all raillery would soon be set aside, by an honourable explanation.

\* \* \* \*

They now repaired to the Pantiles, where the gay company and gay shops afforded some amusement to Camilla, and to Miss

Dennel a wonder and delight, that kept her mouth open, and her head jerking from object to object, so incessantly, that she saw nothing distinctly, from the eagerness of her fear lest any thing should escape her.

Mrs. Arlbery, meeting with an old acquaintance in the bookseller's shop, there sat down with him, while the two young ladies loitered at the window of a toy-shop, struck with just admiration of the beauty and ingenuity of the Tunbridge ware it presented to their view; till Camilla, in a party of young men who were strolling down the Pantiles, and who went into the bookseller's shop, distinguished the offender of the fair unknown.

To avoid following, or being recollected by a person so odious to her, she entered the toy-shop with Miss Dennel, where she amused herself, till Mrs. Arlbery came in search of her, in selecting such various little articles for purchase as she imagined would amount to about half a crown; but which were put up for her at a guinea.

This



This a little disconcerted her: though, as she was still unufually rich, from Mr. Tyrold's having advanced her next quarterly allowance, she confoled herfelf that they would ferve for little keep-fakes for her fifters and her coufin: yet she determined, when next she entered a fhop for convenience, to put nothing apart as a buyer, till she had inquired its price.

The affaulter, Lord Newford, a young nobleman of the *ton*, after taking a ftaring furvey of every thing and every body around, and feeing no one of more confequence, followed Mrs. Arlbery, with whom formerly he had been flightly acquainted, to the toy-fhop. He asked her how she did, without touching his hat; and how long she had been at Tunbridge, without waiting for an answer; and faid he was happy to have the pleafure of feeing her, without once looking at her.

To his firft fentence, Mrs. Arlbery made a civil answer; but, repenting it upon the two fentences that fucceeded, she heard them without feeming to liften, and fixing her

eyes upon him, when he had done, coolly said, "Pray have you seen any thing of my servant?"

Lord Newford, somewhat surprised, replied, "No."

"Do look for him, then," cried she, negligently, "there's a good man."

Lord Newford, a little piqued, and a little confused at feeling so, said he should be proud to obey her; and turning short off to his companion, cried "Come, Offy, why dost loiter? where shall we ride this morning?" And, taking him by the arm, quitted the Pantiles.

Mrs. Arlbery, laughing heartily, now felt her spirits a little revive; "I doat," she cried, "upon meeting, now and then, with insolence, for I have a little taste for it myself, which I make some conscience of not indulging unprovoked."

They then proceeded to the milliner's, to equip themselves for going to the rooms at night. Mrs. Arlbery and Miss Dannel, who were both rich, gave large orders: Camilla, indifferent to every thing except

to avoid appearing in a manner that might disgrace her party, told the milliner to choose for her what she thought fashionable that was most reasonable. She was soon fitted up with what was too pretty to disapprove, and desiring immediately to pay her bill, found it amounted to five guineas; though she had imagined she should have change out of two.

She had only six, and some silver; but was ashamed to dispute, or desire any alteration; she paid the money; and only determined to apply to another person than the feller, when next she wanted any thing reasonable.

Mrs. Arlbery now ordered the carriage, and they drove to Mount Pleasant, where she hired a house for the season, to which they were to remove the next day.

\* \* \* \*

In the evening, they went to the rooms, where the decidedly fashionable mien and manner of Mrs. Arlbery, attracted more general notice and admiration than  
the

the youthful captivation of Camilla, or the pretty face and expensive attire of Miss Dannel.

Dressed by the milliner of the day, Camilla could not fail to pass uncensured, at least, with respect to her appearance; but her eyes wanted their usual lustre, from the sadness of her heart, and she never looked less herself, nor to less advantage.

The master of the ceremonies brought to her Sir Theophilus Jarard; but as she had seen him the companion of Lord Newford, to whom she had conceived a strong aversion, she declined dancing. He looked surprised, but rather offended than disappointed, and with a little laugh, half contemptuous, as if ashamed of having offered himself, stalked away.

Sir Sedley Clarendel was now sauntering into the room. Mrs. Arlbery, willing to shew her young friend in a favourable point of view to him, though more from pique at his distance, than from any thought at that moment of Camilla, told her she must positively accept Sir Theophilus, whose  
asking

asking her must be regarded as a particular distinction, for he was notoriously a man of the *ton*. And, heedless of her objections, told Mr. Dannel to call him back.

“How can I do that,” said Mr. Dannel, “after seeing her refuse him with my own eyes?”

“O, nobody cares about a man’s eyes,” said Mrs. Arlbery; “go and tell him Miss Tyrold has changed her mind, and chooses to dance.”

“As to her changing her mind,” he answered, “that’s likely enough; but I don’t see how it’s any reason I should go of a fool’s errand.”

“Pho, pho, go directly; or you sha’n’t dine before eight o’clock for the whole Tunbridge season.”

“Nay,” said Mr. Dannel, who had an horror of late hours, “if you will promise we shall dine more in reason” —

“Yes, yes,” cried Mrs. Arlbery, hurrying him off, notwithstanding the reiterated remonstrances of Camilla.

“See,

“ See, my dear,” she then added, laughing, “ how many weapons you must have in use, if you would govern that strange animal called man! yet never despair of victory; for, depend upon it, there is not one of the race that, with a little address, you may not bring to your feet.”

Camilla, who had no wish but for one single votary, and whose heart was sunk from her failure in obtaining that one, listened with so little interest or spirit, that Mrs. Arlbery, quite provoked, resolved not to throw away another idea upon her for the rest of the evening. And therefore, as her niece went completely and constantly for nothing with her, she spoke no more, till, to her great relief, she was joined by General Kinfae.

Mr. Dannel returned with an air not more pleased with his embassy, than her own appeared with her auditress. The gentleman, he said, had joined two others, and they were all laughing so violently together, that he could not find an opportunity

nity to deliver his message, for they seemed as if they would only make a joke of it.

Mrs. Arlbery then saw that he had got between Lord Newford and Sir Sedley, and that they were all three amusing themselves, without ceremony or disguise, at the expence of every creature in the room; up and down which they strolled, arm in arm, looking familiarly at every body, but speaking to nobody; whispering one another in hoarse low voices, and then laughing immoderately loud: while nothing was distinctly heard, but from time to time, "What in the world is become of Mrs. Berlinton to night?" or else, "How stupid the rooms are without lady Alithea?"

Mrs. Arlbery, who, like the rest of the world, saw her own defects in as glaring colours, and criticised them with as much animated ridicule as those of her neighbours, when exhibited by others, no sooner found she was neglected by this set, than she raved against the prevailing ill manners of the leaders in the *ton*, with as much asperity

asperity of censure, as if never for a moment betrayed herself, by fashion, by caprice, nor by vanity, to similar foibles. "Yet, after all," cried she presently, "to see fools behave like fools, I am well content. I have no anger, therefore, against Lord Newford, nor Sir Theophilus Jarard; if they were not noticed for being impertinent, how could they expect to be noticed at all? When there is but one line that can bring them forward, I rather respect them: that they have found it out. But what shall we say to Sir Sedley Clarendel? A man as much their superior in capacity as in powers of pleasing? 'Tis a miserable thing, my dear General, to see the dearth of character there is in the world. Pope has bewailed it in women; believe me, he might have extended his lamentation. You may see, indeed, one man grave, and another gay; but with no more "mark or likelihood," no more distinction of colouring, than what simply belongs to a dismal face or a merry one: and with just as little light and shade, just as abrupt a skip from  
one



one to the other, as separates inevitably the old man from the young one. We are almost all, my good General, of a nature so pitifully plastic, that we act from circumstances, and are fashioned by situation."

Then, laughing at her own pique, "General," she added, "shall I make you a confession? I am not at all sure, if that wretched Sir Sedley had behaved as he ought to have done, and been at my feet all the evening, that I should not, at this very moment, be amused in the same manner that he is himself! yet it would be very abominable, I own."

"This is candid, however."

"O, we all acknowledge our faults, now; 'tis the mode of the day: but the acknowledgment passes for current payment; and therefore we never amend them. On the contrary, they take but deeper root, by losing all chance of concealment. Yet I am vexed to see that odious Sir Sedley shew so silly a passion for being a man of the *ton*, as to suffer himself to be led in a string

string by those two poor paltry creatures, who are not more troublesome as fops, than tiresome as fools, merely because they are better known than himself upon the turf and at the clubs."

Here, she was joined by Lord O'Lerney and the honourable Mr. Ormsby. And, in the next faunter of the *tonniss* triumvirs, Lord Newford, suddenly seeing with whom she was associated, stooped, and looking at her with an air of surprize, exclaimed, "God bless me! Mrs. Arlbery! I hope you are perfectly well?"

"Infinitely indebted to your lordship's solicitude!" she answered, rather sarcastically. But, without noticing her manner, he desired to be one in her tea-party, which she was then rising to form.

She accepted the offer, with a glance of consciousness at the General, who, as he conducted her, said: "I did not expect so much grace would so immediately have been accorded."

“ Alas! my dear General, what can one do? These *torrish* people, cordially as I despise them, lead the world; and if one has not a few of them in one's train, 'twere as well turn hermit. However, mark how he will fare with me! But don't judge from the opening.

She now made his lordship so many gay compliments, and mingled so much personal civility with the general entertainment of her discourse, that, as soon as they rose from tea, he professed his intention of sitting by her, for the rest of the evening.

She immediately declared herself tired to death of the rooms, and calling upon Miss Dannel and Camilla, abruptly made her exit.

The General, again her conductor, asked how she could leave thus a conquest so newly made.

“ I leave,” she answered, “ only to secure it. He will be piqued that I should go, and that pique will keep me in his head till to-morrow. 'Tis well, my dear General, to put any thing there! But if I had stayed  
a mo-

a moment longer, my contempt might have broken forth into satire, or my weariness into yawning: and I should then inevitably have been cut by the *ton* party for the rest of the season."

Miss Dannel, who had been dancing, and was again engaged to dance, remonstrated against retiring so soon; but Mrs. Arlbery had a regular system never to listen to her. Camilla, whom nothing had diverted, was content to retreat.

At the door stood Sir Sedley Clarendel, who, as if now first perceiving them, said to Mrs. Arlbery, "Ah! my fair friend!— And how long have you been at the Wells?"

"Intolerable wretch!" cried she, taking him apart, "is it thus you keep your conditions? did you draw me into bringing this poor love-sick thing with me, only to sigh me into the vapours?"

"My dear madam!" exclaimed he, in a tone of expostulation, "who can think of the same scheme two days together? Could you possibly form a notion of any thing so patriarchal?"

Before

\* \* \* \*

Before they retired to their chambers at the hotel, Camilla told Mrs. Arlbery how shocking to her was the fight, much more any acquaintance with Lord Newford, who was the person that had so much terrified the lady she had met on their journey. Mrs. Arlbery assured her he should be exiled her society, if, upon investigation, he was found the aggressor; but while there appeared so much mystery in the complaint and the conduct of this unknown lady, she should postpone his banishment.

Camilla was obliged to submit: but scarce rested till she saw again her new favourite the next morning.

## C H A P. III.

*Mount Ephraim.*

**T**HIS expected guest arrived early. Camilla received her with the only sensation of pleasure she had experienced at Tunbridge. Yet what she excited seemed still stronger: the fair stranger besought her friendship as a solace to her existence, and hung upon her as upon a treasure long lost, and dearly recovered. Camilla soon caught the infection of her softness, and felt a similar desire to cultivate her regard. She found her beauty attractive, her voice melodious, and her manners bewitchingly caressing.

Fearing, nevertheless, while yet in ignorance of her connexions, to provoke further ridicule from Mrs. Arlbery by going abroad with her, she proposed deferring to return her visit till another day: the lady consented, and they spent together two  
hours,

hours, which each thought had been but two minutes, when Mrs. Arlbery summoned Camilla to a walk.

The fair unknown then took leave, saying her servant was in waiting; and Camilla and Mrs. Arlbery went to the bookseller's.

Here, that lady was soon joined by Lord O'Lerney and General Kinfale, who were warm admirers of her vivacity and observations. Mr. Dannel took up the Daily Advertiser; his daughter stationed herself at the door to see the walkers upon the Pantiles; Sir Theophilus Jarard, under colour of looking at a popular pamphlet, was indulging in a nap in a corner; Lord Newford, noticing nothing, except his own figure as he past a mirror, was shuffling loud about the floor, which was not much embellished by the scraping of his boots; and Sir Sedley Clarendel, lounging upon a chair in the middle of the shop, sat eating *bon bons*.

Mrs. Arlbery, for some time, confined her talents to general remarks: but finding these failed to move a muscle in the face of Sir

Sedley, at whom they were directed, she suddenly exclaimed: "Pray, my lord O'Lerney, do you know any thing of Sir Sedley Clarendel?"

"Not so much," answered his Lordship, "as I could wish; but I hope to improve my acquaintance with him."

"Why then, my lord, I am much afraid you will conclude, when you see him in one of those reveries, from the total vacancy of his air, that he is thinking of nothing. But pray permit me to take his part. Those apparent cogitations, to which he is so much addicted, are moments only of pretended torpor, but of real torment, devoted, not as they appear, to supine insipidity, but to painful secret labour how next he may call himself into notice. Nevertheless, my lord, don't let what I have said hurt him in your opinion; he is quaint, to be sure, but there's no harm in him. He lives in my neighbourhood; and, I assure your lordship, he is, upon the whole, what may be called a very good sort of man."

Here



Here she yawned violently; and Sir Sedley, unable to maintain his position, twice crossed his legs, and then arose and took up a book: while Lord Newford burst into so loud a laugh, that he awakened Sir Theophilus Jarard, by echoing, "A good sort of man! O poor Clary!--O hang it!--O curse it!--poor Clary!"

"What's the matter with Clary?" cried Sir Theophilus, rubbing his eyes; "I have been boring myself with this pamphlet, till I hardly know whether I am awake or asleep."

"Why, he's a good sort of a man!" replied Lord Newford.

Sir Sedley, though he expected, and even hoped for some pointed strictures, and could have defied even abuse, could not stand this mortifying praise; and, asking for the subscription books, which, already, he had twice examined, said: "Is there any body here one knows?"

"O, ay, have you any names?" cried Lord Newford, seizing them first; and

with some right, as they were the only books in the shop he ever read.

“Come, I’ll be generous,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “and add another signature against your lordship’s next lecture.”

She then wrote her name, and threw down half-a-guinea. Camilla, to whom the book was next presented, concluded this the established custom, and, from mere timidity, did the same; though somewhat disturbed to leave herself no more gold than she gave. Miss Dannel followed; but her father, who said he did not come to Tunbridge to read, which he could do at home, positively refused to subscribe.

Sir Theophilus now, turning, or rather, tossing over the leaves, cried: “I see no name here one knows any thing of, but Lady Alithea Selmore.”

“Why, there’s nobody else here,” said Lord Newford, “not a soul!”

Almost every body present bowed; but wholly indifferent to reproof, he again whistled, again stroamed up and down the  
room,

room, and again took a bold and full survey of himself in the looking-glass.

“On the contrary,” cried Sir Sedley, “I hear there is a most extraordinary fine creature lately arrived, who is invincible to a degree.”

“O that’s Mrs. Berlinton;” said Sir Theophilus; “yes, she’s a pretty little thing.”

“She’s very beautiful indeed,” said Lord O Lerney.

“Where can one see her?” cried Mrs. Arlbery.

“If she is not at the rooms to-night,” said Sir Sedley, “I shall be stupified to petrification. They tell me she is a marvel of the first water; turning all heads by her beauty, winning all hearts by her sweetness, fascinating all attention by her talents, and setting all fashions by her elegance.”

“This paragon,” cried Mrs. Arlbery, to Camilla, “can be no other than your mysterious fair. The description just suits your own.”

“But my fair mysterious,” said Camilla, “is of a disposition the most retired, and seems so young, I don’t at all think her married.”

“This divinity,” said Sir Sedley, “for the blessing of every one, yet

Lord of Himself, uncumber’d by a Wife \*,

is safely noosed; and amongst her attributes are two others cruel to desperation; she excites every hope by a sposo properly detestable—yet gives birth to despair, by a coldness the most shivering.”

“And what,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “is this Lady Alithea Selmore?”

“Lady Alithea Selmore?” drily, but with a smile, answered General Kinfales.

“Nay, nay, that’s not to be mentioned irreverently,” returned Mrs. Arlbery; “a title goes for a vast deal, where there is nothing else; and, where there is something, doubles its value.

\* Dryden.

Mr. Dannel, saying he found, by the newspaper, a house was to be sold upon Mount Ephraim, which promised to be a pretty good bargain, proposed walking thither, to examine what sort of condition it was in.

Lord O'Lerney inquired if Camilla had yet seen Mount Ephraim. No, she answered; and a general party was made for an airing. Sir Sedley ordered his phaeton; Mrs. Arlbery drove Camilla in her's; Miss Dannel walked with her father; and the rest of the gentlemen went on horseback.

\* \* \* \*

Arrived at Mount Ephraim, they all agreed to alight, and enjoy the view and pure air of the hill, while Mr. Dannel visited the house. But, just as Mrs. Arlbery had descended from the phaeton, her horses, taking fright at some object that suddenly struck them, reared up, in a manner alarming to the spectators, and still more terrific to Camilla, in whose hands

Mrs. Arlbery had left the reins: and the servant, who stood at the horses' heads, received a kick that laid him flat on the ground.

“O, jump out! jump out!” cried Miss Dannel, “or else you'll be murdered!”

“No! no! keep your seat, and hold the reins!” cried Mrs. Arlbery: “For heaven's sake, don't jump out!”

Camilla, mentally giddy, but personally courageous, was sufficiently mistress of herself to obey the last injunction, though with infinite labour, difficulty, and terror, the horses plunging and flouncing incessantly.

“Don't you think she'll be killed?” cried Lord Newford, dismounting, lest his own horse should also take fright.

“Do you think one could help her?” said Sir Theophilus Jarard, steadily holding the bridle of his mare from the same apprehension.

Lord O'Lerney was already on foot to afford her assistance, when the horses, suddenly

denly turning round, gave to the beholders the dreadful menace of going down the steep declivity of Mount Ephraim full gallop.

Camilla now, appalled, had no longer power to hold the reins; she let them go, with an idea of flinging herself out of the carriage, when Sir Sedley, who had darted like lightning from his phaeton, presented himself at the horses' heads, on the moment of their turning, and, at the visible and imminent hazard of his life, happily stopt them while she jumped to the ground. They then, with a fury that presently dashed the phaeton to pieces, plunged down the hill.

The fright of Camilla had not robbed her of her senses, and the exertion and humanity of Sir Sedley seemed to restore to him the full possession of his own: yet one of his knees was so much hurt, that he sunk upon the grass.

Penetrated with surprise, as well as gratitude, Camilla, notwithstanding her own tremor, was the first to make the most

anxious inquiries: secretly, however, sighing to herself: Ah! had Edgar thus rescued me! yet struck equally with a sense of obligation and of danger, from the horrible, if not fatal mischief she had escaped, and from the extraordinary hazard and kindness by which she had been saved, she expressed her concern and acknowledgments with a softness, that even Sir Sedley himself could not listen to unmoved.

He received, indeed, from this adventure, almost every species of pleasure of which his mind was capable. His natural courage, which he had nearly annihilated, as well as forgotten, by the effeminate part he was systematically playing, seemed to rejoice in being again exercised; his good nature was delighted by the essential service he had performed; his vanity was gratified by the publicity of the praise it brought forth; and his heart itself experienced something like an original feeling, unspoilt by the apathy of satiety, from the  
sensibility



fenfibility he had awakened in the young and lovely Camilla.

The party immediately flocked around him, and he was conveyed to a houfe belonging to Lord O'Lerney, who refided upon Mount Ephraim, and his lordship's carriage was ordered to take him to his apartment at the hotel.

Mrs. Arlbery, whose high fpirits were totally fubdued by the terror with which fhe had been feized at the danger of Camilla, was fo delighted by her refcue, and the courage with which it was effected, that all her spleen againft Sir Sedley was changed into the warmeft approbation. When he was put into the coach, fhe infifted upon feeing him fafe to the hotel; Camilla, with her ufual inartificial quicknefs, feconding the motion, and Lord O'Lerney, a nobleman far more diftinguifhed by benevolence and urbanity than by his rank, taking the fourth place himfelf. The fervant, who was considerably hurt, he defired might remain at his houfe.

In

In descending Mount Ephraim, Camilla turned giddy with the view of what she had escaped, and cast her eyes with redoubled thankfulness upon Sir Sedley as her preserver. Fragments of the phaeton were strewed upon the road; one of the horses laid dead at the bottom of the hill; and the other was so much injured as to be totally disabled for future service.

When they came to the hotel, they all alighted with the young baronet, Camilla with as little thought, as Mrs. Arlbery with little care for doing any thing that was unusual. They waited in an adjoining apartment till they were assured nothing of any consequence was the matter, and Lord O'Lerney then carried them to their new lodging upon Mount Pleasant.

Mrs. Arlbery bore her own share in this accident with perfect good-humour, saying it would do her infinite good, by making her a rigid œconomist; for she could neither live without a phaeton, nor yet build one, and buy ponies, but by parsimonious savings from all other expences.

At

\* \* \* \*

At night they went again to the rooms. But Mrs. Arlbery found in them as little amusement as Camilla. Sir Sedley was not there, either to attack or to flatter; the celebrated Mrs. Berlinton still appeared not to undergo a scrutiny; and Lady Alithea Selmore sat at the upper end of the apartment, attended by all the beaux, except the General, now at Tunbridge.

This was not to be supported. She arose, and declaring she would take her tea with the invalid, bid the General escort her to his room.

In their way out, she perceived the assembly books. Recollecting she had not subscribed, she entered her name, but protested she could afford but half-a-guinea, upon her present new and avaricious plan.

Camilla, with much secret consternation, concluded it impossible to give less; and a few shillings were now all that remained in her purse. Her uneasiness, however, presently passed away, upon recollecting she should want no more money,

ney, as she was now free of the rooms, and of the library, and equipped in attire for the whole time she should stay.

Miss Dannel put down a guinea; but her father, telling her half-a-crown would have done, said, for that reason, he should himself pay nothing.

Sir Sedley received them with the most unaffected pleasure: forced upon solitude, and by no means free from pain, he had found no resource but in reading, which of late had been his least occupation, except the mere politics of the day. Even reflection had discovered its way to him, though a long banished guest, which had quitted her post, to make room for affectation, vanity, and every species of frivolity. Reduced, however, to be reasonable, even by this short confinement, he now felt the obligation of their charitable visit, and set his foppery and conceit apart, from a desire to entertain them. Camilla had not conceived he had the power of being so pleasantly natural; and the strong feeling of gratitude in her ever warm heart

heart made her contribute what she was able to the cheerfulness of the evening.

Some time after, General Kinfale was called out, and presently returned with Major Cerwood, just arrived from the regiment; who, with some apology to Sir Sedley, hoped he might be pardoned for the liberty he took, upon hearing who was at the hotel, of preferring such society to the rooms.

As the Major had nothing in him either brilliant or offensive, his fight, after the first salutations, was almost all of which the company was sensible.

Camilla, his sole object, he could not approach; she sat between the baronet and Mrs. Arlbery; and all her looks and all her attention were divided between them.

Mrs. Arlbery, emerging from the mortifications of neglect, which she had experienced, almost for the first time in her life, at the rooms, was unusually alive and entertaining; Sir Sedley kept pace with her, and the discourse was so whimsical,  
that

that Camilla, amused, and willing to encourage a sensation so natural to her, after a sadness till now, for so long a time unremitting, once more heard and welcomed the sound of her own laughter.

It was instantly, however, and strangely checked; a sigh, so deep that it might rather be called a groan, made its way through the wainscot of the next apartment.

Much raillery followed the sight of her changed countenance; the hotel was pronounced to be haunted, and by a ghost reduced to that plight from her cruelty. But the good-humour and gaiety of the conversation soon brought her again to its tone; and time passed with general hilarity, till they observed that Miss Dannel, who, having no young female to talk with of her own views and affairs, was thoroughly tired, had fallen fast asleep upon her chair.

Her father was already gone home to a hot supper, which he had ordered in his own room, and meant to eat before their  
return;

return; Mrs. Arlbery, to his great discomfort, allowing nothing to appear at night but fruit or oysters.

They now took leave, Mrs. Arlbery conducted by the General, and Camilla by the Major; while Miss Dannel, unassisted and half asleep, stumbled, screamed, and fell, just before she reached the staircase.

The General was first to aid her; the Major, not choosing to quit Camilla; who, looking round at a light which came from the room whence the sigh they had heard had issued, perceived, as it glared in her eyes, it was held by Edgar.

Astonishment, pleasure, hope, and shame, took alternate rapid possession of her mind; but the last sensation was the first that visibly operated, and she snatched her hand involuntarily from the Major.

Mrs. Arlbery exclaimed, "Bless me, Mr. Mandlebert! are you the ghost we heard sighing in that room yonder?"

Mandlebert

Mandlebert attempted to make some slight answer; but his voice refused all sound.

She went on, then, to the carriage of Mr. Dennel, followed by her young ladies, and drove off for Mount Pleasant.



## C H A P. IV.

*Knowle.*

**T**HE last words of Camilla to Mandlebert, in quitting Cleves, and the tears with which he saw her eyes overflowing, had annihilated all his resentment, and left him no wish but to serve her. Her distinction between what was wisest and what was kindest, had penetrated him to the quick. To be thought capable of severity towards so sweet a young creature, the daughter of his guardian, his juvenile companion, and earliest favourite, made him detestable in his own eyes. He languished to follow her, to apologise for what had hurt her, and to vow to her a fair and disinterested friendship for the rest of his life: and he only forced himself, from decency, to stay out his promised week with the baronet, before he set out for Tunbridge.

Upon

Upon his arrival, which was late, he went immediately to the rooms; but he only saw her name in the books, and learnt, upon inquiring for Mrs. Arlbery, that she and her party were already retired.

Glad to find her so sober in hours, he went to the hotel, meaning quietly to read till bed-time, and to call upon her the next morning.

In a few moments, a voice struck his ear that effectually interrupted his studies. It was the voice of Camilla. Camilla at an hotel at past eleven o'clock! He knew she did not lodge there; he had seen, in the books, the direction of Mrs. Arlbery at Mount Pleasant. Mrs. Arlbery's voice he also distinguished, Sir Sedley Clarendel's, General Kinsale's, and, least of all welcome,---the Major's.

Perhaps, however, some lady, some intimate friend of Mrs. Arlbery, was just arrived, and had made them spend the evening there. He rang for his man, and bid him inquire who had taken the next

room,---and learnt it was Sir Sedley Clarendel.

To visit a young man at an hotel ; rich, handsome, and splendid ; and with a *chaperon* so far from past her prime, so elegant, so coquetish, so alluring, and still so pretty ; and to meet there a flashy Officer, her open pursuer and avowed admirer—'Tis true, he had concluded, Tunbridge and the Major were one ; but not thus, not with such glaring impropriety ; his love, he told himself, was past ; but his esteem was still susceptible, and now grievously wounded.

To read was impossible. To hold his watch in his hand, and count the minutes she still staid, was all to which his faculties were equal. No words distinctly reached him ; that the conversation was lively, the tone of every voice announced, but when that of Camilla struck him by its laughter, the depth of his concern drew from him a sigh that was heard into the next apartment.

Of this, with infinite vexation, he was himself aware, from the sudden silence and pause of all discourse which ensued. Ashamed both of what he felt and what he betrayed, he grew more upon his guard, and hoped it might never be known to whom the room belonged.

When, however, as they were retiring, a scream reached his ear, though he knew it was not the voice of Camilla, he could not command himself, and rushed forth with a light; but the lady who screamed was as little noticed as thought of: the Major was holding the hand of Camilla, and his eye could take in no more: he saw not even that Mrs. Arlbery was there; and when roused by her question, all voice was denied him for answer; he stood motionless even after they had descended the stairs, till the steps of the General and the Major, retiring to their chambers, brought to him some recollection, and enabled him to retreat.

Fully now, as well as cruelly convinced, of the unabated force of his unhappy passion,

passion, he spent the night in extreme wretchedness; and all that was not swallowed up in repining and regret, was devoted to ruminate upon what possible means he could suggest, to restore to himself the tranquillity of indifference.

The confusion of Camilla persuaded him she thought she was acting wrong; but whether from disapprobation of the character of the Major, or from any pecuniary obstacles to their union, he could not devise. To assist the marriage according to his former plan, would best, he still believed, sooth his internal sufferings, if once he could fancy the Major at all worthy of such a wife. But Camilla, with all her inconsistencies, he thought a treasure unequalled: and to contribute to bestow her on a man who, probably, only prized her for her beauty, he now persuaded himself would rather be culpable than generous.

Upon the whole, therefore, he could resolve only upon a complete change of his last system; to seek, instead of avoiding her; to familiarise himself with her faults,

till he ceased to doat upon her virtues; to discover if her difficulties were mental or worldly; to enforce them if the first, and—whatever it might cost him—to invalidate them if the last.

This plan, the only one he could form, abated his misery. It reconciled him to residing where Camilla resided, it was easy to him, therefore, to conclude it the least objectionable.

\* \* \* \*

Camilla, meanwhile, in her way to Mount Pleasant, spoke not a syllable. Dismay that Edgar should have seen her so situated, while in ignorance how it had happened, made an uneasiness the most terrible combat the perplexed pleasure, that lightened, yet palpitated in her bosom, from the view of Edgar at Tunbridge, and from the sigh which had reached her ears. Yet, was it for her he sighed? was it not, rather, from some secret inquietude, in which she was wholly uninterested, and might never know? Still, however, he was  
at

at Tunbridge; still, therefore, she might hope something relative to herself induced his coming; and she determined, with respect to her own behaviour, to observe the injunctions of her father, whose letter she would regularly read every morning.

Mrs. Arlbery, also, spoke not; the unexpected sight of Mandlebert occupied all her thoughts; yet, though his confusion was suspicious, she could not, ultimately, believe he loved Camilla, as she could suggest no possible impediment to his proclaiming any regard he entertained. His sigh she imagined as likely to be mere lassitude as love; and supposed, that having long discovered the partiality of Camilla, his vanity had been confounded by the devoirs of the Major.

Miss Dannel, therefore, was the only one whose voice was heard during the ride; for now completely awaked, she talked without cessation of the fright she had endured. "La, I thought," cried she, "when I tumbled down, somebody threw me down on purpose, and was going

to kill me! dear me! I thought I should have died! And then I thought it was a robber; and then I thought that candle that come was a ghost! O la! I never was so frightened in my life!”

\* \* \* \*

The next morning they went, as usual, to the Pantiles, and Mrs. Arlbery took her seat in the bookseller's shop, where the usual beaux were encountered; and where, presently, Edgar entering, addressed to her some discourse, and made some general inquiries after the health of Camilla.

It was a cruel drawback to her hopes to see him first thus in public: but the manner of Mrs. Arlbery at the hotel, he had thought repulsive; he had observed that she seemed offended with him since the rencounter at the breakfast given for Miss Dannel; and he now wished for some encouragement for renewing his rights to the acquaintance.

Sir Sedley, though with the assistance of a stick he had reached the library, was



not sufficiently at his ease to again mount his horse; a carriage expedition was therefore agitating for the morning, and to see Knowle being fixed upon, equipages and horses were ordered.

While they waited their arrival, Lady Alithea Selmore, and a very shewy train of ladies and gentlemen, came into the library. Sir Sedley, losing the easy, natural manner which had just so much pleased Camilla, resumed his affectation, indolence, and inattention, and flung himself back in his chair, without finishing a speech he had begun, or listening to an inquiry why he stopt short. His friends, Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard, shuffled up to her ladyship; and Sir Sedley, muttering to himself life would not be life without being introduced to her, got up, and seizing Lord Newford by the shoulder, whispered what he called the height of his ambition, and was presented without delay.

He then entered into a little abrupt, half articulated conversation with Lady Alithea, who, by a certain toss of the chin, a short

and half scornful laugh, and a supercilious dropping of the eye, gave to every sentence she uttered the air of a *bon mot*; and after each, as regularly stooped for some testimony of admiration, as a favourite actress in some scene in which every speech is applauded. What she said, indeed, had no other mark than what this manner gave to it; for it was neither good nor bad, wise nor foolish, sprightly nor dull. It was what, if naturally spoken, would have passed, as it deserved, without censure or praise. This manner, however, prevailed not only upon her auditors, but herself, to believe that something of wit, of *finesse*, of peculiarity, accompanied her every phrase. Thought, properly speaking, there was none in any thing she pronounced: her speeches were all replies, which her admirers dignified by the name of repartees, and which mechanically and regularly flowed from some word, not idea, that preceded.

Mrs. Arlbery, having listened some time, turned entirely away, though with less contempt

tempt of her ladyship than of her hearers. Her own auditors, however, except the faithful General, had all deserted her. Even the Major, curious to attend to a lady of some celebrity, had quitted the chair of Camilla; and Edgar himself, imagining, from this universal devotion, there was something well worth an audience, had joined the group.

“ We are terribly in the back ground, General !” cried Mrs. Arlbery, in a low voice. “ What must be done to save our reputations ?”

The General, laughing, said, he feared they were lost irretrievably; but added that he preferred defeat with her, to victory without her.

“ Your gallantry, my dear General,” cried she, with a sudden air of glee, “ shall be rewarded! Follow me close, and you shall see the fortune of the day reversed.”

Rising then, she advanced softly, and with an air of respect, towards the party, and fixing herself just opposite to Lady

Alithea, with looks of the most profound attention, stood still, as if in admiring expectation.

Lady Alithea, who had regarded this approach as an intrusion that strongly manifested ignorance of high life, thought much better of it when she remarked the almost veneration of her air. She deemed it, however, wholly beneath her to speak when thus attended to; till, observing the patient admiration with which even a single word seemed to be hoped for, she began to pardon what appeared to be a mere tribute to her fame; and upon Sir Theophilus Jarard's saying, "I don't think we have had such a bore of a season as this, these five years;" could not refuse herself the pleasure of replying: "I did not imagine, Sir Theophilus, you were already able to count by lustres."

Her own air of complacency announced the happiness of this answer. The company, as usual, took the hint, and approbation was buzzed around her. Lord Newford gave a loud laugh, without the least  
conception

conception why; and Sir Theophilus, after paying the same compliment, wished, as it concerned himself, to know what had been said; and glided to the other end of the shop, to look for the word lustre in Entick's dictionary.

But this triumph was even less than momentary; Mrs. Arlbery, gently raising her shoulders with her head, indulged herself in a smile that favoured yet more of pity than derision; and, with an hasty glance at the General, that spoke an eagerness to compare notes with him, hurried out of the shop; her eyes dropt, as if fearful to trust her countenance to an instant's investigation.

Lady Alithea felt herself blush. The confusion was painful and unusual to her. She drew her glove off and on; she dabbed a highly scented pocket handkerchief repeatedly to her nose; she wondered what it was o'clock; took her watch in her hand, without recollecting to examine it; and then wondered if it would rain,

though not a cloud was to be discerned in the sky.

To see her thus completely disconcerted, gave a weight to the mischievous malice of Mrs. Arlbery, of which the smallest presence of mind would have robbed it. Her admirers, one by one, dwindled away, with lessened esteem for her talents; and, finding herself presently alone in the shop with Sir Theophilus Jarard, she said, "Pray, Sir Theophilus, do you know any thing of that queer woman?"

The words *queer woman* were guides sufficient to Sir Theophilus, who answered, "No! I have seen her, somewhere, by accident, but—she is quite out of our line."

This reply was a sensible gratification to Lady Alithea, who, having heard her warmly admired by Lord O'Lerney, had been the more susceptible to her ridicule. Rudeness she could have despised without emotion; but contempt had something in it of insolence; a commodity she held herself born to dispense, not receive.

\* \* \* \*

When Mrs. Arlbery arrived, laughing, at the bottom of the Pantiles, she found Edgar making inquiries of the time and manner of drinking the mineral water.

Camilla heard him, also, and with deep apprehensions for his health. He did not however look ill; and a second sadness, not less deep, ensued, that she could now retain no hope of being herself his inducement to this journey.

But egotism was no part of her composition; when she saw, therefore, the next minute, Sir Sedley Clarendel advance limping, and heard him ask if his phaeton were ready, she approached him, saying, "Will you venture, Sir Sedley, in your phaeton?"

"There's no sort of reason why not," answered he, sensibly flattered; "yet I had certainly rather go as you go!"

"Then that," said Mrs. Arlbery, "must be in Dannel's coach, with him and my

little niece here: and then I'll drive the General in your phaeton."

"Agreed!" cried Sir Sedley, seating himself on one of the forms; and then, taking from a paper some tickets, added; "I want a few guineas."

"So do I!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery; "do you know where such sort of things are to be met with?"

"Lady Alithea Selmore has promised to disperse some twenty tickets for the master of the ceremonies' ball, and she commands me to help. How many shall I give you?"

"Ask Mr. Dannel," answered she negligently; "he's the only pay-master just now."

Mr. Dannel turned round, and was going to walk away; but Mrs. Arlbery, taking him by the arm, said: "My good friend, how many tickets shall Sir Sedley give you?"

"Me!—none at all."

"O fie!



“ O fie! every body goes to the master of the ceremonies’ ball. Come, you shall have six. You can’t possibly take less.”

“ Six! What should I do with them?”

“ Why, you and your daughter will use two, and four you must give away.”

“ What for?”

“ Was ever such a question? To do what’s proper and right, and handsome and gallant.”

“ O, as to all that, it’s what I don’t understand. It’s out of my way.”

He would then have made off; but Mrs. Arlbery, piqued to succeed, held him fast, and said: “ Come, if you’ll be good, I’ll be good too, and you shall have a plain joint of meat at the bottom of the table every day for a fortnight.”

Mr. Dannel softened a little here into something like a smile; and drew two guineas from his purse; but more there was no obtaining.

“ Come,” cried Sir Sedley, “ you have canvassed well so far. Now for your fair self.”

“ You

“ You are a shocking creature!” cried she; “ don’t you know I am turned miser?”

Yet she gave her guinea.

“ But the fair Tyrolda does not also, I trust, assume that character?”

Camilla had felt very uneasy during this contest; and now, colouring, said she did not mean to go to the ball.

“ Can you ever expect, then,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “ to have a partner at any other? You don’t know the rules of these places. The master of the ceremonies is always a gentleman, and every body is eager to shew him every possible respect.”

Camilla was now still more distressed; and stammered out, that she believed the fewer balls she went to, the better her father would be pleased.

“ Your father, my dear, is a very wise man, and a very good man, and a very excellent preacher: but what does he know of Tunbridge Wells? Certainly not so much as my dairy maid, for she has  
heard

heard John talk of them; but as to your father, depend upon it, the sole knowledge he has ever obtained, is from some treatise upon its mineral waters; which, very possibly, he can analyse as well as a physician: but for the regulation of a country dance, be assured he will do much better to make you over to Sir Sedley, or to me."

Camilla laughed faintly, and feeling in her pocket to take out her pocket handkerchief, by way of something to do, Mrs. Arlbery concluded she was seeking her purse, and suddenly putting her hand upon her arm to prevent her, said, "No, no! if you don't wish to go, or choose to go, or approve of going, I cannot, in sober earnestness, see you compelled. Nothing is so detestable as forcing people to be amused. Come, now for Knowle."

Sir Sedley was then putting up his tickets; but the Major, taking one of them out of his hand, presented it to Camilla, saying: "Let the ladies take their tickets now, and settle with us afterwards."

Camilla

Camilla felt extremely provoked, yet not knowing how to resist, took the ticket; but, turning pointedly from the Major to Sir Sedley, said: "I am your debtor, then, sir, a guinea—the smallest part, indeed, of what I owe you, though all I can pay!" And she then resolved to borrow that sum immediately of Mrs. Arlbery.

Sir Sedley began to think she grew handsomer every moment: and, contrary to his established and systematic inattention, upon hearing the sound of the carriages, conducted her himself to Mr. Dannel's coach, which he ascended after her.

Edgar, unable to withstand joining the party, had ordered his horse during the debate about the tickets.

Lords O'Lerney and Newford, and Sir Theophilus Jarard, and Major Cerwood, went also on horseback.

Sir Sedley made it his study to procure amusement for Camilla during the ride; and while he humoured alternately the loquacious folly of Miss Dannel, and the under-

under-bred positiveness of her father, intermingled with both comic sarcasms against himself, and pointed annotations upon the times, that somewhat diverted her solicitude and perplexity.

She forgot them however, more naturally, in examining the noble antique mansion, pictures, and curiosities of Knowle; and in paying the tribute that taste must ever pay to the works exhibited there of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The house viewed, they all proceeded to the park, where, enchanted with the noble old trees which venerably adorn it, they strolled delightedly, till they came within sight of an elegant white form, as far distant as their eyes could reach, reading under an oak.

Camilla instantly thought of her moonlight friend; but Sir Theophilus called out, "Faith, there's the divine Berlin-ton!"

"Is there, faith?" exclaimed Lord Newford, suddenly rushing forward to satisfy himself if it were true.

Deeming

Deeming this an ill-bred and unauthorised intrusion, they all stopt. The studious fair, profoundly absorbed by her book, did not hear his lordship's footsteps, till his coat rustled in her ears. Raising then her eyes, she screamed, dropt her book, and darting up, flew towards the wood, with a velocity far exceeding his own, though without seeming to know, or consider, whither her flight might lead her.

Camilla, certain now this was her new friend, felt an indignation the most lively against Lord Newford, and involuntarily sprung forward. It was evident the fair fugitive had perceived none of the party but him she sought to avoid; notwithstanding Lord Newford himself, when convinced who it was, ceased his pursuit, and seemed almost to find out there was such a sensation as shame; though by various antics, of swinging his cane, looking up in the air, shaking his pocket handkerchief, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, he thought it essential to his credit to disguise it.

Camilla

Camilla had no chance to reach the flying beauty, but by calling to her to stop; which she did instantly at the sound of her voice, and, turning round with a look of rapture, ran into her arms.

The Major, whose devoirs to Camilla always sought, not avoided the public eye, eagerly pursued her. Edgar, cruelly envying a licence he concluded to result from his happy situation, looked on in silent amaze; but listened with no small attention to the remarks that now fell from Mrs. Arlbery, who said she was sure this must be the fair Incognita that Miss Tyrold had met with upon the road; and gave a lively relation of that adventure.

He could not hear without delight the benevolent courage thus manifested by Camilla, nor without terror the danger to which it might have exposed her. But Lord O'Lerney, with an air of extreme surprise, exclaimed: "Is it possible Lord Newford could give any cause of alarm to Mrs. Berlinton?"

"Is

“Is she then, my lord, a woman of character?” cried Mrs. Arlbery.

“Untainted!” he answered solemnly; “as spotless, I believe, as her beauty: and if you have seen her, you will allow that to be no small praise. She comes from a most respectable family in Wales, and has been married but a few months.”

“Married, my lord? my fair female Quixote assured me she was single.”

“No, poor thing! she was carried from the nursery to the altar, and, I fear, not very judiciously nor happily.”

“Dear!” cried Miss Dannel, “i’n’t she happy?”

“I never presume to judge,” answered his lordship, smiling; “but she has always something melancholy in her air.”

“Pray how old is she?” said Miss Dannel.

“Eighteen.”

“Dear! and married?—La! I wonder what makes her unhappy!”

“Not



“Not a husband, certainly!” said Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, “that is against all chance and probability.”

“Well, I’m resolved when I’m married myself, I won’t be unhappy.”

“And how will you help it?”

“O, because I’m determined I won’t. I think it’s very hard if I may’nt have my own way when I’m married.”

“’Twill at least be very singular!” answered Mrs. Arlbery.

Camilla now returned to her party, having first conducted her new friend towards a door in the park where her carriage was waiting.

“At length, my dear,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “your fair mysterious has, I suppose, avowed herself?”

“I made no inquiry,” answered she, painfully looking down.

“I can tell you who she is, then, myself,” said Miss Dannel; “she is Mrs. Bertinton, and she’s come out of Wales, and she’s married, and she’s eighteen.”

“Married!”

“ Married!” repeated Camilla, blushing from internal surprize at the conversations she had held with her.

“ Yes; your fair Incognita is neither more nor less,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “ than the honourable Mrs. Berlinton, wife to Lord Berlinton’s brother, and, next only to Lady Alithea Selmore, the first toast, and the reigning cry of the Wells for this season.”

Camilla, who had seen and considered her in almost every other point of view, heard this with less of pleasure than astonishment. When a further investigation brought forth from Lord O’Lerney that her maiden name was Melmond, Mrs. Arlbery exclaimed: “ O, then, I cease to play the idiot, and wonder! I know the Melmonds well. They are all half crazy, romantic, love-lorn, studious, and sentimental. One of them was in Hampshire this summer, but so immensely “ melancholy and gentleman-like \*,” that I never took him into my society.”

\* Ben Jonson.

“ ’Twas the brother of this young lady, I doubt not,” said Lord O’Lerney; “ he is a young man of very good parts, and of an exemplary character; but strong in his feelings, and wild in pursuit of whatever excites them.”

“ When will you introduce me to your new friend, Miss Tyrold?” said Mrs. Arlbery; “ or, rather,” (turning to Lord Newford,) “ I hope your lordship will do me that honour; I hear you are very kind to her; and take much care to convince her of the ill effects and danger of the evening air.”

“ O hang it! O curse it!” cried his lordship; “ why does a woman walk by moon-light?”

“ Why, rather, should man,” said Lord O’Lerney, “ impede so natural a recreation?”

The age of Lord O’Lerney, which more than doubled that of Lord Newford, made this question supported, and even drew forth the condescension of an attempted exculpation. “ I vow, my lord,” he cried,  
“ I had

“ I had no intention but to look at a letter; and that I thought, she only read in public to excite curiosity.”

“ O but you knelt to her!” cried Miss Dannel, “ you knelt to her! I saw you! and why did you do that, when you knew she was married, and you could not be her lover?”

The party being now disposed to return to the Wells, Mrs. Arlbery called upon the General to attend her to the phaeton. Camilla, impatient to pay Sir Sedley, followed to speak to her; but, not aware of her wish, Mrs. Arlbery hurried laughingly on, saying, “ Come, General, let us be gone, that the coach may be last, and then Dannel must pay the fees! That will be a good guinea towards my ponies!”

## C H A P. V.

*Mount Pleasant.*

**T**HE shame and distress natural to every unhackneyed mind, in any necessity of soliciting a pecuniary favour, had now, in that of Camilla, the additional difficulty of coping against the avowed desire of Mrs. Arlbery not to open her purse.

When they arrived at Mount Pleasant, she saw all the horsemen alighted, and in conversation with that lady; and Edgar move towards the carriage, palpably with a design to hand her out: but as the Major advanced, he retreated, and, finding himself unnoticed by Mrs. Arlbery, remounted his horse. Provoked and chagrined, she sprung forwards alone, and when pursued by the Major, with some of his usual compliments, turned from him impatiently and went up stairs.

Intent in thinking only of Edgar, she was not herself aware of this abruptness, till Mrs. Arlbery, following her to her chamber, said, "Why were you so suddenly haughty to the Major, my dear Miss Tyrold? Has he offended you?"

Much surprised, she answered, no; but, forced by further questions, to be more explicit, confessed she wished to distance him, as his behaviour had been remarked.

"Remarked! how? by whom?"

She coloured, and was again hardly pressed before she answered, "Mr. Mandlebert—once—named it to me."

"O, ho, did he?" said Mrs. Arlbery, surprised in her turn; "why then, my dear, depend upon it, he loves you himself."

"Me!—Mr. Mandlebert!—" exclaimed Camilla, doubting what she heard.

"Nay, why not?"

"Why not?" repeated she in an excess of perturbation; "O, he is too good! too  
excelling!"

excelling! he sees all my faults—points them out himself—”

“Does he?”—said Mrs. Arlbery thoughtfully, and pausing: “nay, then,—if so—he wishes to marry you!”

“Me, ma’am!” cried Camilla, blushing high with mingled delight at the idea, and displeasure at its free expression.

“Why, else, should he caution you against another?”

“From goodness, from kindness, from generosity!—”

“No, no; those are not the characteristics of young men who counsel young women! We all heard he was engaged to your beautiful vacant-looking cousin; but I suppose he grew sick of her. A very young man seldom likes a silly wife. It is generally when he is further advanced in life that he takes that depraved taste. He then flatters himself a fool will be easier to govern.”

She now went away to dress; leaving Camilla a new creature; changed in all her hopes, though overwhelmed with shame at

the freedom of this attack, and determined to exert her utmost strength of mind, not to expose to view the secret pleasure with which it filled her.

She was, however, so absent when they met again, that Mrs. Arlbery, shaking her head, said: "Ah, my fair friend! what have you been thinking of?"

Excessively ashamed, she endeavoured to brighten up. The General and Sir Sedley had been invited to dinner. The latter was engaged in the evening to Lady Althea Selmore, who gave tea at her own lodgings. "The rooms, then, will be quite empty," said Mrs. Arlbery; "so we had better go to the play."

Mr. Dannel had no objection, and Sir Sedley promised to attend them, as it would be time enough for her ladyship afterwards.

\* \* \* \*

So completely was Camilla absorbed in her new ideas, that she forgot both her borrowed guinea, and the state of her purse,  
till



till she arrived at the theatre. The recollection was then too late; and she had no resource against completely emptying it.

She was too happy however, at this instant, to admit any regret. The sagacity of Mrs. Arlbery she thought infallible; and the sight of Edgar in a box just facing her, banished every other consideration.

The theatre was almost without company. The assembly at Lady Alithea Selmore's had made it unfashionable, and when the play was over, Edgar found easily a place in the box.

Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard looked in just after, and affected not to know the piece was begun. Sir Sedley retired to his toilette, and Mr. Dannel to seek his carriage.

Some bills now got into the box, and were read by Sir Theophilus, announcing a superb exhibition of wild beasts for the next day, consisting chiefly of monkeys who could perform various feats, and a famous ourang outang, just landed from Africa.

Lord Newford said he would go if he had but two more days to live. Sir Theophilus echoed him. Mr. Dannel expressed some curiosity; Miss Dannel, though she protested she should be frightened out of her wits, said she would not stay at home; Mrs. Arlbery confessed it would be an amusing sight to see so many representations of the dear human race; but Camilla spoke not: and scarce heard even the subject of discourse.

“You,” cried the Major, addressing her, “will be there?”

“Where?” demanded she.

“To see this curious collection of animals.”

“It will be curious, undoubtedly,” said Edgar, pleased that she made no answer; “but ’tis a species of curiosity not likely to attract the most elegant spectators; and rather, perhaps, adapted to give pleasure to naturalists, than to young ladies.”

Softened, at this moment, in every feeling of her heart towards Edgar, she turned  
to

to him, and said, "Do you think it would be wrong to go?"

"Wrong," repeated he, surprised though gratified, "is perhaps too hard a word; but, I fear, at an itinerant show, such as this, a young lady would run some chance of finding herself in a neighbourhood that might seem rather strange to her."

"Most certainly then," cried she, with quickness, "I will not go!"

The astonished Edgar looked at her with earnestness, and saw the simplicity of sincerity on her countenance. He looked then at the Major; who, accustomed to frequent failures in his solicitations, exhibited no change of features. Again he looked at Camilla, and her eyes met his with a sweetness of expression that passed straight to his heart.

Mrs. Arlbery now led the way to the coach; the forwardness of the Major, though in her own despite, procured him the hand of Camilla; but she had left upon Edgar an impression renovating to all his esteem. She is still, he thought,

the same; candid, open, flexible; still, therefore, let me follow her, with such counsel as I am able to give. She has accused me of unkindness;—She was right! I retreated from her service at the moment when, in honour, I was bound to continue in it. How selfish was such conduct! how like such common love as seeks only its own gratification, not the happiness or welfare of its object! Could she, though but lately so dear to me, that all the felicity of my life seemed to hang upon her, become as nothing, because destined to another? No! Her father has been my father, and so long as she retains his respected name, I will watch by her unceasingly.

\* \* \* \*

In their way home, one of the horses tired, and could not be made to drag the carriage up to Mount Pleasant. They were therefore obliged to alight and walk. Mrs. Arlbery took the arm of Mr. Dannel, which she did not spare, and his daughter, almost crying with sleep and fatigue, made the  
same

same use of Camilla's. She protested she had never been so long upon her feet in her life as that very morning in Knowle Park, and, though she leant upon her companion with as little scruple as upon a walking stick, she frequently stopt short, and declared she should stay upon the road all night, for she could not move another step: and they were still far from the summit, when she insisted upon sitting down, saying fretfully, "I am sure I wish I was married! Nobody minds me. I am sure if I was, I would not be served so. I'm resolved I'll always have two coaches, one to come after me, and one to ride in; for I'm determined I won't marry a man that has not a great fortune. I'm sure papa could afford it too, if he'd a mind; only he won't. Every body vexes me. I'm sure I'm ready to cry!"

Mr. Dannel and Mrs. Arlbery, who neither of them, at any time, took the smallest notice of what she said, passed on, and left the whole weight both of her person and

her complaints to Camilla. The latter, however, now reached the ears of a fat, tidy, neat looking elderly woman, who, in a large black bonnet, and a blue checked apron, was going their way; she approached them, and in a good-humoured voice, said: "What! poor dear! why you seem tired to death? come, get up, my dear; be of good heart, and you shall hold by my arm; for that t'other poor thing's almost hauled to pieces."

Miss Dannel accepted both the pity and the proposal; and the substantial arm of her new friend, gave her far superior aid to the slight one of Camilla.

"Well, and how did you like the play, my dears?" cried the woman.

"La!" said Miss Dannel, "how should you know we were at the play?"

"O, I have a little bird," answered she, sagaciously nodding, "that tells me every thing! you sat in the stage box?"

"Dear! so we did! How can you tell that? Was you in the gallery?"

"No,

“No, my dear, nor yet in the pit neither. And you had three gentlemen behind you, besides that gentleman that’s going up the Mount?”

“Dear! So we had! But how do you know? did you peep at us behind the scenes?”

“No, my dear; I never went behind the scenes. But come, I hope you’ll do now, for you ha’n’t much further to go.”

“Dear! how do you know that?”

“Because you live at that pretty house, there, up Mount Pleasant, that’s got the little closet window.”

“La, yes! who told you so?”

“And there’s a pretty cat belonging to the house, all streaked brown and black?”

“O, la!” exclaimed Miss Dannel, half screaming, and letting go her arm, “I dare say you’re a fortune-teller! Pray, don’t speak to me till we get to the light!”

She now hung back, so terrified that neither Camilla could encourage, nor the

woman appease her; and she was going to run down the hill, forgetting all her weariness, to seek refuge from the servants, when the woman said, "Why what's here to do? Why see, my dear, if I must let you into the secret,—you must know—but don't tell it to the world!—I'm a gentlewoman!" She then removed her checked apron, and shewed a white muslin one, embroidered and flounced.

Miss Dannel was now struck with a surprise, of which Camilla bore an equal share. Their new acquaintance appeared herself in some confusion, but having exacted a promise not to be discovered to *the world*, she told them, she lodged at a house upon Mount Pleasant, just by their's, whence she often saw them; that, having a ticket given her, by a friend, for the play, she dressed herself and went into a box, with some very genteel company, who kept their coach, and who sat her down afterwards at another friend's, where she pretended she should be fetched: "But I do my own way," continued she, "and nobody



nobody knows a word of the matter: for I keep a large bonnet, and cloak, and a checked apron, and a pair of clogs, or pattens, always at this friend's; and then when I have put them on, people take me for a mere common person, and I walk on, ever so late, and nobody speaks to me; and so by that means I get my pleasure, and save my money; and yet always appear like a gentlewoman when I'm known."

She then again charged them to be discreet, saying that if this were spread to *the world*, she should be quite undone, for many ladies that took her about with them, would notice her no more. At the same time, as she wished to make acquaintance with such pretty young ladies, she proposed that they should all three meet in a walk before the house, the next morning, and talk together as if for the first time.

Camilla, who detested all tricks, declined entering into this engagement; but Miss Dannel, charmed with the ingenuity of

her new acquaintance, accepted the appointment.

\* \* \* \*

Camilla had, however, her own new friend for the opening of the next day. "Ah! my sweet protectress!" cried she, throwing her arms about her neck, "what am I not destined to owe you? The very sight of that man is horror to me. Amiable, generous creature! what a sight was yours, when turning round, I met your eyes, and beheld him no more!"

"Your alarm, at which I cannot wonder," said Camilla, "prevented your seeing your safety; for Lord Newford was with a large party."

"O, he is obnoxious to my view! wherever I may see him, in public or in private, I shall fly him. He would have torn from me the loved characters of my heart's best correspondent!—"

Camilla now felt a little shocked, and colouring and interrupting her, said: "Is it

it possible, Mrs. Berlinton—" and stopt not knowing how to go on.

" Ah! you know me, then! You know my connexions and my situation!" cried she, hiding her face on Camilla's bosom: " tell me, at least, tell me, you do not therefore contemn and abhor me?"

" Heaven forbid!" said Camilla, terrified at such a preparation; " what can I hear that can give you so cruel an idea?"

" Alas! know you not I have prophaned at the altar my plighted vows to the most odious of men? That I have formed an alliance I despise? and that I bear a name I think of with disgust, and hate ever to own?"

Camilla, thunderstruck, answered; " No, indeed! I know nothing of all this!"

" Ah! guard yourself, then, well," cried she, bursting into tears, " from a similar fate! My friends are kind and good, but the temptation of seeing me rich beguiled them. I was disinterested and contented myself, but young and inexperienced; and  
I yielded

I yielded to their pleadings, unaware of their consequences. Alas! I was utterly ignorant both of myself and the world! I knew not how essential to my own peace was an amiable companion; and I knew not, then,—that the world contained one just formed to make me happy!”

She now hung down her head, weeping and desponding. Camilla sought to soothe her, but was so amazed, so fearful, and so perplexed, she scarce knew what either to say or to think.

The fair mourner, at length, a little recovering, added: “Let me not agitate your gentle bosom with my sorrows. I regard you as an angel sent to console them; but it must be by mitigating, not partaking of them.”

Camilla was sensibly touched; and though strangely at a loss what to judge, felt her affections deeply interested.

“I dreaded,” she continued, “to tell you my name, for I dreaded to sink myself into your contempt, by your knowledge

ledge of an alliance you must deem so mercenary. 'Twas folly to hope you would not hear it; yet I wished first to obtain, at least, your good will. The dear lost name of Melmond is all I love to pronounce! That name, I believe, is known to you; so may be, also, perhaps, my brother's unhappy story?"

Melmond, she then said, believing Miss Lynmere betrothed to Mr. Mandlebert, had quitted Hampshire in misery, to finish his vacation in Wales, with their mutual friends. There he heard that the rumour was false; and would instantly have returned and thrown himself at the feet of the young lady, by whose cousin, Mr. Lionel Tyrold, he had been told she was to inherit a large fortune; when this second report, also, was contradicted, and he learnt that Miss Lynmere had almost nothing; "My brother," added she, "with the true spirit of true sentiment, was but the more urgent to pursue her; but our relations interfered - and he, like me, is doomed to endless anguish!"

The

The accident, she said, of the preceding morning, was owing to her being engaged in reading Rowe's letters from the dead to the living; which had so infinitely enchanted her, that, desiring to peruse them without interruption, yet fearing to again wander in search of a rural retreat, she had driven to Knowle; where, hearing the noble family was absent, she had asked leave to view the park, and there had taken out her delicious book, which she was enjoying in the highest luxury of solitude and sweet air, when Lord Newford broke in upon her.

Camilla enquired if she feared any bad consequences, by telling Mr. Berlinton of his impertinence.

“Heaven forbid,” she answered, “that I should be condemned to speak to Mr. Berlinton of any thing that concerns or befalls me! I see him as little as I am able, and speak to him as seldom.”

Camilla heard this with grief, but durst not further press a subject so delicate. They continued together till noon, and  
then

then reluctantly parted, upon a message from Mrs. Arlbery that the carriages were waiting. Mrs. Berlinton declined being introduced to that lady, which would only, she said, occasion interruptions to their future *tête-à-têtes*.

Neither the thoughtlessness of the disposition, nor the gaiety of the imagination of Camilla, could disguise from her understanding the glaring eccentricity of this conduct and character: but she saw them with more of interest than blame; the various attractions with which they were mixed, blending in her opinion something between pity and admiration, more captivating, though more dangerous, to the fond fancy of youth, than the most solid respect, and best founded esteem.

## C H A P. VI.

*The accomplished Monkies.*

**W**HEN Camilla descended, she found Sir Sedley Clarendel and General Kinsale in attendance; and saw, from the parlour window, Miss Dannel sauntering before the house, with the newly made acquaintance of the preceding evening.

The Baronet, who was to drive Mrs. Arlbery, enquired if Camilla would not prefer, also, an open carriage. Mrs. Arlbery seconded the motion. Miss Dannel, then, running to her father, exclaimed, "Pray, papa, let's take this lady I've been talking with in the coach with us. She's the good-naturedest creature I ever knew."

"Who is she? what's her name?"

"O, I don't know that, papa; but I'll go and ask her."

Flying



Flying then back, "Pray, ma'am," she cried, "what's your name? because papa want's to know."

"Why, my dear, my name's Mittin. So you may think of me when you put on your gloves."

"Papa, her name's Mittin," cried Miss Denzel, scampering again to her father.

"Well, and who is she?"

"O, la, I'm sure I can't tell, only she's a gentlewoman."

"And how do you know that?"

"She told me so herself."

"And where does she live?"

"Just by, papa, at that house you see there."

"O, well, if she's a neighbour, that's enough. I've no more to say."

"O, then, I'll ask her!" cried Miss Denzel, jumping, "dear! I'm so glad! 'twould have been so dull, only papa and I. I'm resolved, when I've a house of my own, I'll never go alone any where with papa."

This

This being muttered, the invitation was made and accepted, and the parties set forward.

The ride was perfectly pleasing to Camilla, now revived and chearful; Sir Sedley was free from airs; Mrs. Arlbery drew them into conversation with one another, and none of them were glad when Mr. Dannel, called "stop! or you'll drive too far."

Camilla, who, supposing she was going, as usual, to the Pantiles, had got into the phaeton without inquiry; and who, finding afterwards her mistake, concluded they were merely taking an airing, now observed she was advancing towards a crowd, and presently perceived a booth, and an immense sign hung out from it, exhibiting a man monkey, or ourang outang.

Though excessively fluttered, she courageously, and at once, told Mrs. Arlbery she begged to be excused proceeding.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had heard, at the play, the general objections of Mandlebert,  
8  
though

though she had not attended to her answer, conjectured her reason for retreating, and laughed, but said she would not oppose her.

Camilla then begged to wait in Mr. Dannel's carriage, that she might keep no one else from the show. Sir Sedley, saying it would be an excruciatingly vulgar sight, proposed they should all return; but she pleaded strongly against breaking up the party, though, while she was handed out, to go back to the coach, the Dannels and Mrs. Mittin had alighted, and it had driven off.

The chagrin of Camilla was so palpable, that Mrs. Arlbery herself agreed to resign the scheme; and Sir Sedley, who drew up to them, said he should rejoice in being delivered from it: but Miss Dannel, who was waiting without the booth for her aunt, was ready to cry at the thought of losing the sight, which Mrs. Mittin had assured her was extremely pretty; and, after some discussion, Camilla was reduced  
to

to beg she might do no mischief, and consent to make one.

A more immediate distress now occurred to her; she heard Mr. Dannel call out to the man stationed at the entrance of the booth, "What's to pay?" and recollected she had no money left.

"What your Honor pleases," was the answer, "but gentlefolks gives half-a-crown."

"I'm sure it's well worth it," said Mrs. Martin, "for it's one of the most curious things you ever saw. You can't give less, sir." And she passed nimbly by, without paying at all: but added, "I had a ticket the first day, and now I come every day for nothing, if it don't rain, for one only need to pay at first."

Mr. Dannel and his daughter followed, and Camilla was beginning a hesitating speech to Mrs. Arlbery, as that lady, not attending to her, said to Mr. Dannel: "Well, frank me also; but take care what you pay; I'm not at all sure I shall ever return  
it.

it. All I save goes to my ponies." And, handed by the General, she crossed the barrier; not hearing the voice of her young friend, which was timidly beseeching her to stop.

Camilla was now in extreme confusion. She put her hand into her pocket, took it out, felt again, and again brought forth the hand empty.

The Major, who was before her, and who watched her, begged leave to settle with the booth-keeper; but Camilla, to whom he grew daily more irksome, again preferred a short obligation to the Baronet, and blushing asked if he would once more be her banker?

Sir Sedley, by no means suspecting the necessity that urged this condescension, was surprised and delighted, and almost without knowing it himself, became all that was attentive, obliging, and pleasing.

Before they were seated, the young Ensign, Mr. Macdersey, issuing from a group of gentlemen, addressed himself to Camilla, though with an air that spoke

him much discomposed and out of spirits. "I hope you are well, Miss Camilla Tyrold," he cried; "and have left all your family well? particularly the loveliest of your sex, that angel of beauty, the divine Miss Lynmere?"

"Except the company present!" said Mrs. Arlbery; "always except the company present, when you talk of beauty to women."

"I would not except even the company absent!" replied he, with warmth; but was interrupted from proceeding, by what the master of the booth called his *Consort of Musics*: in which not less than twenty monkeys contributed their part; one dreadfully scraping a bow across the strings of a vile kit, another beating a drum, another with a fife, a fourth with a bagpipe, and the sixteen remainder striking together tongs, shovels, and pokers, by way of marrowbones and cleavers. Every body stopt their ears, though no one could forbear laughing at their various contortions, and horrible grimaces, till the master of the booth,

booth, to keep them, he said, in tune, dealt about such fierce blows with a stick, that they set up a general howling, which he called the *Vocal* part of his *Consort*, not more stunning to the ear, than offensive to all humanity. The audience applauded by loud shouts, but Mrs. Arlbery, disgusted, rose to quit the booth. Camilla eagerly started up to second the motion, but her eyes still more expeditiously turned from the door, upon encountering those of Edgar; who, having met the empty coach of Mr. Dannel, had not been able to refrain from inquiring where its company had been deposited; nor, upon hearing it was at the *accomplished Monkies*, from hastening to the spot, to satisfy himself if or not Camilla had been steady to her declaration. But he witnessed at once the propriety of his advice, and its failure.

The master of the booth could not endure to see the departure of the most brilliant part of his spectators, and made an harangue, promising the company, at large, if they would submit to postponing

the *Confort*, in order to oblige his friends the Quality, they should have it, with the newest squalls in taste, afterwards.

The people laughed and clapped, and Mrs. Arlbery sat down.

In a few minutes, the performers were ready for a new exhibition. They were dressed up as soldiers, who, headed by a corporal, came forward to do their exercises.

Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, told the General, as he was upon duty, he should himself take the command: the General, a pleasant, yet cool and sensible man, did not laugh less; but the Ensign, more warm tempered, and wrong headed, seeing a feather in a monkey's cap, of the same colour, by chance, as in his own, fired with hasty indignation, and rising, called out to the master of the booth: "What do you mean by this, sir? do you mean to put an affront upon our corps?"

The man, startled, was going most humbly to protest his innocence of any such design;



design; but the laugh raised against the Ensign amongst the audience gave him more courage, and he only simpered without speaking.

“What do you mean by grinning at me, sir?” said Macderfey; “do you want me to cane you?”

“Cane me!” cried the man enraged, “by what rights?”

Macderfey, easily put off all guard, was stepping over the benches, with his cane uplifted, when his next neighbour, tightly holding him, said, in a half whisper, “If you’ll take my advice, you’d a deal better provoke him to strike the first blow.”

Macderfey, far more irritated by this counsel than by the original offence, fiercely looked back, calling out “The first blow! What do you mean by that, sir?”

“No offence, sir,” answered the person, who was no other than the slow and solemn Mr. Dubster; “but only to give you a hint for your own good; for if you strike

first, being in his own house, as one may say, he may take the law of you."

"The law!" repeated the fiery Ensign; "the law was made for poltroons: a man of honour does not know what it means."

"If you talk at that rate, sir," said Dubster, in a low voice, "it may bring you into trouble."

"And who are you, sir, that take upon you the presumption to give me your opinion?"

"Who am I, sir? I am a gentleman, if you must needs know."

"A gentleman! who made you so?"

"Who made me so? why leaving off business! what would you have make me so? you may tell me if you are any better, if you come to that."

Macderfey, of an ancient and respectable family, incensed past measure, was turning back upon Mr. Dubster; when the General, taking him gently by the hand, begged he would recollect himself.

"That's

“That’s very true, sir, very true, General!” cried he, profoundly bowing; “what you say is very true. I have no right to put myself into a passion before my superior officer, unless he puts me into it himself; in which case ’tis his own fault. So I beg your pardon, General, with all my heart. And I’ll go out of the booth without another half syllable. But if ever I detect any of those monkies mocking us, and wearing our feathers, when you a’n’t by, I sha’n’t put up with it so mildly. I hope you’ll excuse me, General.”

He then bowed to him again, and begged pardon of all the ladies; but, in quitting the booth, contemptuously said to Mr. Dubster: “As to you, you little dirty fellow, you a’n’t worth my notice.”

“Little dirty fellow!” repeated Mr. Dubster, when he was gone; “How come you to think of that? why I’m as clean as hands can make me!”

“Come, sir, come,” said Mrs. Mitton, reaching over to him, and stroking his arm, “don’t be angry; these things will  
M 4 happen,

happen, sometimes, in public companies; but gentlemen should be above minding them. He meant no harm, I dare say."

"O, as to that, ma'am," answered Mr. Dubster proudly, "I don't much care if he did or not: it's no odds to me. Only I don't know much what right he has to defame me. I wonder who he thinks he is that he may break the peace for nothing. I can't say I'm much a friend to such behaviour. Treating people with so little ceremony."

"I protest," cried Sir Sedley to Camilla, "'tis your favourite swain from the Northwick assembly! wafted on some zephyr of Hope, he has pursued you to Tunbridge. I flatter myself he has brought his last brand new cloaths to claim your fair hand at the master of the ceremonies' ball."

"Hush! hush!" cried Camilla, in a low voice; "he will take you literally should he hear you!"

Mr. Dubster, now perceiving her, bowed low from the place where he stood, and called

called out, "How do you do, ma'am? I ask pardon for not speaking to you before; but I can't say as I see you."

Camilla was forced to bow, though she made no answer. But he continued with his usual steadiness; "Why, that was but a unked morning we was together so long, ma'am, in my new summer-house. We was in fine jeopardy, that's the truth of it. Pray, how does the young gentleman do as took away our ladder?"

"What a delectable acquaintance!" cried Sir Sedley; "would you have the cruelty to keep such a treasure to yourself? present me, I supplicate!"

"O, I know you well enough, fir," said Mr. Dubster, who overheard him; "I see you at the hop at the White Hart; and I believe you know me pretty well too, fir, if I may take account by your staring. Not that I mind it in the least."

"Come, come, don't be touchy," said Mrs. Mittin; "can't you be good-natured, and hold your tongue? what signifies

taking things amifs? It only breeds ill words."

"That's very fenfibly obferved upon!" faid Mr. Deniel; "I don't know when I've heard any thing more fenfibly faid."

"O, as to that, I don't take it amifs in the leaft," cried Mr. Dubfter; "if the gentleman's a mind to ftare, let him ftare. Only I fhould like to know what it's for. It's no better than child's play, as one may fay, making one look foolifh for nothing."

The ourang outang was now announced, and Mrs. Arlbery immediately left the booth, accompanied by her party, and fpeedily followed by Edgar.

Neither of the carriages were in waiting, but they would not return to the booth. Sir Sedley, to whom ftanding was ftill rather inconvenient, begged a caft in the carriage of a friend, who was accidentally paffing by.

Macderfey, who joined them, faid he had been confidering what that fellow had propofed to him, of taking the firft blow, and found he could not put up with it:  
and

and upon the appearance of Mr. Dubster, who in quitting the booth was preparing, with his usual leisurely solemnity, to approach Camilla, darted forward and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "Retract, sir! Retract!"

Mr. Dubster stared, at first, without speech or opposition; but being released by the Major, whom the General begged to interfere, he angrily said: "Pray, sir, what business have you to take hold of a body in such a manner as that? It's an assault, sir, and so I can prove. And I'm glad of it; for now I can serve you as I did another gentleman once before, that I smarted out of a good ten pound out of his pocket, for a knock he gave me, for a mere nothing, just like this here pulling one by the collar, nobody knows why."

The Major, endeavouring to quiet Macdersey, advised him to despise so low a person.

"So I will, my dear friend," he returned, "as soon as ever I have given him the proper chastisement for his ignorance.

But I must do that first. You won't take it ill, Major."

"I believe," cried Mr. Dubster, holding up both his hands, "the like of this was never heard of! Here's a gentleman, as he calls himself, ready to take away my life, with his own good will, for nothing but giving him a little bit of advice! However, it's all one to me. The law is open to all. And if any one plays their tricks upon me, they shall pay for their fun. I'm none of your tame ones to put up with such a thing for nothing. I'm above that, I promise you."

"Don't talk, sir, don't talk!" cried Macdersey; "it's a thing I can't bear from a mean person, to be talked to. I had a hundred thousand times rather stand to be shot at."

"Not talk, sir? I should be glad to know what right you has to hinder me, provided I say nothing against the law? And as to being a mean person, it's more than you can prove, for I'm sure you don't know who I am, nor nothing about me.

I may



I may be a lord, for any thing you know, though I don't pretend to say I am. But as to what people take me for, that behave so out of character, it's what I sha'n't trouble my head about. They may take me for a chimney-sweeper, or they may take me for a duke; which they like. I sha'n't tell them whether I'm one or t'other, or whether I'm neither. And as to not talking, I shall hold my tongue when I think proper."

"Ask my pardon this instant, fellow!" cried the Ensign, whom the Major, at the motion of the General, now caught by the arm, and hurried from the spot: Mrs. Mittin, at the same moment pulling away Mr. Dubster, and notably expounding to him the advantages of patience and good humour.

Mrs. Arlbery, wearied both of this squabble and of waiting, took the arm of the General, and said she would walk home; Miss Dannel lovingly held by Mrs. Mittin, with whom her father also

assorted, and by whom Mr. Dubster was drawn on.

Camilla alone had no immediate companion, as the Major was occupied by the Ensign. Edgar saw her disengaged. He trembled, he wavered; he wished the Major back; he wished him still more at a distance too remote ever to return; he thought he would instantly mount his horse, and gallop towards Beech Park; but the horse was not ready, and Camilla was in sight;—and, in less than a minute, he found himself, scarce knowing how, at her side.

Camilla felt a pleasure that bounded to her heart, though the late assertions of Mrs. Arlbery prepared her to expect him. He knew not, however, what to say; he felt mortified and disappointed, and when he had uttered something scarce intelligible about the weather, he walked on in silence.

Camilla, whose present train of thoughts had no discordant tendency, broke through this strangeness herself, and said: “How

frivolous I must appear to you! but indeed I was at the very door of the booth, before I knew whither the party was going."

"You did not, I hope, at least," he cried, "when you had entered it, deem me too rigid, too austere, that I thought the species, both of company and of entertainment, ill calculated for a young lady?"

"Rigid! austere!" repeated she; "I never thought you either! never—and if once again—" she stopt; embarrassed, ashamed.

"If once again what?" cried he in a tremulous voice; "what would Miss Camilla say?—would she again—Is there yet—What would Miss Camilla say?—"

Camilla felt confounded, both with ideas of what he meant to allude to, and what construction he had put upon her half finished sentence. Impatient, however, to clear that, "If once more," she cried, "you could prevail with yourself—now and then—from time to time—

time—to give me an hint, an idea—of what you think right—I will promise, if not a constant observance, at least a never-failing sense of your kindness.”

The revulsion in the heart, in the whole frame of Edgar, was almost too powerful for restraint: he panted for an immediate explanation of every past and every present difficulty, and a final avowal that she was either self-destined to the Major, or that he had no rival to fear: But before he could make any answer, a sudden and violent shower broke up the conference, and grouped the whole party under a large tree.

This interruption, however, had no power upon their thoughts; neither of them heard a word that was saying; each ruminated intently, though confusedly, upon what already was passed. Yet where the wind precipitated the rain, Edgar stationed himself, and held his hat to intercept its passage to Camilla; and as her eye involuntarily was caught by the shower that pattered upon his head and shoulders, she  
insensibly

insensibly pressed nearer to the trunk of the tree, to afford more shelter to him from its branches.

The rest of the party partook not of this taciturnity: Mr. Dubster, staring Mrs. Mittin full in the face, exclaimed: "I think I ought to know you, ma'am, asking your pardon?"

"No matter for that!" cried she, turning with quickness to Camilla; "Lord, miss—I don't know your name,—how your poor hat is all I don't know how! as limp, and as flimzy, as if it had been in a wash-tub!"

"I've just bethought me," continued he, "where it was we used to see one another, and all the whole manner of it. I've got it as clear in my head as if it was but yesterday. Don't you remember—"

"Can't you stand a little out, there?" interrupted she; "what signifies a man's old coat? don't you see how you let all the rain come upon this young lady? you should never think of yourself, but only of what you can do to be obliging."

"A very

“ A very good rule, that! a very good one indeed!” said Mr. Dannel; “ I wish every body would mind it.”

“ I’m as willing to mind it, I believe,” said Mr. Dubster, “ as my neighbours; but as to being wet through, for mere complaisance, I don’t think it fair to expect such a thing of nobody. Besides, this is not such an old coat as you may think for. If you was to see what I wear at home, I promise you would not think so bad of it. I don’t say it’s my best; who’d be fool then, to wear it every day? However, I believe it’s pretty nigh as good as that I had on that night I saw you at Mrs. Purdle’s, when, you know, one of your pattens—”

“ Come, come, what’s the man talking about? one person should not take all the conversation up so. Dear miss----do tell me your name?----I am so sorry for your hat, I can’t but think of it; it looks as dingy!----”

“ Why, now, you won’t make me believe,” said Mr. Dubster, “ you’ve forgot  
how

how your patten broke; and how I squeezed my finger under the iron? And how I'd like to have lost the use of it? There would have been a fine job! And how Mrs. Purdle---

“ I'm sure the shower's over,” cried Mrs. Mittin, “ and if we stay here, we shall have all the droppings of the leaves upon us. Poor miss thing-o-me's hat is spoilt already. There's no need to make it worse.”

“ And how Mrs. Purdle,” he continued, “ was obliged to lend you a pair of shoes and stockings, because you was wet through your feet? And how they would not fit you, and kept tumbling off? And how, when somebody come to fetch you in their own coach, you made us say you was taken ill, because you was so daubed with mud and mire, you was ashamed to shew yourself? And how---

“ I can't think what you are talking of,” said Mrs. Mittin; “ but come, let's you and I go a little way on, to see if the rain's over.” She then went some paces from

from the tree, and said: "What signifies running on so, Mr. Dubster, about things nobody knows any thing of? It's tiring all the company to death. You should never talk about your own fingers, and hap-hazards, to genteel people. You should only talk about agreeable subjects as I do. See how they all like me! That gentleman brought me to the monkies in his own coach."

"As to that," answered he, gravely, "I did not mean, in the least, to say any thing disagreeable; only I thought it odd you should not seem to know me again, considering Mrs. Purdle used——"

"Why you've no nous, Mr. Dubster; Mrs. Purdle's a very good sort of woman and the best friend I have in the world, perhaps, at the bottom; but she i'n't a sort of person to talk of before gentlefolks. You should talk to great people about their own affairs, and what you can do to please them, and find out how you can serve them, if you'd be treated genteelly by them, as I am. Why, I go every  
where,



where, and see every thing, and it costs me nothing. A friend, a lady of great fashion, took me one day to the monkies, and paid for me; and I've gone since, whenever I will, for nothing."

"Nobody treats me to nothing," answered he, in a melancholy voice, "whatever's the reason: except when I make friends with somebody that can let me in free, sometimes. And I get a peep, now and then, at what goes forward, that way."

"But you are rich enough to pay for yourself now, Mr. Dubster; good lack! if I had such a fortune as yours, I'd go all the world over, and thanks to nobody."

"And how long would you be rich then, Mrs. Mittin? Who'd give you your money again when you'd spent it? I got mine hard enough. I sha'n't fool it away in a hurry, I promise you!"

"I can't say I see that, Mr. Dubster, when two of your wives died so soon, and left you so handsome."

"Why,

“Why, yes, I don’t say to the contrary of that; but then, think of the time before, when I was ’prentice!—”

The shower was now over, and the party proceeded as before.

Edgar, uncertain, irresolute, walked on in silence: yet attentive, assiduous, even tenderly watchful to guide, guard, and assist his fair companion in her way. The name of the Major trembled perpetually upon his lips; but fear what might be the result of his inquiries stopt his speech till they approached the house; when he commanded voice to say: “You permit, then, the renewal of my old privilege?—”

“Permit! I wish for it!”

They were now at the door. Edgar, not daring to speak again to Camilla, and not able to address any one else, took his leave; enchanted that he was authorized, once more, to inform himself with openness of the state of her affairs, and of her conduct. And Camilla, dwelling with de-  
light

light upon the discernment of Mrs. Arlbery, blest the happy penetration that had endowed her with courage to speak again to Edgar in terms of friendship and confidence.

Mrs. Mittin, declaring she could not eat till she had seen what could be done for the hat of Miss Tyrold, accompanied her up stairs, took it off herself, wiped it, smoothed, and tried to new arrange it; and, at last, failing to succeed, insisted upon taking it home, to put it in order, and promised to return it in the morning time enough for the Pantiles. Camilla was much ashamed; but she had no means to buy another, and she had now lost her indifference to going abroad. She thought, therefore, this new acquaintance at least as useful as she was officious, and accepted her civility with thanks.

## C H A P. VII.

*The Rooms.*

THE evening, as usual, was destined to the Rooms. The first object Camilla perceived upon her entrance was Edgar, and the smile with which she met his eye brought him instantly to her side. That smile was not less radiant for his nearer approach; nor was his pleasure in it less animated for observing that Major Cerwood was not of her party, nor as yet in the room. The opportunity seemed inviting to engage her himself; to suggest and to find it irresistible was the same thing, and he inquired if her whole evening were arranged, or she would go down two dances with an old friend.

The softness of her assent was even exquisite delight to him; and, as they all walked up and down the apartment, though he addressed her but little, and though she  
spoke

spoke but in answer, every word he uttered she received as couching some gentle meaning, and every syllable she replied, he thought conveyed something of flattering interest: and although all was upon open and unavoidable subjects, he had no eyes but for her, she had no attention but for him.

This quiet, yet heart-felt intercourse, was soon a little interrupted by the appearance of a large and striking party, led on by Lady Alithea Selmore; for which every body made way, to which every body turned, and which, passing by all the company without seeming conscious there was any to pass, formed a mass at the upper end of the room, with an air and manner of such exclusive attention to their chief, or to one another, that common observation would have concluded some film before their eyes obstructed their discerning that they were not the sole engrossers of the apartment.

But such was not the judgment formed of them by Mrs. Arlbery, who, forced by

the stream to give them passage, paid herself for the condescension by a commentary upon the passengers. "Those good people," said she, "strive to make us believe we are nothing to them. They strive even to believe it themselves. But this is the mere semblance worn by pride and affectation, to veil internal fatigue. They come hither to recruit their exhausted powers, not, indeed, by joining in our society, but by a view of new objects for their senses, and the flattering idea, for their minds, of the envy or admiration they excite. They are all people of some consequence, and many of them are people of title: but these are far the most supportable of the group; their privileged superiority over the rest is so marked and indisputable, that they are saved the trouble either of claiming or ascertaining it: but those who approach their rank without reaching it, live in a constant struggle to make known their importance. Indeed, I have often seen that people of title are less gratified with the sound of their own honours, than

than people of no title in pronouncing them."

Sir Sedley Clarendel was of this set. Like the rest he passed Mrs. Arlbery without seeming to notice her, and was passing Camilla in the same manner; but not aware this was only to be fine, like the party to which he belonged, she very innocently spoke to him herself, to hope he got safe to his lodgings, without feeling any further ill effect from his accident.

Sir Sedley, though internally much gratified by this interest in his safety, which in Camilla was the result of having herself endangered it, looked as if he scarce recollected her, and making hastily a kind of half bow, walked on with his company.

Camilla, who had no view, nor one serious thought concerning him, was rather amused than displeas'd by his caprices; and was preparing to relate the history of his lameness to Edgar, who seem'd surpris'd and even hurt by her addressing him, and by his so slightly passing her, when

the entrance of another splendid party interrupted all discourse.

And here, to her utter amaze, she beheld, as chief of the group, her romantic new friend; not leading, indeed, like Lady Alithea Selmore, a train, but surrounded by admirers, who, seeking no eye but hers, seemed dim and humble planets, moving round a radiant sun.

Camilla now, forgetting Sir Sedley, would have taken this moment to narrate her adventure with Mrs. Berlinton, had not her design been defeated by the approach of the Major. He belonged to this last group, but was the only one that separated from it. He spoke to Camilla with his usual air of devotion, told her he had dined with Mrs. Berlinton, to whose husband, whom he had taken for her grandfather, he had been just introduced; and begged to know of Mrs. Arlbery if he might have the pleasure of bringing them all acquainted; an offer which Camilla, unauthorised by Mrs. Berlinton, had  
not



not ventured to make. Mrs. Arlbery declined the proposal; not anxious to mix where she had small chance of presiding.

The party, after traversing the room, took full and exclusive possession of a considerable spot just below that occupied by Lady Alithea.

These two companies completely engrossed all attention, amply supplying the rest of the assembly with topics for discourse. The set with Lady Alithea Selmore was, in general, haughty, supercilious, and taciturn; looking around with eyes determined to see neither any person nor any thing before them, and rarely speaking, except to applaud what fell from her ladyship; who far less proud, because a lover of popularity, deigned herself, from time to time, a slight glance at the company, to see if she was observed, and to enjoy its reverence.

The party to which Mrs. Berlinton was the loadstone, was far more attractive to the disciples of nature, though less sedulously sought by those whom the manners

and maxims of the common world had sophisticated. They were gay, elegant, desirous to please, because pleased themselves; and though some of them harboured designs deeper and more dangerous than any formed by the votaries of rank, they appeared to have nothing more in view than to decorate with flowers the present moment. The magnetic influence of beauty was, however, more powerful than that of the *ton*; for though Mrs. Berlinton, from time to time, allured a beau from Lady Alithea Selmore, her ladyship, during the whole season, had not one retaliation to boast. But, on the other hand, the females, in general, strove to cluster about Lady Alithea; Mrs. Berlinton leaving them no greater chance of rivalship in conversation than in charms.

Edgar had made way upon the approach of the Major, who wore an air of superior claim, extremely unpleasant to him; but, since already engaged to Camilla, he meant to return to her when the dancing began.

She

She concluded he left her but to speak to some acquaintance, and was, herself, amply occupied in observing her new friend. The light in which she now beheld her, admired, pursued, and adulated, elegantly adorned in her person, and evidently with but one rival for fame and fashion in Tunbridge, filled her with astonishment. Nothing could less assort with her passion for solitude, her fondness for literary and sentimental discussions, and her enthusiasm in friendship. But her surprise was mixed with praise and admiration, when she reflected upon the soft humility and caressing sweetness of her manners, yet found her, by general consent, holding this elevated rank in society.

The Major earnestly pressed to conduct Camilla to this coterie, assuring her Mrs. Berlinton would not have passed, had she seen her, for, during dinner, and at coffee, she had talked of nobody else. Camilla heard this with pleasure, but shrunk from all advances, and strove rather to hide than shew herself, that Mrs. Berlinton might

have full liberty either to seek or avoid her. She wished to consult Edgar upon this acquaintance; though the present splendour of her appearance, and the number of her followers, made her fear she could never induce him to do justice to the sweetness and endearment of her social powers.

When the Major found he pleaded in vain, he said he would at least let Mrs. Berlinton know where to look for her; and went himself to that lady.

Edgar, who had felt sensibly mortified to observe, when he retreated, that the eyes and attention of Camilla had been wholly bestowed upon what he considered merely as a new scene, was now coming forward; when he saw Mrs. Berlinton hastily rise, suddenly break from all her adulators, and, with quick steps and animated gestures, traverse the apartment, to address Camilla, whom, taking by both her hands, which she pressed to her heart, she conjured, in the most flattering terms, to accompany her back.

Camilla

Camilla was much gratified; yet, from delicacy to Mrs. Arlbery, stimulated by the fear of missing her expected partner in the country dances, declined the invitation: Mrs. Berlinton looked disappointed; but said she would not be importunate, and returned alone.

Camilla, a little disturbed, besought the Major to follow, with an offer of spending with her, if she pleased, the whole of the ensuing day.

“Charming!” cried the Major, “for I am engaged to her myself already.”

To Camilla this hearing was distressing; to Edgar it was scarcely endurable. But she could not retract, and Edgar was stopt in the inquiries he meant to make concerning this striking new acquaintance, by an abrupt declaration from Mrs. Arlbery, that the Rooms were insufferable, and she would immediately go home. She then gave her hand to the General, and Miss Dannel took the arm of Camilla, murmuring, that she would never leave the

Rooms at such an early hour again, when once she was married.

To quit Edgar thus, at the very moment of renewed intercourse and amity, seemed too cruel; and Camilla, though with blushes, and stammering, whispered Mrs. Arlbery, "What can I do, ma'am? most unfortunately I have engaged myself to dance?"

"With whom?"

"With—Mr.—Mandlebert."

"O, vastly well! Stay, then by all means: but, as he has not engaged me too, allow me, I beseech you, to escape. Mrs. Berlinton will, I am sure, be happy to take care of you."

This scheme was, to Camilla, the most pleasant that could be proposed; and, at the same instant, the Major returned to her, with these words written with a pencil upon the back of a letter.

"To-morrow, and next day, and next day, come to me, my lovely friend; every thing,

thing, and every body fatigues me but yourself."

Camilla, obliged again to have recourse to the Major, wrote, upon the same paper, "Can you have the goodness to convey me to Mount Pleasant to-night, if I stay?" and begged him to bring her an answer. She entreated, also, Mrs. Arlbery to stop till it arrived, which was almost in the same minute; for the eye of Mrs. Berlin-ton had but glanced upon the words, ere her soft and lovely form was again with their fair writer, with whom, smiling and delighted, she walked back, arm in arm, to her place.

Mrs. Arlbery and the General, and Mr. and Miss Dannel, now left the room.

Edgar viewed all this with amazement. He found that the young lady she joined was sister-in-law to a peer, and as fashionable as she was beautiful; but could not fathom how so great an intimacy had so suddenly been formed.

Camilla, thus distinguished, became now herself an object of peculiar notice; her

own personal claim to particular attention, her dejection had forfeited, for it had robbed her eyes of their animation, and her countenance of its play; but no contagion spreads with greater certainty nor greater speed than that of fashion; slander itself is not more sure of promulgation. She was now looked at by all present as if seen for the first time; every one discovered in her some charm, some grace, some excellence; those who, the minute before, had passed her with perfect indifference, said it was impossible to see and not be struck with her; and all agreed she could appear upon no spot under the sun, and not instinctively be singled out, as formed to shine in the highest sphere.

But he by whom this transaction was observed with most pleasure, was Sir Sedley Clarendel. The extraordinary service he had performed for Camilla, and the grateful interest she had shewn him in return, had led him to consider her with an attention so favourable, that, without half her merit, or half her beauty, she could  
not



not have failed rising in his estimation, and exciting his regard: and she had now a superior charm that distanced every other; she had been asked to dance, yet refused it, by a man of celebrity in the *ton*; and she was publicly sought and caressed by the only rival at Tunbridge, in that species of renown, to Lady Alithea Selmore.

— He felt an increased desire to be presented to Mrs. Berlinton himself; and, gliding from his own circle as quietly as he could contrive, not to offend Lady Alithea, who, though she laughed at *the little Welsh rustic*, was watchful of her votaries, and jealous of her rising power, came gently behind Lord O'Lerney and whispered his request.

He was received by the young beauty with that grace, and that sweetness which rendered her so generally bewitching, yet with an air that proved her already accustomed to admiration, and untouched by its intoxicating qualities. All that was voluntary of her attention was bestowed exclusively upon Camilla, though, when  
addressed

addressed and called upon by others, she answered without impatience, and looked without displeasure.

This conduct, at the same time that it shewed her in a point of view the most amiable, raised Camilla higher and higher in the eyes of the bye-standers: and, in a few minutes more, the general cry throughout the assembly was, to inquire who was the young lady thus brought forward by Mrs. Berlinton.

Edgar heard this with increased anxiety. Has she discretion, has she fortitude, thought he, to withstand public distinction? Will it not spoil her for private life; estrange her from family concerns? render tasteless and insipid the conjugal and maternal characters, meant by Nature to form not only the most sacred of duties, but the most delicious of enjoyments?

Very soon after, this anxiety was tinged with a feeling more severe; he saw her spoken to negligently by Sir Sedley; he required, after what he had already himself deemed impertinence from the Baronet,  
that

that she should have assumed to him a distant dignity; but he perceived, on the contrary, that she answered him with pleasant alacrity, and, when not engaged by Mrs. Berlinton, attended to him, even with distinction.

Alas! thought he, the degradation from the true female character is already begun! already the lure of fashion draws her from what she owes to delicacy and propriety, to give a willing reception to insolence and foppery!

Camilla, meanwhile, unsuspecting of his remarks, and persuaded every civility in her power was due to Sir Sedley, was gay, pleased, and pleasing; happy to consider herself under the guidance, and restored to the amity of Edgar, and determined to acquaint him with all her affairs, and consult him upon all her proceedings.

The dancing, for which mutually they languished, as the mutual means of reunion, seemed not to be the humour of the evening, and those who were ready for it, were not of sufficient consequence

to bring it forward. But when Mrs. Berlinton mentioned, that she had been taking some lessons in a cotillon, a universal cry was raised by all her party, to try one immediately. She pleaded in vain her inexperience in such dances; they insisted there was nobody present that could criticise, that her form alone would compensate for every mistake of rule, and that the best lesson was easy practice.

She was soon gained, for she was not addicted to denials; but the application which ensued to Camilla was acceded to less promptly. As there were but two other ladies in the circle of Mrs. Berlinton, her assistance was declared to be indispensable. She pleaded inability of every sort, though to dance without Edgar was her only real objection; for she had no false shame in being ignorant of what she never had learnt. But Mrs. Berlinton protested she would not rise if she were the only novice to be exhibited; and the Major then prepared to prostrate himself at the feet of Camilla; who, hastily, and ashamed, stood

stood up, to prevent an action that Edgar might misinterpret.

Hoping, however, now, to at least draw him into their set, she ventured to acknowledge to Mrs. Berlinton, that she was already engaged, in case she danced.

The Major, who heard her, and who knew it was not to himself, strenuously declared this could only be for country dances, and therefore would not interfere with a cotillon.

“Will country dances, then,” said she, blushing, “follow?”

“Certainly, if any one has spirit to begin them.”

The cotillon was now played, and the preceding bow from the opposite Major forced her courtesie in return.

The little skill in this dance of one of the performers, and the total want of it in another, made it a mere pleasantry to all, though the youth and beauty of the two who did the worst, rendered them ob-  
jects

jects of admiration, that left nearly unnoticed those who did best.

To Camilla what belonged to pleasantry in this business was of short duration. When the cotillon was over, she saw nothing of Edgar. She looked around, mortified, disappointed. No one called for a country dance; and the few who had wished for it, concluding all chance over when a cotillon was begun, had now retired, or given it up.

What was this disappointment, compared with the sufferings of Edgar? Something of a contest, and of entreaties, had reached his ears, while he had hovered near the party, or strolled up and down the room. He had gathered the subject was dancing, and he saw the Major most earnest with Camilla. He was sure it was for her hand, and concluded it was for a country dance; but could she forfeit her engagement? were matters so far advanced, as to make her so openly shew him all prevailing, all powerful, not only over all rivals,  
but,

but, according to the world's established customs upon these occasions, over all decorum?

Presently, he saw the Major half kneel; he saw her rise to prevent the prostration; and he heard the dance called.

He could bear no more; pain intolerable seized, distracted him, and he abruptly quitted the ball-room, lest the Major should approach him with some happy apology, which he was unfitted to receive.

He could only settle his ideas by supposing she really loved Major Cerwood, and had suffered her character to be infected by the indelicacy that made a part of his own. Yet why had she strove to deny all regard, all connection? what an unaccountable want of frankness! what a miserable dereliction of truth!

His first impulse was to set off instantly from Tunbridge; but his second thoughts represented the confession this would make. He was too proud to leave the Major,  
whom

whom he despised, such a triumph, and too much hurt to permit Camilla herself to know him so poignantly wounded. She could not, indeed, but be struck by his retreat; he resolved, however, to try to meet with her the next day, and to speak to her with the amity they had, so lately arranged, yet in a way that should manifest him wholly free from all other interest or view.



## CHAP. VIII.

*Ways to the Heart.*

ALL pleasure to Camilla was completely over from the moment that Edgar disappeared.

When she returned to Mount Pleasant, Mrs. Arlbery, whom she found alone, said, "Did I not understand that you were going to dance with Mr. Mandlebert? How chanced he to leave you? We were kept ages waiting for the coach; and I saw him pass by, and walk off."

Camilla, colouring, related the history of the cotillon; and said, she feared, not knowing how she had been circumstanced, he was displeas'd.

"Displeas'd!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "and do you, at seventeen, suffer a man to be displeas'd? How can you do worse when you are fifty? Know your

your own power more truly, and use it better. Men, my dear, are all spoilt by humility, and all conquered by gaiety. Amuse and defy them!—attend to that maxim, and you will have the world at your feet.”

“ I have no such ambition:—but I should be sensibly hurt to make an old friend think ill of me.”

“ When an old friend,” said Mrs. Arlbery, archly, “ happens to be a young man, you must conduct yourself with him a little like what you are; that is, a young woman. And a young woman is never in her proper place, if such sort of old friends are not taught to know their own. From the instant you permit them to think of being offended, they become your masters; and you will find it vastly more convenient to make them your slaves.”

Camilla pretended to understand this in a mere general sense, and wished her good night.

The next morning, at an early hour, her chamber door was opened with great suddenness, and no preparation, and Mrs. Mittin tript nimbly into the room, with a hat in her hand.

“Look here! my dear Miss Tyrold,” cried she, “for now that other young lady has told me your name, and I writ it down upon paper, that I might not forget it again: look at your hat now! Did you ever see any thing so much improved for the better? I declare nobody would know it! Miss Dannel says it’s as pretty again as it was at first. I’ll go and shew it to the other lady.”

Away she went, triumphant, with the trophy of her notability; but presently returned, saying, “Do, pray, Miss Tyrold, write me down that other lady’s name upon a scrap of paper. It always goes out of my head. And one looks as if one knew nobody, when one forgets people’s names.”

Camilla complied, and expressed her

shame to have caused her so much trouble.

“O, my dear, it's none at all. I got all the things at Mrs. Tilden's.”

“Who is Mrs. Tilden?” cried Camilla, staring.

“Why the milliner. Don't you know that?”

“What things?” asked Camilla, alarmed.

“Why these, my dear; don't you see? Why it's all new, except just the hat itself, and the feathers.”

Camilla was now in extreme embarrassment. She had concluded Mrs. Mitten had only newly arranged the ornaments, and had not the smallest idea of incurring a debt which she had no means to discharge.

“It all comes to quite a trifle,” continued Mrs. Mitten, “for all it's so pretty. Mrs. Tilden's things are all monstrous cheap.”

cheap. I get things for next to nothing from her, sometimes, when they are a little past the mode. But then I recommend her a heap of customers. I get all my friends, by hook or by crook, to go to her shop."

"And what," stammered out Camilla, "besides my thanks, do I owe you?"

"Oh, nothing. She would not be paid; she said, as you was her customer, and had all your things of her at first, she'd put it down in your bill for the season."

This was, at least, some respite; though Camilla felt the disagreeable necessity of increasing her intended demand upon Mrs. Arlbery.

Miss Dannel came with a summons from that lady to the Pantiles, whither, as the day was fine, she proposed they should walk.

"O," cried Mrs. Mittin, "if you are going upon the Pantiles, you must go to that shop where there's the curious ear-rings that are to be raffled for. You'll put in to be sure."

Camilla said no, with a sigh attributed to the ear-rings, but due to a tender recollection of the raffle in which Edgar had procured her the trinket she most valued. Mrs. Mittin proposed accompanying them, and asked Camilla to introduce her to Mrs. Arlbery. This was very disagreeable; but she knew not how, after the civility she owed her, to refuse.

Mrs. Arlbery received her with much surprize, but perfect unconcern; conscious of her own importance, she feared no disgrace from being seen with one in a lower station; and she conceived it no honour to appear with one in a higher.

When they came to the Pantiles, Mrs. Mittin begged to introduce them to a view of the ear-rings, which belonged, she said, to one of her particular friends; and as Mrs. Arlbery caught the eye of Sir Sedley Clarendel in passing the window, she entered the shop.

“Well,” cried Mrs. Mittin, to its master, “don’t say I bring you no company. I am sure you ought to let me throw for  
nothing,

nothing, if it's only for good luck; for I am sure these three ladies will all put in. Come, Miss Dannel, do lead the way. 'Tis but half a guinea, and only look what a prize."

"Ask papa to pay for me!" cried Miss Dannel.

"Come, good sir, come, put down the half guinea for the young lady. I'm sure you can't refuse her. Lord! what's half a guinea?"

"That's a very bad way of reasoning," answered Mr. Dannel; "and what I did not expect from a woman of your sense."

"Why you don't think, sir, I meant that half a guinea's a trifle? No indeed! I know what money is better than that. I only mean half a guinea is nothing in comparison to ten guineas, which is the price of the ear-rings; and so that makes me think it's pity the young lady should lose an opportunity of getting them so cheap. I'm sure if they were dear, I should be the last to recommend them, for I think extravagance the greatest sin under the sun."

“Well, now you speak like the sensible woman I took you for.”

A very little more eloquence of this sort was necessary, before Mr. Dannel put down half a guinea.

“Well, I declare,” cried Mrs. Mittin, “there’s only three more names wanted; and when these two ladies have put in, there will be only one! I’m sure if I was rich enough, that one would not be far off. But come, ma’am, where’s your half guinea? Come, Miss Tyrold, don’t hold back; who knows but you may win? there’s only nineteen against you. Lord, what’s that?”

Camilla turned away, and Mrs. Arlbery did not listen to a word; but when Sir Sedley said, “They are really very pretty; won’t you throw?” she answered, “I must rather make a raffle with my own trinkets, than raffle for other people’s. Think of my ponies! However, I’ll put in, if Mr. Dannel will be my paymaster.”

Mr. Dannel, turning short off, walked out of the shop.

“This



“ This is a bad omen!” cried she, laughing; and then desired to look at the list of raffles; when seeing amongst the names those of Lady Alithea Selmore and the Hon. Mrs. Berlington, she exclaimed: “ ’Tis a coalition of all fashion and reputation! We shall be absolutely scouted, my dear Miss Tyrold, if we shrink. My poor ponies must wait half a guinea longer! Let us put in together.”

Camilla answered, she had no intention to try for them.

“ Well, then, lend me half a guinea; for I never trust myself, now, with my purse.”

“ I have not a half guinea----I have----I have no----gold----in my purse,” answered Camilla, with a face deeply tinged with red.

Major Cerwood, who joined the party during this discussion, intreated to be banker for both the ladies. Camilla positively refused any share; but Mrs. Mittin said it would be a shame for such a young

lady to go without her chance, and wrote down her name next to that of Mrs. Arlbery; while the Major, without further question, put down a guinea upon the counter.

Camilla could not endure this; yet from a youthful shame of confessing poverty, forced herself to the ear of Mrs. Arlbery, and whispered an intreaty that she would pay the guinea herself.

Mrs. Arlbery, surprized, answered she had really come out without her purse; but seeing her seriously vexed, added, "If you do not approve of the Major for a banker till we go home, what say you to Sir Sedley?"

"I shall prefer him a thousand times!"

Mrs. Arlbery, in a low voice, repeated this to the young Baronet, and receiving his guinea, threw it down; making the Major, without the smallest excuse or ceremony, take back his own.

This was by no means lost upon Sir Sedley; he felt flattered---he felt softened; he

he thought Camilla looked unusually lovely; he began to wonder at the coldness of Mandlebert, and to lament that the first affections of so fair a creature should be cast away.

Mandlebert himself was an object of nothing less than envy. He had entered the shop during the contest about the raffle, and seen Major Cerwood pay for Camilla as well as for Mrs. Arlbery. Confirmed in his notions of her positive engagement, and sick at heart from the confirmation, he walked further into the shop, upon pretence of looking at some other articles, before he could assume sufficient composure to speak to her.

Mrs. Mittin now began woefully to repine that she could not take the last share for the ear-rings; and, addressing herself to Mr. Dannel, who re-entered as soon as he saw the money was paid for Mrs. Arlbery, she said, "You see, sir, if there was somebody ready to take the last chance at once, this gentleman might fix a day for the throwing immediately; but else, it may be

dawdled on, nobody knows how long; for one will be gone, and t'other will be gone, and there'll be no getting the people together; and all the pleasure of the thing is being here to throw for one's self: for I don't much like trusting money matters out of sight."

"If I'd thought of all that," said Mr. Dannel, "I should not have put in."

"True, sir. But here, if it was not that I don't happen to have half a guinea to spare just now, how nicely it might all be finished in a trice! For, as I have been saying to Miss Dannel, this may turn out a real bargain; for they'll fetch their full value at any time. And I tell Miss Dannel that's the only way to lay out money, upon things that will bring it back again if it's wanted; not upon frippery froppery, that's spoilt in a minute, and then i'n't worth a farthing."

"Very sensibly said," cried Mr. Dannel; "I'm sure she can't hear better advice; I'm much obliged to you for putting such sensible thoughts into her head." And then,

then, hoping she would continue her good lessons to his daughter, he drew out his purse, and begged her to accept a chance from it for the prize.

Mrs. Mittin was in raptures; and the following week was settled for the raffle.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had attended to this scene with much amusement, now said to General Kinfale, who had taken a seat by her: "Did I not tell you well, General, that all men are at the disposition of women? If even the shrewd monied man cannot resist, what heart shall we find impenetrable? The connoisseur in human characters knows, that the pursuit of wealth is the petrification of tenderness: yet yonder is my good brother-in-law, who thinks cash and existence one, allured even to squander money, merely by the address of that woman, in allowing that money should be the first study of life! Let even Clarendel have a care of himself! or, when least he suspects any danger, some fair

dairy-maid will praise his horsemanship, or take a fancy to his favourite spaniel, or any other favourite that happens to be the foible of the day, and his invulnerability will be at her feet, and Lady Clarendel be brought forward in a fortnight."

Lord O'Lerney now entered the shop, accompanying a lady whose countenance and appearance were singularly pleasing, and who, having made some purchase, was quietly retiring, when the master of the shop inquired if she wished to look at the ear-rings; adding, that though the number was full, he knew of one person, who would give up her chance, in case it would oblige a customer.

She answered she had no present occasion for ear-rings, and would not therefore take up either his time or her own unnecessarily; and then walked gently away, still attended by Lord O'Lerney.

"Bless me," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "who is that? to hear a little plain common sense is so rare, it strikes one more than wit."

"It's

“It’s Lady Isabella Irby, madam,” answered the master of the shop.

Here Lord O’Lerney, who had only handed her to her carriage, returned.

“My lord,” cried Mrs. Arlbery, “do you know what a curiosity you brought in amongst us just now? A woman of rank who looks round upon other people just as if she thought they were her fellow creatures?”

“Fie, fie!” answered Lord O’Lerney, laughing, “why will you suppose that so rare? If we have not as many women who are amiable with titles as without, it is only because we have not the same number from which to select them. They are spoilt or unspoilt, but in the same proportion as the rest of their sex. Their fall, or their escape, is less local than you imagine; it does not depend upon their titles, but upon their understandings.”

“Well, my lord, I believe you are right. I was adopting a narrow prejudice, merely from indolence of thought.”

“But why, my lord,” cried Sir Sedley, “does this paragon of a divinity deny her

example to the world? Is it in contempt of our incorrigibility? or in horror of our contagion?"

"My dear Sir Sedley," said Mrs. Arlbery, "don't flatter yourself with being so dangerous. Her ladyship does not fly you from fear, take my word for it. There is nothing in her air that looks as if she could only be good by being shut up. I dare believe she could meet you every day, yet be mistress of herself! Nevertheless, why, my lord, is she such a recluse? Why does one never see her at the Rooms?"

"Never see her there, my dear madam! she is there almost every night; only being unintruding, she is unnoticed."

"The satire, then, my lord," said Mrs. Arlbery, "falls upon the company. Why is she not surrounded by volunteer admirers? Why, with a person and manner so formed to charm, joined to such a character, and such rank, has she not her train?"

"The reason, my dear madam, you could define with more sagacity than myself;



self; she must be fought! And the world is so lazy, that the most easy of access, however valueless, is preferred to the most perfect, who must be pursued with any trouble."

Admirable Lord O'Lerney! thought Edgar, what a lesson is this to youthful females against the glare of public homage, the false brilliancy of unfeminine popularity!

This conversation, however, which alone of any he had heard at Tunbridge promised him any pleasure, was interrupted by Mr. Dannel, who said the dinner would be spoilt, if they did not all go home.

Camilla felt extremely vexed to quit the shop, without clearing up the history of the dance; and Edgar, seeing the persevering Major at her side as she departed, in urgency to put any species of period to his own sufferings, followed the party, and precipitately began a discourse with Lord O'Lerney upon making the tour of Europe. Camilla, for whom it was designed, intent upon planning her own defence,  
heard

heard nothing that was said, till Lord O'Lerney asked him if his route would be through Switzerland, and he answered: "My route is not quite fixed, my lord."

Startled, she now listened, and Mrs. Arlbery, whom she held by the arm, was equally surpris'd, and looked to see how she bore this intimation.

"If you will walk with me to my lodgings," replied Lord O'Lerney, "I will shew you my own route, which may perhaps save you some difficulties. Shall you set out soon?"

"I fancy within a month," answered Edgar; and, arm in arm, they walked away together, as Camilla and her party quitted the Pantiles for Mount Pleasant.

## C H A P. IX.

*Counsels for Conquest.*

FORTUNATELY for Camilla, no eye was upon her at this period but that of Mrs. Arlbery; her changed countenance, else, must have betrayed still more widely her emotion. Mrs. Arlbery saw it with real concern, and saying she had something to consult her about, hurried on with her alone.

Camilla scarce knew what she did, or what she suffered; the suddenness of surprise, which involved so severe a disappointment, almost stupified her faculties. Mrs. Arlbery did not utter one word by the way, and, when they arrived at home, saw her to her chamber, pressed her hand, and left her.

She now, from a sense of shame, came to her full recollection. She was convinced

all

all her feelings were understood by Mrs. Arlbery; she thought over what her father had said upon such exposures, and, hopeless of any honorable end to her suspences, earnestly wished herself back at Etherington, to hide in his revered breast her confusion and grief.

Even Mrs. Arlbery she now believed had been mistaken; Edgar appeared never to have loved her; his attentions, his kindness, had all flowed from friendship; his solicitude, his counsel had been the result of family regard.

When called to dinner, she descended with downcast eyes. She found no company invited; she felt thankful, yet abashed; and Mrs. Arlbery let her retire when the meal was over, but soon followed to beg she would prepare for the play.

She saw her hastily putting away her handkerchief, and dispersing her tears. "Ah! my dear," cried she, taking her hand, "I am afraid this old friend of yours does not much contribute to make Tunbridge Wells salubrious to you!"

Camilla, affecting not to understand her, said she had never been in better health.

“Of mind, do you mean, or body?” cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; but seeing she only redoubled her distress, more seriously added, “Will you suffer me, my dear Miss Tyrold, to play the old friend, also, and speak to you with openness?”

Camilla durst not say no, though she feared to say yes.

“I must content myself with a tacit compliance, if I can obtain no other. I am really uneasy to talk with you; not, believe me, from officiousness nor impertinence, but from a persuasion I may be able to promote your happiness. You won't speak, I see? And you judge perfectly right; for the less you disclaim, the less I shall torment you. Permit me, therefore, to take for granted that you are already aware I am acquainted with the state of your heart.”

Camilla, trembling, had now no wish but to fly; she fastened her eyes upon the door,

door, and every thought was devoted to find the means of escape.

“Nay, nay, if you look frightened in sober sadness, I am gone. But shall I think less, or know less, for saying nothing? It is not speech, my dear Miss Tyrold, that makes detections: It only proclaims them.”

A sigh was all the answer of Camilla: though, assured, thus, she had nothing to gain by flight, she forced herself to stay.

“We understand one another, I see, perfectly. Let me now, then, as unaffectedly go on, as if the grand explanation had been verbally made. That your fancy, my fair young friend, has hit upon a tormentor, I will not deny; yet not upon an ingrate; for this person, little as you seem conscious of your power, certainly loves you.”

Surprised off all sort of guard, Camilla exclaimed, “O no!—O no!”

Mrs. Arlbery smiled, but went on. “Yes, my dear, he undoubtedly does you  
that

that little justice; yet, if you are not well advised, his passion will be unavailing; and your artlessness, your facility, and your innocence, with his knowledge, nay, his very admiration of them, will operate but to separate you."

Glowing with opposing yet strong emotions at these words, the countenance of Camilla asked an explanation, in defiance of her earnest desire to look indifferent or angry.

"You will wonder, and very naturally, how such attractions should work as repulses; but I will be plain and clear, and you must be candid and rational, and forgive me. These attractions, my dear, will be the source of this mischief, because he sees, by their means, that you are undoubtedly at his command."

"No, madam! no, Mrs. Arlbery!" cried Camilla, in whose pride now every other feeling was concentrated, "he does not, cannot see it!—"

"I would

“ I would not hurt you for the world, my very amiable young friend; but pardon me if I say, that not to see it—he must be blinder than I imagine him!—blinder than---to tell you the truth, I am much inclined to think any of his race.”

Confounded, irritated, and wounded, Camilla remained a moment silent, and then, though scarce articulately, answered: “ If such is your opinion---at least he shall see it---fancy it, I mean---no more!---”

“ Keep to that resolution, and you will behold him---where he ought to be---at your feet.”

Irresistibly, though most unwillingly, appeased by this unexpected conclusion, she turned away to hide a blush in which anger had not solely a place, and suffered Mrs. Arlbery to go on.

“ There is but one single method to make a man of his ruminating class know his own mind: give him cause to fear he will lose you. Animate, inspirit, inspire him with doubt.”

“ But



“But why, ma’am,” cried Camilla, in a faltering voice; “why shall you suppose I will take any method at all?”

“The apprehension you will take none is the very motive that urges me to speak to you. You are young enough in the world to think men come of themselves. But you are mistaken, my dear. That happens rarely; except with inflamed and hot-headed boys, whose passions are in their first innocence as well as violence. Mandelbert has already given the dominion of his to other rulers, who will take more care of his pride, though not of his happiness. Attend to one who has travelled farther into life than yourself, and believe me when I assert, that his bane, and yours alike, is his security.”

With a colour yet deeper than ever, Camilla resentfully repeated, “Security!”

“Nay, how can he doubt? with a situation in life such as his—”

“Situation in life! Do you think he can ever suppose that would have the least, the most minute weight with me?”

“Why,

“Why, it would be a very shocking supposition, I allow! but yet, some how or other, that same fordid thing called money, does manage to produce such abundance of little comforts and pretty amusements, that one is apt--to half suspect--it may really not much add to any matrimonial aversion.”

The very idea of such a suspicion offended Camilla beyond all else that had passed; Mrs. Arlbery appeared to her indelicate, unkind, and ungenerous, and regretting she had ever seen, and repenting she had ever known her, she sunk upon a chair in a passionate burst of tears.

Mrs. Arlbery embraced her, begged her pardon a thousand times; assured her all she had uttered was the effect of esteem as well as of affection, since she saw her too delicate, and too inexperienced, to be aware either of the dangers or the advantages surrounding her; and that very far from meaning to hurt her, she had few things more at heart than the desire of proving the sincerity of her

her regard, and endeavouring to contribute to her happiness.

Camilla thanked her, dried her eyes, and strove to appear composed; but she was too deeply affected for internal consolation: she felt herself degraded in being openly addressed as a love-sick girl; and injured in being supposed, for a moment, capable of any mercenary view. She desired to be excused going out, and to have the evening to herself; not on account of the expence of the play; she had again wholly forgotten her poverty; but to breathe a little alone, and indulge the sadness of her mind.

Mrs. Arlbery, unfeignedly sorry to have caused her any pain, would not oppose her inclination; she repeated her apologies, dragged from her an assurance of forgiveness, and went down stairs alone to a summons from Sir Sedley Clarendel.

The first moments of her departure were spent by Camilla in the deepest dejection; from which, however, the recollection of  
her

her father, and her solemn engagement to him, soon after awakened her. She read again his injunctions, and resolving not to add to her unhappiness by any failure in her duty, determined to make her appearance with some spirit before Mrs. Arlbery set out.

“My dear Clarendel,” cried that lady, as she entered the parlour, “this poor little girl is in a more serious plight than I had conjectured. I have been giving her a few hints, from the stores of my worldly knowledge, and they appear to her so detestably mean and vulgar, that they have almost broken her heart. The arrival of this odious Mandlebert has overthrown all our schemes. We are cut up, Sir Sedley! completely cut up!”

“O, indubitably to a degree!” cried the Baronet, with an air of mingled pique and conceit; “how could it be otherwise? Exists the wight who could dream of competition with Mandlebert!”

“Nay,

“Nay, now, my dear Clarendel, you enchant me. If you view his power with resentment, you are the man in the world to crumble it to the dust. To work, therefore, dear creature, without delay.”

“But how must I go about it? a little instruction, for pity!”

“Charming innocent! So you don’t know how to try to make yourself agreeable?”

“Not in the least! I am ignorant to a redundancy.”

“And were you never more adroit?”

“Never. A goth in grain! Witlefs from the first *muling in my nurse’s arms!*”

“Come, come, a truce for a moment, with foppery, and answer me seriously; Were you ever in love, Clarendel? speak the truth. I am just seized with a passionate desire to know.”

“Why---yes---” answered he, pulling his lips with his fingers, “I think,—I rather think---I was once.”

“O tell! tell! tell!”

“Nay, I am not very positive. One hears it is to happen; and one is put upon thinking of it, while so very young, that one soon takes it for granted. Define it a little, and I can answer you more accurately. Pray, is it any thing beyond being very fond, and very silly, with a little touch of melancholy?”

“Precise! precise! Tell me, therefore, what it was that caught you: Beauty? Fortune? Flattery? or Wit? Speak! speak! I die to know!”

“O, I have forgotten all that these hundred years! I have not the smallest trace left!”

“You are a terrible coxcomb, my dear Clarendel! and I am a worse myself for giving you so much encouragement. But, however, we must absolutely do something for this fair and drooping violet. She won’t go even to the play to-night.”

“Lovely lily! how shall we rear it? Tell her I beg her to be of our party.”

“You beg her? My dear Sir Sedley! what do you talk of?”

“Tell

“ Tell her 'tis my intreaty, my supplication !”

“ And you think that will make her comply ?”

“ You will see.”

“ Bravo, my dear Clarendel, bravo ! However, if you have the courage to send such a message, I have not to deliver it : but I will write it for you.”

She then wrote,

“ Sir Sedley Clarendel asserts, that if you are not as inexorable as you are fair, you will not refuse to join our little party to night at the theatre.”

Camilla, after a severe conflict from this note, which she concluded to be the mere work of Mrs. Arlbery to draw her from retirement, sent word she would wait upon her.

Sir Sedley heard the answer with exultation, and Mrs. Arlbery with surprise. She declared, however, that since he possessed this power, she should not suffer it to lie dormant, but make it work upon her

fair friend, till it either excited jealousy in Mandlebert, or brought indifference to herself. "My resolution," cried she, "is fixt; either to see him at her feet, or drive him from her heart."

Camilla, presently descending, looked away from Mrs. Arlbery; but, unsuspecting as she was undefigning, thanked the Baronet for his message, and told him she had already repented her solitary plan. The Baronet felt but the more flattered, from supposing this was said from the fear of flattering him.

In the way to the theatre, Camilla, with much confusion, recollected her empty purse; but could not, before Mr. and Miss Dannel and Sir Sedley, prevail with herself to make it known; she could only determine to ask Mrs. Arlbery to pay for her at present, and defer the explanation till night.

But, just as she alighted from the coach, Mrs. Arlbery, in her usual manner, said: "Do pay for me, good Dannel; you know how I hate money."

Camilla,



Camilla, hurrying after her, whispered, "May I beg you to lend me some silver?"

"Silver! I have not carried any about with me since I lost my dear ponies and my pet phaeton. I am as poor as Job; and therefore bent upon avoiding all temptation. Somebody or other always trusts me. If they get paid, they bless their stars. If not,—do you hear me, Mr. Dannel?—'twill be all the same an hundred years hence; so what man of any spirit will think of it? hey, Mr. Dannel?"

"But—dear madam!—pray—"

"O, they'll change for you, here, my dear, without difficulty."

"But---but---pray stop!---I---I have no gold neither!"

"Have you done like me, then, come out without your purse?"

"No!---"

This single negative, and the fluttered manner, and low voice in which it was pronounced, gave Mrs. Arlbery the utmost astonishment. She said nothing, however,

but called aloud to Mr. Dannel to settle for the whole party.

Mr. Dannel, during the dialogue, had paid for himself and his daughter, and walked on into the box.

“What a Hottentot!” exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery. “Come, then, Clarendel, take pity on two poor distressed objects, and let us pass.”

Sir Sedley, little suspicious of the truth, yet flattered to be always called upon to be the banker of Camilla, obeyed with alacrity.

Mrs. Arlbery placed Camilla upon a seat before her, and motioned to the Baronet to remain in a row above; and then, in a low voice, said: “My dear Clarendel, do you know they have let that poor girl come to Tunbridge without a sixpence in her pocket!”

“Is it possible?”

“’Tis a fact. I never suspected it till suspicion was followed by confirmation. She had a guinea or two, I fancy, at first,  
just

just to equip her with one set of things to appear in; which, probably, the good Parson imagined would last as clean and as long at a public place as at his parsonage-house, where my best suit is worn about twice in a summer. But how that rich old uncle of hers could suffer her to come without a penny, I can neither account for nor forgive. I have seen her shyness about money-matters for some days past; but I so little conjectured the possibility of her distress, that I have always rather increased than spared it."

"Sweet little angel!" exclaimed the Baronet, in a tone of tenderness; "I had indeed no idea of her situation. Heavens! I could lay half my fortune at her feet to set her at ease!"

"Half, my dear Clarendel!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "nay, why not the whole? where will you find a more lovely companion?"

"Pho, pho!—but why should it be so vastly horrid an incongruity that a man who, by chance, is rich, should do some-

thing for a woman who, by chance, is poor? How immensely impertinent is the prejudice that forbids so natural a use of money! why should the better half of a man's actions be always under the dominion of some prescriptive slavery? 'Tis hideous to think of. And how could he more delectably spend, or more extatically enjoy his fortune, than by so equitable a participation?"

"True, Sir Sedley. And you men are all so disinterested, so pure in your benevolence, so free from any spirit of encroachment, that no possible ill consequence could ensue from such an arrangement. When once a fair lady had made you a civil courtesy, you would wholly forget you had ever obliged her. And you would let her walk her ways, and forget it also: especially if, by chance, she happened to be young and pretty."

This raillery was interrupted by the appearance of Edgar in an opposite box. "Ah!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, "look but at that piece of congelation that nothing seems

seems to thaw! Enter the lists against him, dear Clarendel! He has stationed himself there merely to watch and discountenance her. I hate him heartily; yet he rolls in wealth, and she has nothing. I must bring them, therefore, together, positively: for though a husband----such a fastidious one especially----is not what I would recommend to her for happiness, 'tis better than poverty. And, after his cold and selfish manner, I am convinced he loves her. He is evidently in pursuit of her, though he wants generosity to act openly. Work him but with a little jealousy, and you will find me right."

"Me, my dear madam? me, my divine Mrs. Arlbery? Alas! with what chance? No! see where enters the gallant Major. Thence must issue those poignant darts that newly vivify the expiring embers of languishing love."

"Now don't talk such nonsense when I am really serious. You are the very man for the purpose: because, though you have no feeling, Mandlebert does not

know you are without it. But those Officers are too notoriously unmeaning to excite a moment's real apprehension. They have a new dulcinea wherever they newly quarter, and carry about the few ideas they possess from damsel to damsel, as regularly as from town to town."

The Major was now in the box, and the conversation ended.

He endeavoured, as usual, to monopolize Camilla; but while her thoughts were all upon Edgar, the whole she could command of her attention was bestowed upon Sir Sedley.

This was not unobserved by Edgar, who now again wavered in believing she loved the Major: but the doubt brought with it no pleasure; it led him only the more to contemn her. Does she turn, thought he, thus, from one to the other, with no preference but of accident or caprice? Is her favour thus light of circulation? Is it now the mawkish Major, and now the coxcomb Clarendel? Already is she thus versed in the common dissipation  
of

of coquetry?---O, if so, how blest has been my escape! A coquette wife!---

His heart swelled, and his eye no longer sought her.

\* \* \* \*

At night, as soon as she went to her own room, Mrs. Arlbery followed her, and said: "My dear Miss Tyrold, I know much better than you how many six-pences and three-pences are perpetually wanted at places such as these. Do suffer me to be your banker. What shall we begin our account with?"

Camilla felt really thankful for being spared an opening upon this subject. She consented to borrow two guineas; but Mrs. Arlbery would not leave her with less than five, adding, "I insist upon doubling it in a day or two. Never mind what I say about my distress, and my phaeton, and my ponies; 'tis only to torment Dennel, who trembles at parting with half-a-crown for half an hour; or else, now and then, to set other people a staring; which

is not unamusing, when nothing else is going forward. But believe me, my dear young friend, were I really in distress, or were I really not to discharge these petty debts I incur, you would soon discover it by the thinness of our parties! These men that now so flock around us, would find some other loadstone. I know them pretty well, dear creatures!----”

Though shocked to appear thus destitute, Camilla was somewhat relieved to have no debt but with Mrs. Arlbery; for she resolved to pay Sir Sedley and the milliner the next day, and to settle with Mrs. Arlbery upon her return to Etherington.



## C H A P. X.

*Strictures upon the Ton.*

**T**HE next day was appointed for the master of the ceremonies' ball; which proved a general rendezvous of all parties, and almost all classes of company.

Mrs. Mittin, in a morning visit to Camilla, found out that she had only the same cap for this occasion that she had worn upon every other; and, assuring her it was grown so old-fashioned, that not a lady's maid in Tunbridge would now be seen in it, she offered to pin her up a turban, which should come to next to nothing, yet should be the prettiest, and simplest, and cheapest thing that ever was seen.

Camilla, though a stranger to vanity, and without any natural turn to extravagance, was neither of an age, nor a philosophy, to be unmoved by the apprehension of being exposed to ridicule from  
her

her dress: she thankfully, therefore, accepted the proposal; and Mrs. Mittin, taking a guinea, said, she would pay Mrs. Tilden for the hat, at the same time that she bought a new handkerchief for the turban.

When she came back, however, she had only laid out a few shillings at another shop, for some articles, so cheap, she said it would have been a shame not to buy them; but without paying the bill, Mrs. Tilden having desired it might not be discharged till the young lady was leaving the Wells.

As the turban was made up from a pattern of one prepared for Mrs. Berlin-ton, Camilla had every reason to be satisfied of its elegance. Nor did Mrs. Mittin involve her in much distress how her own trouble might be recompensed; the cap she found unfit for Camilla, she could contrive, she said, to alter for herself; and as a friend had given her a ticket for the ball, it would be mighty convenient to her, as she had nothing of the kind ready.

\* \* \* \*

Far different were the sensations with which Edgar and Camilla saw each other this night, from those with which, so lately they had met in the same apartment. Edgar thought her degenerating into the character of a coquette, and Camilla, in his intended tour, anticipated a period to all their intercourse.

She was received, meanwhile, in general, with peculiar and flattering attention. Sir Sedley Clarendel made up to her, with public smiles and courtesy; even Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard, though they passed by Mrs. Arlbery without speaking to her, singled out Camilla for their devoirs. The distinction paid her by the admired Mrs. Berlinton had now not only marked her as an object whom it would not be derogatory to treat with civility, but as one who might, henceforward, be regarded herself as admitted into *certain circles*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Arlbery, though every way a woman of fashion, they conceived to be somewhat wanting in *ton*, since she presided in no party, was unnoticed by Lady Althea Selmore, and unknown to Mrs. Berlin-ton.

*Ton*, in the scale of connoisseurs in the *certain circles*, is as much above fashion, as fashion is above fortune: for though the latter is an ingredient that all alike covet to possess, it is courted without being respected, and desired without being honoured, except only by those who, from earliest life, have been taught to earn it as a business. *Ton*, meanwhile, is as attainable without birth as without understanding, though in all the *certain circles* it takes place of either. To define what it is, would be as difficult to the most renowned of its votaries, as to an utter stranger to its attributes. That those who call themselves of the *ton* either lead, or hold cheap all others, is obtrusively evident: but how and by what art they attain such pre-eminence, they would be perplexed

plexed to explain. That some whim has happily called forth imitators; that some strange phrase has been adopted; that something odd in dress has become popular; that some beauty, or some deformity, no matter which, has found annotators; may commonly be traced as the origin of their first public notice. But to whichever of these accidents their early fame may be attributed, its establishment and its glory is built upon vanity that knows no deficiency, or insolence that knows no blush.

Notwithstanding her high superiority both in capacity and knowledge, Mrs. Arlbery felt piqued by this behaviour, though she laughed at herself for heeding it. “Nevertheless,” cried she, “those who shew contempt, even though themselves are the most contemptible, always seem on the higher ground. Yet ’tis only, with regard to these animals of the *ton*, that nobody combats them. Their presumption is so notorious, that, either by disgust or alarm, it keeps off reprehension.

Let

Let any one boldly, and face to face, venture to be more uncivil than themselves, and they would be overpowered at once. Their valour is no better than that of a barking cur, who affrights all that go on without looking at him, but who, the moment he is turned upon with a stamp and a fierce look, retreats himself, amazed, afraid, and ashamed."

"If you, Mrs. Arlbery," said the General, "would undertake to tutor them, what good you might do!"

"O, Heavens, General, suspect me not of such reforming Quixotism! I have not the smallest desire to do them any good, believe me! If nature has given them no sense of propriety, why should I be more liberal? I only want to punish them; and that not, alas! from virtue, but from spite!"

The conversation of the two men of the *ton* with Camilla was soon over. It was made up of a few disjointed sentences, abusing Tunbridge, and praising the German Spa, in cant words, emphatically and conceitedly

conceitedly pronounced, and brought round upon every occasion, and in every speech, with so precise an exclusion of all other terms, that their vocabulary scarce consisted of forty words in totality.

Edgar occupied the space they vacated the moment of their departure; but not alone; Mrs. Mittin came into it with him, eager to tell Camilla how every body had admired her turban; how sweetly she looked in it; how every body said, they should not have known her again, it became her so; and how they all agreed her head had never been so well dressed before.

iii

Edgar, when he could be heard, began speaking of Sir Sedley Clarendel; he felt miserable in what he thought her inconsiderate encouragement of such impertinence; and the delicacy which restrained him from expressing his opinion of the Major, had no weight with him here, as jealousy had no share in his dislike to the acquaintance: he believed the young Baronet incapable of all love but for himself,

self, and a decidedly destined bachelor : without, therefore, the smallest hesitation, he plainly avowed that he had never met with a more thoroughly conceited fop, a more elaborate and self-sufficient coxcomb.

“ You see him only,” said Camilla, “ with the impression made by his general appearance ; and that is all against him : I always look for his better qualities and rejoice in finding them. His very sight fills me with grateful pleasure, by reminding me of the deliverance I owe to him.”

Edgar, amazed, intreated an explanation ; and, when she had given it, struck and affected, clasped his hands, and exclaimed : “ How providential such a rescue ! and how differently shall I henceforth behold him ! ” And, almost involuntarily turning to Mrs. Arlbery, he intreated to be presented to the young Baronet.

Sir Sedley received his overtures with some surprise, but great civility ; and then



went on with a ludicrous account he was giving to Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus, of the quarrel of Macderfey with Mr. Dubster.

“How awake thou art grown, Clary?” cried Sir Theophilus; “A little while ago thou wast all hip and vapour; and now thou dost nothing but patronise fun.”

“Why, yes,” answered the Baronet, “I begin to tire of *ennui*. ’Tis grown so common. I saw my footman beginning it but last week.”

“O, hang it! O, curse it!” cried Lord Newford, “your footman!”

“Yes, the rogue is not without parts. I don’t know if I shan’t give him some lessons, upon leaving it off myself. The only difficulty is to find out what, in this nether world, to do without it. How can one fill up one’s time? Stretching, yawning, and all that, are such delicious ingredients for coaxing on the lazy hours!”

“O, hang it, O, curse it,” cried Lord Newford; “who can exist without them?”

I would

I would not be bound to pass half an hour without yawning and stretching for the Mogul's empire. I'd rather snap short at once."

"No, no, don't snap short yet, little Newy," cried Sir Sedley. "As to me, I am never at a loss for an expedient. I am not without some thoughts of falling in love."

He looked at Edgar; who, not aware this was designed to catch his attention, naturally exclaimed: "Thoughts! can you choose, or avoid at pleasure?"

"Most certainly. After four-and-twenty a man is seldom taken by surprise; at least, not till he is past forty: and then, the fear of being too late, sometimes renovates the eagerness of the first youth. But, in general, your willing slaves are boys."

Edgar, laughing, begged a little information, how he meant to put his thoughts in execution.

"Nothing so facile! 'Tis but to look at some fair object attentively, to follow her with your eyes when she quits the  
room;

room; never to let them rest without watching for her return; filling up the interval with a few sighs; to which, in a short time, you grow so habituated, that they become natural; and then, before you are aware, a certain solicitude and restlessness arise, which the connoisseurs in natural history dub falling in love."

"These would be good hints," said Edgar, "to urge on waverers, who wish to persuade themselves to marry."

"O no, my dear sir! no! that's a mistake of the first magnitude; no man is in love when he marries. He may have loved before; I have even heard he has sometimes loved after: but at the time never. There is something in the formalities of the matrimonial preparations that drive away all the little cupidons. They rarely stand even a demand of consent—unless they doubt obtaining it; but a settlement! Parchments! Lawyers!—No! there is not a little Love in the Island of Cyprus, that is not ready to lend a wing to set passion, inspiration,

spiration, and tenderness to flight, from such excruciating legalities."

"Don't prose, Clary; don't prose," cried Sir Theophilus, gaping till his mouth was almost distorted.

"O, killing! O, murder!" cried Lord Newford; "what dost talk of marriage for?"

"It seems, then," said Edgar, "to be much the same thing what sort of wife falls to a man's lot; whether the woman of his choice, or a person he should blush to own?"

"Blush!" repeated Sir Sedley, smiling; "no! no! A man of any fashion never blushes for his wife, whatever she may be. For his mistress, indeed, he may blush: for if there are any small failings there, his taste may be called in question."

"Blush about a wife!" exclaimed Lord Newford; "O, hang it! O, curse it! that's too bad!"

"Too bad, indeed," cried Sir Theophilus; "I can't possibly patronise blushing for a wife."

"'Tis

“ ’Tis the same, then, also,” said Edgar, “ how she turns out when the knot is tied, whether well or ill?”

“ To exactitude! If he marry her for beauty, let her prove what she may, her face offers his apology. If for money, he needs none. But if, indeed, by some queer chance, he marries with a view of living with her, then, indeed, if his particularity gets wind, he may grow a little anxious for the acquittal of his oddity, in seeing her approved.”

“ Approved! Ha! ha!” cried Lord Newford; “ a wife approved! That’s too bad, Clary; that’s too bad!”

“ Poor Clary, what art profing about?” cried Sir Theophilus. “ I can’t possibly patronise this profing.”

The entrance of the beautiful Mrs. Bertinton and her train now interrupted this conversation; the young Baronet immediately joined her; though not till he had given his hand to Edgar, in token of his willingness to cultivate his acquaintance.

Edgar, returning to Camilla, confessed he had too hastily judged Sir Sedley, when he concluded him a fool, as well as a fop; "For," added he, with a smile, "I see, now, one of those epithets is all he merits. He is certainly far from deficient in parts, though he abuses the good gifts of nature with such pedantry of affectation and conceit."

Camilla was now intent to clear the history of the cotillon; when Mrs. Berlin-ton approaching, and, with graceful fondness, taking her hand, entreated to be indulged with her society: and, since she meant not to dance, for Edgar had not asked her, and the Major she had refused, she could not resist her invitation. She had lost her fear of displeasing Mrs. Arlbery by quitting her, from conceiving a still greater, of wearying by remaining with her.

Edgar, anxious both to understand and to discuss this new connexion, hovered about the party with unremitting vigilance. But, though he could not either

look at or listen to Mrs. Berlinton, without admiring her, his admiration was neither free from censure of herself, nor terrour for her companion: he saw her far more beautiful than prudent, more amiable than dignified. The females in her group were few, and little worthy notice; the males appeared, to a man, without disguise, though not without restraint, her lovers. And though no one seemed selected, no one seemed despised; she appeared to admit their devoirs with little consideration; neither modestly retiring from power, nor vainly displaying it.

Camilla quitted not this enchantress till summoned by Mrs. Arlbery; who, seeing herself again, from the arrival of Lady Alithea Selmore, without any distinguished party, that lady drawing into her circle all people of any consequence not already attracted by Mrs. Berlinton, grew sick of the ball and the rooms, and impatient to return home. Camilla, in retiring, presented, folded in a paper, the guinea, half-guinea, and silver, she had  
Q 2 borrowed

borrowed of Sir Sedley ; who received it without presuming at any contest ; though not, after what he had heard from Mrs. Arlbery, without reluctance.

Edgar watched the instant when Camilla moved from the gay group ; but Mrs. Mittin watched it also ; and, approaching her more speedily, because with less embarrassment, seized her arm before he could reach her : and before he could, with any discretion, glide to her other side, Miss Dannel was there.

“ Well now, young ladies,” said Mrs. Mittin, “ I’m going to tell you a secret. Do you know, for all I call myself Mrs. I’m single ?”

“ Dear, la !” exclaimed Miss Dannel ; “ and for all you’re so old !”

“ So old, Miss ! Who told you I was so old ? I’m not so very old as you may think me. I’m no particular age, I assure you. Why, what made you think of that ?”

“ La, I don’t know ; only you don’t look very young.”

“ I can’t



“ I can’t help that, Miss Dannel. Perhaps you mayn’t look young yourself one of these days. People can’t always stand still just at a particular minute. Why, how old, now, do you take me to be? Come, be sincere.”

“ La! I’m sure I can’t tell; only I thought you was an old woman.”

“ An old woman! Lord, my dear, people would laugh to hear you. You don’t know what an old woman is. Why it’s being a cripple, and blind, and deaf, and dumb; and flavering, and without a tooth. Pray, how am I like all that?”

“ Nay, I’m sure I don’t know; only I thought, by the look of your face, you must be monstrous old.”

“ Lord, I can’t think what you’ve got in your head, Miss Dannel! I never heard as much before, since I was born. Why the reason I’m called Mrs. is not because of that, I assure you; but because I’d a mind to be taken for a young widow, on account that every body likes a young  
Q 3 widow;

widow; and if one is called Miss, people begin so soon to think one an old maid, that it's quite disagreeable."

This discourse brought them to the carriage.

## C H A P. XI.

*Traits of Character.*

THE following morning, Mrs. Mittin came with eager intelligence, that the raffle was fixed for one o'clock; and, without any scruple, accompanied the party to the shop, addressing herself to every one of the set as to a confirmed and intimate friend. But her chief supporter was Mr. Dannel, whose praise of her was the vehicle to his censure of his sister-in-law. That lady was the person in the world whom he most feared and disliked. He had neither spirit for the splendid manner in which she lived, nor parts for the vivacity of her conversation. The first, his love of money made him condemn as extravagant, and the latter his self-love made him hate, because he could not understand. He persuaded himself, therefore, that she had more words than

meaning ; and extolled all the obvious truths uttered by Mrs. Mittin, to shew his superior admiration of what, being plain and incontrovertible, he dignified with the panegyric of being sensible.

When they came upon the Pantiles, they were accosted by Mr. Dubster ; who having solemnly asked them, one by one, how they all did, joined Mrs. Mittin, saying : “ Well, I can’t pretend as I’m over sorry you’ve got neither of those two comical gentlemen with you, that behaved so free to me for nothing. I don’t think it’s particular agreeable being treated so ; though it’s a thing I don’t much mind. It’s not worth fretting about.”

“ Well, don’t say any more about it,” cried Mrs. Mittin, endeavouring to shake him off ; “ I dare say you did something to provoke ’em, or they’re too genteel to have taken notice of you.”

“ Me provoke them ! why what did I do ? I was just like a mere lamb, as one may say, at the very time that young Captain fell abusing me so, calling of me a  
little

little dirty fellow, without no provocation. If I'm little, or big, I don't see that it's any business of his. And as to dirty, I'd put on all clean linen but the very day before, as the people can tell you at the inn; so the whole was a mere piece of falsehood from one end to t'other."

"Well, well, what do you talk about it for any more? You should never take any thing ill of a young gentleman. It's only aggravating him so much the worse."

"Aggravating him, Mrs. Mittin! why what need I mind that? Do you think I'm to put up with his talking of caning me, and such like, because of his being a young gentleman? Not I, I assure you! I'm no such person. And if once I feel his switch across these here shoulders, it won't be so well for him!"

The party now entered the shop where the raffle was to be held.

Edgar was already there; he had no power to keep away from any place where he was sure to behold Camilla; and a  
25 raffle

raffle brought to his mind the most tender recollections. He was now with Lord O'Lerney, in whose candour and benevolence of character he took great delight, and with whom he had joined Lady Isabella Irby, who had been drawn, as a quiet spectatress, to the fight, by a friend, who, having never seen the humours of a raffle, had entreated, through her means, to look on. He languished to see Camilla presented to this lady, in whose manners and conversation, dignity and simplicity were equally blended.

While he was yet, though absently, conversing with them, Lord O'Lerney pointed out Camilla to Lady Isabella.

“ I have taken notice of her already at the rooms ;” answered her Ladyship ; and I have seldom, I think, seen a more interesting young creature.”

“ The character of her countenance,” said Lord O'Lerney, “ strikes me very peculiarly. 'Tis so intelligent, yet so un-hackneyed, so full of meaning, yet so artless, that, while I look at her, I feel myself

myself involuntarily anxious for her welfare."

"I don't think she seems happy," said Lady Isabella; "Do you know who she is, my Lord?"

Edgar, here, with difficulty suppressed a sigh. Not happy! thought he; ah! wherefore? what can make Camilla unhappy?

"I understand she is a niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold," answered his Lordship; "a Yorkshire Baronet. She is here with an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Arlbery, who is one of the first women I have ever known, for wit and capacity. She has an excellent heart, too; though her extraordinary talents, and her carelessness of opinion make it sometimes, but very unjustly, doubted."

Edgar heard this with much pleasure. A good word from Lord O'Lerney quieted many fears; he hoped he had been unnecessarily alarmed; he determined, in future, to judge her more favourably.

“ I should be glad,” continued his Lordship, “ to hear this young lady were either well established, or returned to her friends without becoming an object of public notice. A young woman is no where so rarely respectable, or respected, as at these water-drinking places, if seen at them either long or often. The search of pleasure and dissipation, at a spot consecrated for restoring health to the sick, the infirm, and the suffering, carries with it an air of egotism, that does not give the most pleasant idea of the feeling and disposition.”

“ Yet, may not the sick, my Lord, be rather amended than hurt by the sight of gaiety around them?”

“ Yes, my dear Lady Isabella; and the effect, therefore, I believe to be beneficial. But as this is not the motive why the young and the gay seek these spots, it is not here they will find themselves most honoured. And the mixture of pain and illness with splendor and festivity, is so unnatural, that probably it is to that we  
must



must attribute that a young woman is no where so hardly judged. If she is without fortune, she is thought a female adventurer, seeking to sell herself for its attainment; if she is rich, she is supposed a willing dupe, ready for a snare, and only looking about for an ensnarer."

"And yet, young women seldom, I believe, my Lord, merit this severity of judgment. They come but hither in the summer, as they go to London in the winter, simply in search of amusement, without any particular purpose."

"True; but they do not weigh what their observers weigh for them, that the search of public recreation in the winter is, from long habit, permitted without censure; but that the summer has not, as yet, prescription so positively in its favour; and those who, after meeting them all the winter at the opera, and all the spring at Ranelagh, hear of them all the summer at Cheltenham, Tunbridge, &c. and all the autumn at Bath, are apt to inquire, when is the season for home."

"Ah,

“ Ah, my Lord! how wide are the poor inconsiderate little flutterers from being aware of such a question! How necessary to youth and thoughtlessness is the wisdom of experience!”

Why does she not come this way? thought Edgar; why does she not gather from these mild, yet understanding moralists, instruction that might benefit all her future life?

“ There is nothing,” said Lord O’Lerney, “ I more sincerely pity than the delusions surrounding young females. The strongest admirers of their eyes are frequently the most austere satirists of their conduct.”

The entrance of Lord Newford, Sir Theophilus Jarard, and Sir Sedley Clarendel, all noisily talking and laughing together, interrupted any further conversation. The two former no sooner saw Camilla, and perceived neither Lady Alithea Selmore, nor Mrs. Berlinton, than they made up to her; and Sir Sedley, who now found she was completely established

blished in the *bon ton*, felt something of pride mix with pleasure in publicly availing himself of his intimacy with her; and something like interest mix with curiosity, in examining if Edgar were struck with her ready attention to him.

Upon Edgar, however, it made not the slightest impression. While Sir Sedley had appeared to him a mere fop, he had thought it degraded her; but now he regarded him as her preserver, it seemed both natural and merited.

Sir Sedley, not aware of this reasoning, was somewhat piqued; and taking him to another part of the shop, whispered: "I am horribly vapoured! Do you know I have some thoughts of trying that little girl? Do you think one could make any thing of her?"

"How? what do you mean?" cried Edgar, with sudden alarm.

Sir Sedley, a little flattered, affectedly answered: "O, if you have any serious designs that way, incontestably I won't interfere."

"Me!"

“ Me !” cried Edgar, surprised and offended ; “ believe me, no ! I have all my life considered her—as my sister.”

Sir Sedley saw this was spoken with effort ; and negligently replied : “ Nay you are just at the first epocha for marrying from inclination ; but you are in the right not to perform so soon the funeral honours of liberty. ’Tis what you may do at any time. So many girls want establishments, that a man of sixty can just as easily get a wife of eighteen, as a man of one-and-twenty. The only inconvenience in that sort of alliance is, that though she begins with submitting to her venerated husband as prettily as to her papa, she is terribly apt to have a knack of running away from him, afterwards, with equal facility.”

“ That is rather a discouraging article, I confess,” cried Edgar, “ for the tardy votaries of Hymen !”

“ O, no ! ’tis no great matter !” answered he, patting his snuff-box ; “ we are impenetrable in the extreme to those  
fort

fort of grievances now-a-days. We are at such prodigious expence of sensibility in public, for tales of sorrow told about pathetically, at a full board, that if we suffered much for our private concerns to boot, we must always meet one another with tears in our eyes. We never weep now, but at dinner, or at some diversion."

Lord Newford, pulling him by the arm, called out: "Come, Clary, what art about, man? we want thee."

"Come, Clary! don't shirk, Clary," cried Sir Theophilus; "I can't possibly patronise this shirking." And they hauled him to a corner of the shop, where all three resumed their customary laughing whispers.

"You will not, perhaps, suspect, Lady Isabella," said Lord O'Lerney, smiling, "that one of that triumvirate is by no means deficient in parts, and can even, when he desires it, be extremely pleasing?"

"Your

“Your Lordship judges right, I confess! I had not, indeed, done him such justice!”

“See then,” said his Lordship, “how futile an animal is man, without some decided character and principle!”

“He’s every thing by turns, and nothing long\*.”

Wise, foolish; virtuous, vicious; active, indolent; prodigal and avaricious! No contrast is too strong for him while guided but by accident or impulse. This gentleman also, in common with the rest of his *tonnish* brethren, is now daily, though unconsciously, hoarding up a world of unprepared-for mortification, by not foreseeing that the more he is celebrated in his youth, for being the leader of the *ton*, and the man of the day, the earlier he will be regarded as a creature out of date, an old beau, and a fine gentleman of former times. But ’tis by reverses, such as these, that folly and impropriety pay

\* Dryden’s *Abfalom* and *Achytophel*.

their

their penalties. We might spare all our anger against the vanity of the beauty, or the conceit of the coxcomb. Are not wrinkles always in waiting to punish the one, and age, without honour, to chastise and degrade the other?"

All the rafflees were now arrived, except Mrs. Berlinton, who was impatiently expected. Lady Alithea Selmore had already sent a proxy to throw for her in her own woman; much to the dissatisfaction of most part of the company. A general rising and inquietude to look out for Mrs. Berlinton, gave Edgar, at length, an opportunity to stand next to Camilla. "How I grieve," he cried, "you should not know Lady Isabella Irby! she seems to me a model for a woman of rank in her manners, and a model for a woman of every station in her mind. The world, I believe, could scarce have tempted her to so offensive a mark of superiority as has just been exhibited by Lady Alithea Selmore, who has ingeniously discovered a method of being signalised as the most important

portant person out of twenty, by making herself nineteen enemies."

"I wonder," said Camilla, "she can think the chance of the ear-rings worth so high a price!"

A footman, in a splendid livery, now entering, inquired for Miss Tyrold. She was pointed out to him by Major Cerwood, and he delivered her a letter from Mrs. Berlinton.

The contents were to entreat she would throw for that lady, who was in the midst of Akenfide's Pleasures of the Imagination, and could not tear herself away from them.

Camilla blushed excessively in proclaiming she was chosen Mrs. Berlinton's proxy. Edgar saw with tenderness her modest confusion, and, with a pleasure the most touching, read the favourable impression it made upon Lord O'Lerney and Lady Isabella.

This seemed an opportunity irresistible for venting his fears and cautions about Mrs. Berlinton; and, taking the bustling period



period in which the rafflers were arranging the order and manner of throwing, he said, in a low, and diffident tone of voice, " You have committed to me an important and, I fear, an importunate office ; yet, while I hold, I cannot persuade myself not to fulfil it ; though I know that to give advice which opposes sentiment and feeling, is repugnant to independence and to delicacy. Such, therefore, I do not mean to enforce ; but merely to offer hints—intimations—and observations—that without controlling, may put you upon your guard."

Camilla, affected by this unexpected address, could only look her desire for an explanation.

" The lady," he continued, " whom you are presently to represent, appears to be uncommonly engaging?—"

" Indeed she is ! She is attractive, gentle, amiable."

" She seems, also, already to have caught your affection? "

" Who

“ Who could have withheld it, that had seen her as I have seen her? She is as unhappy as she is lovely.----”

“ I have heard of your first meeting, with as much pleasure in the presence of mind it called forth on one side, as with doubt and perplexity, upon every circumstance I can gather, of the other.—”

“ If you knew her, you would find it impossible to hold any doubts; impossible to resist admiring, compassionating, and loving her!”

“ If my knowledge of her bribed an interest in her favour, without convincing me she deserved it, I ought, rather, to regret that you have not escaped falling into such a snare, than that I could have escaped it myself.”

“ I believe her free, nay incapable of all ill!” cried Camilla warmly; “ though I dare not assert she is always coolly upon her guard.”

“ Do not let me hurt you,” said Edgar, gently; “ I have seen how lovely she

is in person, and how pleasing in manners. And she is so young that, were she in a situation less exposed, want of steadiness or judgment might, by a little time, be set right. But here, there is surely much to fear from her early possession of power. ---O, that some happier chance had brought about such a peculiar intercourse for you with Lady Isabella Irby! There, to the pleasure of friendship, might be added the modesty of retired elegance, and the security of established respectability."

"And may not this yet happen, with Mrs. Berlinton? Lady Isabella, though still young, is not in the extreme youth of Mrs. Berlinton: a few more years, therefore, may bring equal discretion; and as she has already every other good quality, you may hereafter equally approve her."

"Do you think, then," said Edgar, half smiling, "that the few years of difference in their age were spent by Lady Isabella in the manner they are now spent by Mrs. Berlinton? do you think she paved

paved the way for her present dignified, though unassuming character, by permitting herself to be surrounded by professed admirers? by letting their sighs reach her ears? by suffering their eyes to fasten with open rapture on her face? and by holding it sufficient not to suppress such liberties, so long as she does not avowedly encourage them?"

Camilla was startled. She had not seen her conduct in this light: yet her understanding refused to deny it might bear this interpretation.

Charmed with the candour of her silence, Edgar continued, "How wide from all that is open to similar comment, is the carriage and behaviour of Lady Isabella! how clear! how transparent, how free from all conjecture of blemish! They may each, indeed, essentially be equally innocent; and your opinion of Mrs. Berlinton corroborates the impression made by her beautiful countenance: yet how far more highly is the true feminine character preserved, where surmise is not raised, than where it

can be parried! Think but of those two ladies, and mark the difference. Lady Isabella, addressed only where known, followed only because loved, sees no adulators encircling her, for adulation would alarm her; no admirers paying her homage, for such homage would offend her. She knows she has not only her own innocence to guard, but the honour of her husband. Whether she is happy with him or not, this deposit is equally sacred.—”

He stopt; for Camilla again started. The irrepressible frankness of her nature revolted against denying how much this last sentence struck her, and she ingenuously exclaimed: “O that this most amiable young creature were but more aware of this duty!”

“Ah, my dear Miss Camilla,” cried Edgar, with energy, “since you feel and own---and with you, that is always one---this baneful deficiency, drop, or at least suspend an intercourse too hazardous to be indulged with propriety! See what she may be sometime hence, ere you contract

further intimacy. At present, unexperienced and unsuspecting, her dangers may be yours. You are too young for such a risk. Fly, fly from it, my dear Miss Camilla!-----as if the voice of your mother were calling out to caution you!"

Camilla was deeply touched. An interest so warm in her welfare was soothing, and the name of her mother rendered it awful; yet, thus united, it appeared to her more strongly than ever to announce itself as merely fraternal. She could not suppress a sigh; but he attributed it to the request he had urged, and, with much concern, added: "What I have asked of you, then, is too severe?"

Again irresistibly sighing, yet collecting all her force to conceal the secret cause, she answered, "If she is thus exposed to danger---if her situation is so perilous, ought I not rather to stay by, and help to support her, than by abandoning, perhaps contribute to the evil you think awaiting her?"

"Generous

“ Generous Camilla !” cried he, melted into tender admiration, “ who can oppose so kind a design ? So noble a nature !----”

No more could be said, for all preliminaries had been settled, and the throwing being arranged to take place alphabetically, she was soon summoned to represent Mrs. Berlinton.

From this time, Edgar could speak to her no more : even the Major could scarcely make way to her : the two men of the *ton* would not quit her, and Sir Sedley Clarendel appeared openly devoted to her.

Edgar looked on with the keenest emotion. The proof he had just received that her intrinsic worth was in its first state of excellence, had come home to his heart, and the fear of seeing her altered and spoilt, by the flatteries and dangers which environed her, with his wavering belief in her engagement with Major Cerwood, made him more wretched than ever. But when, some time after, she was called upon to

throw for herself, the recollection that, from the former raffle, her half-guinea, even when the prize was in her hand, had been voluntarily withdrawn to be bestowed upon a poor family, so powerfully affected him, that he could not rest in the shop; he was obliged to breathe a freer air, and to hide his disturbance by a retreat.

Her throw was the highest the dice had yet afforded. A Miss Williams alone came after her, whose throw was the lowest; Miss Camilla Tyrold, therefore, was proclaimed to be the winner.

This second testimony of the favour of fortune was a most pleasant surprise to Camilla, and made the room resound with felicitations, till they were interrupted by a violent quarrel upon the Pantiles, whence the voice of Macdersey was heard, hollering out: "Don't talk, I say sir! don't presume to say a word!" and that of Mr. Dubster angrily answering, he would talk as long as he thought proper, whether it was agreeable or not.

Sir



Sir Sedley advanced to the combatants, in order to help on the dispute; but Edgar, returning at the sound of high words, took the Ensign by the arm, and prevailed with him to accompany him up and down the Pantiles; while Mrs. Mittin ran to Mr. Dubster, and pulling him into the shop, said: "Mr. Dubster, if I'm not ashamed of you! how can you forget yourself so? talking to gentlemen at such a rate!"

"Why what should hinder me?" cried he; "do you think I shall put up with every thing as I used to do when you first knew me, and we used to meet at Mr. Typton's, the tallow chandler's, in Shug-lane? no, Mrs. Mittin, nor so such a thing; I'm turned gentleman myself, now, as much as the best of 'em; for I've nothing to do, but just what I choose."

"I protest, Mr. Dubster," cried Mrs. Mittin, taking him into a corner, "you're enough to put a faint into a pet! how come you to think of talking of Mr. Typton here? before such gentlefolks? and where's the use of telling every body he's a tallow chandler?"

chandler? and as to my meeting with you there once or so, in a way, I desire you'll mention it no more; for it's so long ago, I have no recollection of it."

"No! why don't you remember—"

"Fiddle, fiddle, what's the good of ripping up old stories about nothing? when you're with genteel people, you must do as I do; never talk about business at all."

Macdersey now entered the shop, appeased by Edgar from shewing any further wrath, but wantonly inflamed by Sir Sedley, in a dispute upon the passion of love.

"Do you always, my dear friend," said the Baronet, "fall in love at first sight?"

"To be sure I do! If a man makes a scruple of that, it's ten to one but he's disappointed of doing it at all; because, after two or three second fights, the danger is you may spy out some little flaw in the dear angel, that takes off the zest, and hinders you to the longest day you have to live."

"Profoundly cogitated that! you think then, my vast dear sir, the passion had more  
conve-

conveniently be kindled first, that the flaws may appear after, to cure it?"

"No, sir! no! when a man's once in love, those flaws don't signify, because he can't see them; or, if he could, at least he'd scorn to own them."

"Live for ever brave Ireland!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery; "what cold, phlegmatic Englishman would have made a speech of so much gallantry?"

"As to an Englishman," said Macdersey, "you must never mind what he says about the ladies, because he's too sheepish to speak out. He's just as often in love as his neighbours, only he's so shy he won't own it, till he sees if the young fair one is as much in love as himself; but a generous Irishman never scruples to proclaim the girl of his heart, though he should have twenty in a year."

"But is that perfectly delicate, my dearest sir, to the several Dulcineas?"

"Perfectly! your Irishman is the delicatest man upon earth to the fair sex; for

he always talks of their cruelty, if they are never so kind. He knows every honest heart will pity him, if its true; and if it i'n't, he is too much a man of honour not to complain all one; he knows how agreeable it is to the dear creatures; they always take it for a compliment."

"Whether avowedly or clandestinely," said Mrs. Arlbery, "still you are all in our chains. Even where you play the tyrant with us, we occupy all your thoughts; and if you have not the skill to make us happy, your next delight is to make us miserable; for though, now and then, you can contrive to hate, you can never arrive at forgetting us."

"Contrive to hate you!" repeated Macdersey; "I could as soon contrive to turn the world into a potatoe; there is nothing upon earth, nothing under the whole firmament I value but beauty!"

"A chearful glafs, then," said Sir Sedley, "you think horridly intolerable?"

"A chearful glafs, fir! do you take me for a milk-fop? do you think I don't know

know what it is to be a man? a cheerful glass, sir, is the first pleasure in life; the most convivial, the most exhilarating, the most friendly joy of a true honest soul! what were existence without it? I should choose to be off in half an hour; which I should only make so long, not to shock my friends."

"Well, the glass is not what I patronise," said Sir Theophilus; "it hips me so consumedly the next day; no, I can't patronise the glass."

"Not patronise wine?" cried Lord Newford; "O hang it! O curse it! that's too bad, Offy! but hunting! what dost think of that, little Offy?"

"Too obstreperous! It rouses one at such aukward hours; no, I can't patronise hunting."

"Hunting!" cried Macdersey; "O, it leaves every thing behind it; 'tis the thing upon the earth for which I have the truest taste. I know nothing else that is not a bauble to it. A man is no more, in

my estimation, than a child, or a woman, that don't enjoy it."

"Cards, then," said Sir Sedley, "you reprobate?"

"And dice?" — cried Lord Newford —

"And betting?" — cried Sir Theophilus.

"Why what do you take me for, gentlemen?" replied Macdersey, hotly; "Do you think I have no soul? no fire? no feeling? Do you suppose me a stone? a block? a lump of lead? I scorn such suspicions; I don't hold them worth answering. I am none of that torpid, morbid, drowsy tribe. I hold nobody to have an idea of life that has not rattled in his own hand the dear little box of promise. What ecstasy not to know if, in two seconds, one mayn't be worth ten thousand pounds! or else without a farthing! how it puts one on the rack! There's nothing to compare with it. I would not give up that moment to be sovereign of the East Indies! no, not if the West were to be put into the bargain."

“All these things,” said Mr. Dannel, “are fit for nothing but to bring a man to ruin. The main chance is all that is worth thinking of. ’Tis money makes the mare to go; and I don’t know any thing that’s to be done without it.”

“Money!” exclaimed Macderfey, “’tis the thing under heaven I hold in the most disdain. It won’t give me a moment’s concern never to see its colour again. I vow solemnly, if it were not just for the pleasures of the table, and a jolly glass with a friend, and a few horses in one’s stable, and a little ready cash in one’s purse, for odd uses, I should not care if the mint were sunk under ground to-morrow; money is what I most despise of all.”

“That’s talking out of reason,” said Mr. Dannel, walking out of the shop with great disgust.

“Why, if I was to speak,” said Mr. Dubster, encouraged to come forward, by an observation so much to his own comprehension and taste as the last; “I can’t but say I think the same; for money—”

“Keep your distance, fir!” cried the fiery Ensign, “keep your distance, I tell you! if you don’t wish I should say something to you pretty cutting.”

This broke up the party, which else the lounging spirit of the place, and the general consent by which all descriptions of characters seem determined to occupy any spot whatever, to avoid a moment’s abode in their lodgings, would still have detained till the dinner hour had forced to their respective hon:es. To suppress all possibility of further dissention, Mrs. Arlbery put Miss Dannel under the care of Macdersey, and bid him attend her towards Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Dubster, having stared after them some time in silence, called out: “Keep my distance! I can’t but say but what I think that young Captain the rudest young gentleman I ever happened to light upon! however, if he don’t like me, I shan’t take it much to heart; I can’t pretend to say I like him any better; so he may choose;  
it’s



it's much the same to me; it breaks no squares."

Edgar, almost without knowing it, followed Camilla, but he could displace neither the Baronet nor the Major, who, one with a look of open exultation, and the other with an air of determined perseverance, retained each his post at her side.

He saw that all her voluntary attention was to Sir Sedley, and that the Major had none but what was called for and inevitable. Was this indifference, or security? was she seeking to obtain in the Baronet a new adorer, or to excite jealousy, through his means, in an old one? Silent he walked on, perpetually exclaiming to himself; "Can it be Camilla, the ingenuous, the artless Camilla, I find it so difficult to fathom, to comprehend, to trust?"

He had not spirits to join Mrs. Arlbery, though he lamented he had not, at once, visited her; since it was now awkward to take such a step without an invitation, which she seemed by no means disposed to

offer him. She internally resented the little desire he had ever manifested for her acquaintance; and they had both too much penetration not to perceive how wide either was from being the favourite of the other.

## C H A P. XII.

*Traits of Eccentricity.*

**T**HUS passed the first eight days of the Tunbridge excursion, and another week succeeded without any varying event.

Mrs. Arlbery now, impelled with concern for Camilla, and resentment against Edgar, renewed the subject of her opinion and advice upon his character and conduct. "My dear young friend," cried she, "I cannot bear to see your days, your views, your feelings, thus fruitlessly consumed: I have observed this young man narrowly, and I am convinced he is not worth your consideration."

Camilla, deeply colouring, was beginning to assure her she had no need of this counsel; but Mrs. Arlbery, not listening, continued.

"I know

“ I know what you must say; yet, once more, I cannot refrain venturing at the liberty of lending you my experience. Turn your mind from him with all the expedition in your power, or its peace may be touched for the better half of your life. You do not see, he does not, perhaps, himself know, how exactly he is calculated to make you wretched. He is a watcher; and a watcher, restless and perturbed himself, infests all he pursues with uneasiness. He is without trust, and therefore without either courage or consistency. To-day he may be persuaded you will make all his happiness; to-morrow, he may fear you will give him nothing but misery. Yet it is not that he is jealous of any other; 'tis of the object of his choice he is jealous, lest she should not prove good enough to merit it. Such a man, after long wavering, and losing probable happiness in the terror of possible disappointment, will either die an old bachelor, with endless repinings at his own lingering fastidiousness, or else marry just at the eve of confinement  
for

for life, from a fit of the gout. He then makes, on a sudden, the first prudent choice in his way; a choice no longer difficult, but from the embarrassment of its ease; for she must have no beauty, lest she should be sought by others, no wit, lest others should be sought by herself; and no fortune, lest she should bring with it a taste of independence, that might curb his own will, when the strength and spirit are gone with which he might have curbed her's."

Camilla attempted to laugh at this portrait; but Mrs. Arlbery intreated her to consider it as faithful and exact. "You have thought of him too much," cried she, "to do justice to any other, or you would not, with such perfect unconcern, pass by your daily increasing influence with Sir Sedley Clarendel."

Excessively, and very seriously offended, Camilla earnestly besought to be spared any hints of such a nature.

"I know well," cried she, "how repugnant to seventeen is every idea of life  
that

that is rational. Let us, therefore, set aside, in our discussions, any thing so really beneficial, as a solid connection formed with a view to the worldly comforts of existence, and speak of Sir Sedley's devoirs merely as the instrument of teaching Mandlebert, that he is not the only rich, young, and handsome man in this lower sphere, who has viewed Miss Camilla Tyrold with complacency. Clarendel, it is true, would lose every charm in my estimation by losing his heart; for the earth holds nothing comparable for deadness of weight, with a poor soul really in love—except when it happens to be with oneself!—yet, to alarm the selfish irresolution of that impenetrable Mandlebert, I should really delight to behold him completely caught.”

Camilla, distressed and confused, sought to parry the whole as raillery: but Mrs. Arlbery would not be turned aside from her subject and purpose. “I languish, I own,” cried she, “to see that frozen youth worked up into a little sensibility. I have an instinctive aversion to those cold, haughty,

haughty, drawing-back characters, who are made up of the egotism of looking out for something that is wholly devoted to them, and that has not a breath to breathe that is not a sigh for their perfections."

"O! this is far----" Camilla began, meaning to say, far from the character of Mandlebert; but ashamed of undertaking his defence, she stopt short, and only mentally added, Even excellence such as his cannot, then, withstand prejudice!

"If there is any way," continued Mrs. Arlbery, "of animating him for a moment out of himself, it can only be by giving him a dread of some other. The poor Major does his best; but he is not rich enough to be feared, unless he were more attractive. Sir Sedley will seem more formidable. Countenance, therefore, his present propensity to wear your chains, till Mandlebert perceives that he is putting them on; and then----mount to the rising ground you ought to tread, and shew, at once, your power and your disinterestedness, by turning from the handsome Baronet

ronet and all his immense wealth, to mark ---since you are determined to indulge it ---your unbiaſſed preference for Mandlebert.”

Camilla, irrefiſtibly appeaſed by a picture ſo flattering to all her beſt feelings, and deareſt wiſhes, looked down; angry with herſelf to find ſhe felt no longer angry with Mrs. Arlbery.

Mrs. Arlbery, perceiving a point gained, determined to enforce the blow, and then leave her to her reflections.

“ Mandlebert is a creature whoſe whole compoſition is a pile of accumulated punctilios. He will ſpend his life in refining away his own happineſs: but do not let him refine away yours. He is juſt a man to bewitch an innocent and unguarded young woman from forming any other connexion, and yet, when her youth and expectations have been ſacrificed to his hesitation,---to conceive he does not uſe her ill in thinking of her no more, becauſe he has entered into no verbal engagement. If his honour cannot be arraigned of  
breaking



breaking any bond,----What matters merely breaking her heart?"

She then left the room; but Camilla dwelt upon nothing she had uttered except the one dear and inviting project of proving her disinterestedness to Edgar. "O! if once," she cried, "I could annihilate every mercenary suspicion! If once I could shew Edgar that his situation has no charms for me----and it has none! none! then, indeed, I am his equal, though I am nothing,----equal in what is highest, in mind, in spirit, in sentiment!"

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From this time the whole of her behaviour became coloured by this fascinating idea; and a scheme which, if proposed to her under its real name of coquetry, she would have fled and condemned with antipathy, when presented to her as a means to mark her freedom from sordid motives, she adopted with inconsiderate fondness. The sight, therefore, of Edgar, wherever she met him, became now the  
signal

signal for adding spirit to the pleasure with which, already, and without any design, she had attended to the young Baronet. Exertion gave to her the gaiety of which solicitude had deprived her, and she appeared, in the eyes of Sir Sedley, every day more charming. She indulged him with the history of her adventure at the house of Mr. Dubster, and his prevalent taste for the ridiculous made the account enchant him. He cast off, in return, all airs of affectation, when he conversed with her separately; and though still, in all mixt companies, they were resumed, the real integrity, as well as indifference of her heart, made that a circumstance but to stimulate this new species of intercourse, by representing it to be equally void of future danger to them both.

All this, however, failed of its desired end. Edgar never saw her engaged by Sir Sedley, but he thought her youthfully grateful, and esteemed her the more, or beheld her as a mere coquette, and ceased to esteem her at all. But never for a  
moment

moment was any personal uneasiness excited by their mutually increasing intimacy. The conversations he had held, both with the Baronet and herself, had satisfied him that neither entertained one serious thought of the other; and he took, therefore, no interest in their acquaintance, beyond that which was always alive, — a vigilant concern for the manner in which it might operate upon her disposition.

With respect to the Major, he was by no means so entirely at his ease. He saw him still the declared and undisguised pursuer of her favour; and though he perceived, at the same time, she rather avoided than sought him, he still imagined, in general, his acceptance was arranged, from the many preceding circumstances which had first given him that belief. The whole of her behaviour, nevertheless, perplexed as much as it grieved him, and frequently, in the same half hour, she seemed to him all that was most amiable for inspiring admiration, and all that was least to be depended upon, for retaining attachment.

Yet

Yet however, from time to time, he felt alarmed or offended, he never ceased to experience the fondest interest in her happiness, nor the most tender compassion for the dangers with which he saw her environed. He knew, that though her understanding was excellent, her temper was so inconsiderate, that she rarely consulted it; and that, though her mind was of the purest innocence, it was unguarded by caution, and unprotected by reflexion. He thought her placed where far higher discretion, far superior experience, might risk being shaken; and he did not more fervently wish, than internally tremble, for her safety. Wherever she appeared, she was sure of distinction: " 'Tis Miss Tyrold, the friend of Mrs. Berlinton," was buzzed round the moment she was seen; and the particular favour in which she stood with some votaries of the *ton*, made even her artlessness, her retired education, and her ignorance of all that pertained to the *certain circles*, pass over and forgiven, in  
confi-

consideration of her personal attractions, her youth, and newness.

Still, however, even this celebrity was not what most he dreaded: so sudden and unexpected an elevation upon the heights of fashionable fame might make her head, indeed, giddy, but her heart he thought formed of materials too pure and too good to be endangered so lightly; and though frequently, when he saw her so circumstanced, he feared she was undone for private life, he could not reflect upon her principles and disposition, without soon recovering the belief that a short time might restore her mind to its native simplicity and worth. But another rock was in the way, against which he apprehended she might be dashed, whilst least suspicious of any peril.

This rock, indeed, exhibited nothing to the view that could have affrighted any spectator less anxiously watchful, or less personally interested in regarding it. But youth itself, in the fervour of a strong attachment, is as open-eyed, as observant,

and as prophetic as age, with all its concomitants of practice, time, and suspicion. This rock, indeed, far from giving notice of danger by any sharp points or rough prominences, displayed only the smoothest and most inviting surface: for it was Mrs. Berlinton, the beautiful, the accomplished, the attractive Mrs. Berlinton, whom he beheld as the object of the greatest risk she had to encounter.

As he still preserved the character with which she had consented to invest him of her monitor, he seized every opportunity of communicating to her his doubts and apprehensions. But in proportion as her connexion with that lady increased, use to her manners and sentiments abated the wonderment they inspired, and they soon began to communicate an unmixed charm, that made all other society, that of Edgar alone excepted, heartless and uninteresting. Yet, in the conversations she held with him from time to time, she frankly related the extraordinary attachment of her new friend to some unknown correspondent, and confessed

ferred her own surprise when it first came to her knowledge.

Edgar listened to the account with the most unaffected dismay, and represented the probable danger, and actual impropriety of such an intercourse, in the strongest and most eloquent terms; but he could neither appal her confidence, nor subdue her esteem. The openness with which all had originally and voluntarily been avowed, convinced her of the innocence with which it was felt, and all that his exhortations could obtain, was a remonstrance on her own part to Mrs. Berlin.

She found that lady, however, persuaded she indulged but on innocent friendship, which she assured her was bestowed upon a person of as much honour as merit, and which only with life she should relinquish, since it was the sole consolation of her fettered existence.

Edgar, to whom this was communicated, saw with terror the ascendancy thus acquired over her judgment as well as her affections,

affections, and became more watchful and more uneasy in observing the progress of this friendship, than all the flattering devoirs of the gay Baronet, or the more serious assiduities of the Major.

Mrs. Berlinton, indeed, was no common object, either for fear or for hope, for admiration or for censure. She possessed all that was most softly attractive, most bewitchingly beautiful, and most irresistibly captivating, in mind, person, and manners. But to all that was thus most fascinating to others, she joined unhappily all that was most dangerous for herself; an heart the most susceptible, sentiments the most romantic, and an imagination the most exalted. She had been an orphan from earliest years, and left, with an only brother, to the care of a fanatical maiden aunt, who had taught her nothing but her faith and her prayers, without one single lesson upon good works, or the smallest instruction upon the practical use of her theoretical piety. All that ever varied these studies were some common and ill selected



selected novels and romances, which a young lady in the neighbourhood privately lent her to read; till her brother, upon his first vacation from the University, brought her the works of the Poets. These, also, it was only in secret she could enjoy; but, to her juvenile fancy, and irregularly principled mind, that did not render them more tasteless. Whatever was most beautifully picturesque in poetry, she saw verified in the charming landscapes presented to her view in the part of Wales she inhabited; whatever was most noble or tender in romance, she felt promptly in her heart, and conceived to be general; and whatever was enthusiastic in theology, formed the whole of her idea and her belief with respect to religion.

Brought up thus, to think all things the most unusual and extraordinary, were merely common and of course; she was romantic without consciousness, and excentric without intention. Nothing steady or rational had been instilled into her mind by others; and she was too young, and too fanciful

to have formed her own principles with any depth of reflection, or study of propriety. She had entered the world, by a sudden and most unequal marriage, in which her choice had no part, with only two self-formed maxims for the law of her conduct. The first of these was, that, from her early notions of religion, no vestal should be more personally chaste; the second, that, from her more recently imbibed ones of tenderness, her heart, since she was married without its concurrence, was still wholly at liberty to be disposed of by its own propensities, without reproach and without scruple.

With such a character, where virtue had so little guide even while innocence presided; where the person was so alluring, and the situation so open to temptation, Edgar saw with almost every species of concern the daily increasing friendship of Camilla. Yet while he feared for her firmness, he knew not how to blame her fondness; nor where so much was amiable

in

in its object, could he cease to wish that more were right.

\* \* \* \*

Thus again lived and died another week; and the fourth succeeded with no actual occurrence, but a new change of opinion in Mrs. Arlbery, that forcibly and cruelly affected the feelings of Camilla.

Uninformed of the motive that occasioned the indifference with which Edgar beheld the newly awakened gallantry of Sir Sedley, and the pleasure with which Camilla received it, Mrs. Arlbery observed his total unconcern, first with surprise, next with perplexity, and finally with a belief he was seriously resolved against forming any connection with her himself. This she took an early opportunity to intimate to Camilla, warmly exhorting her to drive him fast from her mind.

Camilla assured her that no task could be more easy; but the disappointment of the project with respect to Sir Sedley, which

she blushed to have adopted, hurt her in every possible direction. Coquetry was as foreign to the ingenuoufness of her nature, as to the dignity of all her early maternal precepts. She had hastily encouraged the devoirs of the Baronet, upon the recommendation of a woman she loved and admired; but now, that the failure of her aim brought her to reflexion, she felt penitent and ashamed to have heeded any advice so contrary to the singleness of the doctrines of her father, and so inferior to the elevation of every sentiment she had ever heard from her mother. If Edgar had seen her design, he had surely seen it with contempt: and though his manner was still the most gentle, and his advice ever ready and friendly, the opinion of Mrs. Arlbery was corroborated by all her own observations, that he was decidedly estranged from her.

What repentance ensued! what severity of regret! how did she canvass her conduct, how lament she had ever formed that fatal acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, which

which he had so early opposed, and which seemed eternally destined to lead her into measures and conduct most foreign to his approbation!

The melancholy that now again took possession of her spirits made her decline going abroad, from a renewed determination to avoid all meetings with Edgar. Mrs. Arlbery felt provoked to find his power thus unabated, and Sir Sedley was astonished. He still saw her perpetually, from his visits at Mount Pleasant; but his vanity, that weakest yet most predominant feature of his character, received a shock for which no modesty of apprehension or forethought had prepared him, in finding that, when he saw her no more in the presence of Mandlebert, he saw her no more the same. She was ready still to converse with him; but no peculiar attention was flattering, no desire to oblige was pointed. He found, he had been merely a passive instrument, in her estimation, to excite jealousy; and even as such had been powerless to produce that effect. The raillery which Mrs. Arlbery

spared not upon the occasion added greatly to his pique, and his mortification was so visible, that Camilla perceived it, and perceived it with pain, with shame, and with surprise. She thought now, for the first time, that the public homage he had paid her had private and serious motives, and that what she imagined mere sportive gallantry, arose from a growing attachment.

This idea had no gratifying power; believing Edgar without care for her, she could not hope it would stimulate his regard; and conceiving she had herself excited the partiality by wilful civilities, she could feel only reproach from a conquest, unduly, unfairly, uningenuously obtained.

In proportion as these self-upbraidings made her less deserving in her own eyes, the merits of the young Baronet seemed to augment; and in considering herself as culpable for having raised his regard, she appeared before him with a humility that gave a softness to her look and manners, which soon proved as interesting to Sir Sedley

Sedley as her marked gaiety had been flattering.

When she perceived this, she felt distressed anew. To shun him was impossible, as Mrs. Arlbery not only gave him completely the freedom of her house, but assiduously promoted their belonging always to the same group, and being seated next to each other. There was nothing she would not have done to extenuate her error, and to obviate its ill effect upon Sir Sedley; but as she always thought herself in the wrong, and regarded him as injured, every effort was accompanied with a timidity that gave to every change a new charm, rather than any repulsive quality.

In this state of total self-disapprobation, to return to Etherington was her only wish, and to pass the intermediate time with Mrs. Berlinton became her sole pleasure. But she was forced again into public to avoid an almost single intercourse with Sir Sedley.

In meeting again with Edgar she saw him openly delighted at her sight, but without the least apparent solicitude, or notice, that

the young Baronet had passed almost the whole of the interval upon Mount Pleasant.

This was instantly noticed, and instantly commented upon by Mrs. Arlbery, who again, and strongly pointed out to Camilla, that to save her youth from being wasted by fruitless expectation, she must forget young Mandlebert, and study only her own amusement.

Camilla dissented not from the opinion; but the doctrine to which it was easy to agree, it was difficult to put in practice; and her ardent mind believed itself fettered for ever, and for ever unhappy.



## C H A P. XIII.

*Traits of Instruction.*

**T**HE sixth and last week destined for the Tunbridge sojourn was begun, when Mrs. Arlbery once more took her fair young guest apart, and intreated her attention for one final half hour. The time, she said, was fast advancing in which they must return to their respective homes; but she wished to make a full and clear representation of the advantages that might be reaped from this excursion, before the period for gathering them should be past.

She would forbear, she said, entering again upon the irksome subject of the insensibility of Mandlebert, which was, at least, sufficiently glaring to prevent any delusion. But she begged leave to speak of what she believed had less obviously struck her, the apparent promise of a  
serious

serious attachment from Sir Sedley Clarendel.

Camilla would here instantly have broken up the conversation, but Mrs. Arbery insisted upon being heard.

“ Why, she asked, should she wilfully destine her youth to a hopeless waste of affection, and dearth of all permanent comfort? To sacrifice every consideration to the honours of constancy, might be soothing, and even glorious in this first season of romance; but a very short time would render it vapid; and the epoch of repentance was always at hand to succeed. With the least address, or the least genuine encouragement, it was now palpable she might see Sir Sedley, and his title and fortune at her feet.

Camilla resentfully interrupted her, disclaiming with Sir Sedley, as with every one else, all possibility of alliance from motives so degrading; and persisted, in declaring, that the most moderate subsistence with freedom, would be preferable to the most affluent obtained by any mercenary engagement.

Mrs.

Mrs. Arlbery desired her to recollect that Sir Sedley, though rich even to splendour, was so young, so gay, so handsome, and so pleasant, that she might safely honour him with her hand, yet run no risk of being supposed to have made a merely interested alliance. "I throw out this," she cried, "in conclusion, for your deepest consideration, but I must press it no further. Sir Sedley is evidently charmed with you at present; and his vanity is so potent, and, like all vanity, so easily assailable, that the smallest food to it, adroitly administered, would secure him your slave for life, and rescue you from the antediluvian courtship of a man, who, if he marries at all, is so deliberate in his progress, that he must reach his grand climacteric before he can reach the altar."

\* \* \* \*

Far from meditating upon this discourse with any view to following its precepts, Camilla found it necessary to call all her

original fondness for Mrs. Arlbery to her aid, to forgive the plainness of her attack, or the worldliness of her notions: and all that rested upon her mind for consideration was, her belief in the serious regard of Sir Sedley, which, as she apprehended it to be the work of her own designed exertions, she could only think of with contrition.

These ruminations were interrupted by a call down stairs to see a learned bullfinch. The Dennels and Sir Sedley were present, she met the eyes of the latter with a sensation of shame that quickly deepened her whole face with crimson. He did not behold it without emotion, and experienced a strong curiosity to define its exact cause.

He addressed himself to her with the most marked distinction; she could scarcely answer him; but her manner was even touchingly gentle. Sir Sedley could not restrain himself from following her in every motion by his eyes; he felt an interest concerning her that surprised him; he

began.

began to doubt if it had been indifference which caused her late change; her softness helped his vanity to recover its tone, and her confusion almost confirmed him that Mrs. Arlbery had been mistaken in rallying his failure of rivalry with Mandebert.

The bird sang various little airs, upon certain words of command, and mounted his highest, and descended to his lowest perch; and made whatever evolutions were within the circumference of his limited habitation, with wonderful precision.

Camilla, however, was not more pleased by his adroitness, than pained to observe the severe aspect with which his keeper issued his orders. She inquired by what means he had obtained such authority.

The man, with a significant wag of the head, brutally answered, "By the true old way, Miss; I licks him."

"Lick him!" repeated she, with disgust; how is it possible you can beat such a poor delicate little creature?"

"O,

“ O, easy enough, Miss,” replied the man, grinning ; “ every thing’s the better for a little beating, as I tells my wife. There’s nothing so fine set, Miss, but what will bear it, more or less.”

Sir Sedley asked with what he could strike it, that would not endanger its life.

“ That’s telling, sir !” cried the man, with a sneer ; “ howbeit, we’ve plenty of ill luck in the trade. No want of that. For one that I rears, I loses six or seven. And sometimes they be so plaguy sulky, they tempt me to give ’em a knock a little matter too hard, and then they’ll fall you into a fit, like, and go off in a twinkle.”

“ And how can you have the cruelty,” cried Camilla, indignantly, “ to treat in such a manner a poor little inoffensive animal who does not understand what you require ?”

“ O, yes, a does, miss, they knows what I wants as well as I do myself ; only they’re so dead tiresome at being shy. Why now this one here, as does all his larning to satisfaction just now, mayhap won’t do  
nothing

nothing at all by an hour or two. Why sometimes you may pinch 'em to a mummy before you can make 'em budge."

"Pinch them!" exclaimed she; "do you ever pinch them?"

"Do I? Ay, miss. Why how do you think one larns them dumb creturs? It don't come to 'em natural. They are main dull of themselves. This one as you see here would do nothing at all, if he was not afraid of a tweak."

"Poor unhappy little thing!" cried she! "I hope, at least, now it has learnt so much, its sufferings are over!"

"Yes, yes, he's pretty well off. I always gives him his fill when he's done his day's work. But a little squeak now and then in the intrum does 'em no harm. They're mortal cunning. One's forced to be pretty tough with 'em."

"How should I rejoice," cried Camilla, "to rescue this one poor unoffending and oppressed little animal from such tyranny!" Then, taking out her purse, she desired to know what he would have for it.

The

The man, as a very great favour, said he would take ten guineas; though it would be his ruin to part with it, as it was all his livelihood; but he was willing to oblige the young lady.

Camilla, with a constrained laugh, but a very natural blush, put up her purse, and said: "Thou must linger on, then, in captivity, thou poor little undeserving sufferer, for I cannot help thee!"

Every body protested that ten guineas was an imposition; and the man offered to part with it for five.

Camilla, who had imagined it would have cost half a guinea, was now more ashamed, because equally incapable to answer such a demand; she declined, therefore, the composition, and the man was dismissed.

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At night, when she returned to her own room from the play, she saw the little bulfinch, reposing in a superb cage, upon her table.

Delighted



Delighted first, and next perplexed, she flew to Mrs. Arlbery, and inquired whence it came.

Mrs. Arlbery was as much amazed as herself.

Questions were then asked of the servants; but none knew, or none would own, how the bird became thus situated.

Camilla could not now doubt but Sir Sedley had given this commission to his servant, who could easily place the cage in her room, from his constant access to the house. She was enchanted to see the little animal relieved from so painful a life, but hesitated not a moment in resolving to refuse its acceptance.

When Sir Sedley came the next day, she carried it down, and, with a smile of open pleasure, thanked him for giving her so much share in his generous liberality; and asked if he could take it home with him in his carriage, or, if she should send it to his hotel.

Sir Sedley was disappointed, yet felt the propriety of her delicacy and her spirit.

He did not deny the step he had taken ; but told her that having hastily, from the truth of reflection her compassion had awakened, ordered his servant to follow the man, and buy the bird, he had forgotten, till it arrived, his incapability of taking care of it. His valet was as little at home as himself, and there was small chance, at an inn, that any maid would so carefully watch, as to prevent its falling a prey to the many cats with which it was swarming. He hoped, therefore, till their return to Hampshire, she would take charge of a little animal that owed its deliverance from slavery to her pitying comments.

Camilla, instinctively, would with unfeigned joy, have accepted such a trust : but she thought she saw something archly significant in the eye of Mrs. Arlbery, and therefore stammered out, she was afraid she should herself be too little at home to secure its safety.

Sir Sedley, looking extremely blank, said, it would be better to re-deliver it to the man, brute as he was, than to let it be unprotected ;

unprotected ; but, where generosity touched Camilla, reflection ever flew her ; and off all guard at such an idea, she exclaimed she would rather relinquish going out again while at Tunbridge, than render his humanity abortive ; and ran off precipitately with the bird to her chamber.

Mrs. Arlbery, soon following, praised her behaviour ; and said, she had sent the Baronet away perfectly happy.

Camilla, much provoked, would now have had the bird conveyed after him ; but Mrs. Arlbery assured her, inconsistency in a woman was as flattering, as in a man it was tedious and alarming ; and persuaded her to let the matter rest.

Her mind, however, did not rest at the same time : in the evening, when the Baronet met them at the Rooms, he was not only unusually gay, but looked at her with an air and manner that seemed palpably to mark her as the cause of his satisfaction.

In the deepest disturbance, she considered herself now to be in a difficulty  
the

the most delicate; she could not come forward to clear it up, without announcing expectations from his partiality which he had never authorised by any declaration; nor yet suffer such symptoms of his believing it welcome to pass unnoticed, without risking the reproach of using him ill, when she made known, at a later period, her indifference.

Mrs. Arlbery would not aid her, for she thought the embarrassment might lead to a termination the most fortunate. To consult with Edgar was her first wish; but how open such a subject? The very thought, however, gave her an air of solicitude when he spoke to her, that struck him, and he watched for an opportunity to say, "You have not, I hope, forgotten my province?----May I, in my permitted office, ask a few questions?"

"O, yes!" cried she, with alacrity; "And, when they are asked, and when I have answered them, if you should not be too much tired, may I ask some in my turn?"

"Of

“Of me!” cried he, with the most gratified surprise.

“Not concerning yourself!” answered she, blushing; “but upon something which a little distresses me.”

“When, and where may it be?” cried he, while a thousand conjectures rapidly succeeded to each other; “may I call upon Mrs. Arlbery to-morrow morning?”

“O, no! we shall be, I suppose, here again at night,” she answered; dreading arranging a visit Mrs. Arlbery would treat, she knew, with raillery the most unmerciful.

There was time for no more, as that lady, suddenly tired, led the way to the carriage. Edgar followed her to the door, hoping and fearing, at once, every thing that was most interesting from a confidence so voluntary and so unexpected.

Camilla was still more agitated; for though uncertain if she were right or wrong in the appeal she meant to make, to converse with him openly, to be guided by

his counsel, and to convince him of her superiority to all mercenary allurements were pleasures to make her look forward to the approaching conference with almost trembling delight,

## C H A P. XIV.

*A Demander.*

**T**HE next night, as the carriage was at the door, and the party preparing for the Rooms, the name of Mr. Tyrold was announced, and Lionel entered the parlour.

His manner was hurried, though he appeared gay and frisky as usual; Camilla felt a little alarmed; but Mrs. Arlbery asked if he would accompany them.

With all his heart, he answered, only he must first have a moment's chat with his sister. Then, saying they should have a letter to write together, he called for a pen and ink, and was taking her into another apartment, when Mr. Dannel objected to letting his horses wait.

“Send them back for us, then,” cried Lionel, with his customary ease, “and we will follow you.”

Mr. Dannel again objected to making his horses so often mount the hill; but Lionel assuring him nothing was so good for them, ran on with so many farrier words and phrases of the benefit they would reap from such light evening exercise, that, persuaded he was master of the subject, Mr. Dannel submitted, and the brother and sister were left *tête-à-tête*.

At any other time, Camilla would have proposed giving up the Rooms entirely: but her desire to see Edgar, and the species of engagement she had made with him, counterbalanced every inconvenience.

“My dear girl,” said Lionel, “I am come to beg a favour. You see this pen and ink. Give me a sheet of paper.”

She fetched him one.

“That’s a good child,” cried he, patting her cheek; “so now sit down, and write a short letter for me. Come begin. Dear Sir.”

She wrote—Dear Sir.

“An unforeseen accident,—write on,—an unforeseen accident has reduced me



to immediate distress for two hundred pounds ----."

Camilla let her pen drop, and rising said, "Lionel! is this possible?"

"Very possible, my dear. You know, I told you I wanted another hundred before you left Cleves. So you must account it only as one hundred, in fact, at present."

"O Lionel, Lionel!" cried Camilla, clasping her hands, with a look of more remonstrance than any words she durst utter.

"Won't you write the letter?" said he, pretending not to observe her emotion.

"To whom is it to be addressed?"

"My uncle, to be sure, my dear! What can you be thinking of? Are you in love, Camilla?"

"My uncle again? no Lionel, no!— I have solemnly engaged myself to apply to him no more."

"That was, for me, my dear; but where can your thoughts be wandering?"

Why you must ask for this, as if it were for yourself."

"For myself!"

"Yes, certainly. You know he won't give it else."

"Impossible! what should I want two hundred pounds for?"

"O, a thousand things; say you must have some new gowns and caps, and hats and petticoats, and all those kind of gear. There is not the least difficulty; you can easily persuade him they are all worn out at such a place as this. Besides, I'll tell you what is still better; say you've been robbed; he'll soon believe it, for he thinks all public places filled with sharpers."

"Now you relieve me," said she, with a sort of fearful smile, "for I am sure you cannot be serious. You must be very certain I would not deceive or delude my uncle for a million of worlds."

"You know nothing of life, child, nothing at all. However, if you won't say that, tell him it's for a secret purpose.

At

At least you can do that. And then, you can make him understand he must ask no questions about the matter. The money is all we want from him."

"This is so idle, Lionel, that I hope you speak it for mere nonsense. Who could demand such a sum, and refuse to account for its purpose?"

"Account, my dear! Does being an uncle give a man a right to be impertinent? If it does, marry out of hand yourself, there's a good girl, and have a family at once, that I may share the same privilege. I shall like it of all things; who will you have?"

"Pho, pho!"

"Major Cerwood?"

"No, never!"

"I once thought Edgar Mandlebert had a sneaking kindness for you. But I believe it is gone off. Or else I was out."

This was not an observation to exhilarate her spirits. She sighed: but Lionel, concluding himself the cause, begged her

not to be low-spirited, but to write the letter at once.

She assured him she could never again consent to interfere in his unreasonable requests.

He was undone, then, he said; for he could not live without the money.

“Rather say, not with it,” cried she; “for you keep nothing!”

“Nobody does, my dear; we all go on the same way now-a-days.”

“And what do you mean to be the end of it all, Lionel? How do you purpose living when all these resources are completely exhausted?”

“When I am ruined, you mean? why how do other people live when they’re ruined? I can but do the same; though I have not much considered the matter.”

“Do consider it, then, dear Lionel! for all our sakes, do consider it!”

“Well,—let us see.—”

“O, I don’t mean so; I don’t mean just now; in this mere idle manner.—”

“O, yes,

“O, yes; I’ll do it at once, and then it will be over. Faith I don’t well know. I have no great *gusta* for blowing out my brains. I like the little dears mighty well where they are. And I can’t say I shall much relish to consume my life and prime and vigour in the king’s bench prison. ’Tis horribly tiresome to reside always on the same spot. Nor I have no great disposition to whisk off to another country. Old England’s a pretty place enough. I like it very well;—with a little rhino understood! But it’s the very deuce, with an empty purse. So write the letter, my dear girl.”

“And is this your consideration, Lionel? And is this its conclusion?”

“Why what signifies dwelling upon such dismalities? If I think upon my ruin beforehand, I am no nearer to enjoyment now than then. Live while we live, my dear girl! I hate prophesying horrors. Write, I say, write!”

Again she absolutely refused, pleading her promise to her uncle, and declaring she would keep her word.

“Keep a fiddlestick!” cried he, impatiently; “you don’t know what mischief you may have to answer for! you may bring misery upon all our heads! you may make my father banish me his sight, you may make my mother execrate me!—”

“Good Heaven!” cried Camilla interrupting him, “what is it you talk of? what is it you mean?”

“Just what I say; and to make you understand me better, I’ll give you a hint of the truth; but you must lose your life twenty times before you reveal it—There’s—there’s—do you hear me?—there’s a pretty girl in the case!”

“A pretty girl!—And what has that to do with this rapacity for money?”

“What an innocent question! why what a baby thou art, my dear Camilla!”

“I hope you are not forming any connexion unknown to my father?”

“Ha, ha, ha!” cried Lionel laughing loud: “Why thou hast lived in that old parsonage-house till thou art almost too young to be rocked in a cradle.”

“If

“If you are entering into any engagement,” said she, still more gravely, “that my father must not know, and that my mother would so bitterly condemn,—why am I to be trusted with it?”

“You understand nothing of these things, child. ’Tis the very nature of a father to be an hunks, and of a mother to be a bore.”

“O Lionel! such a father!—such a mother!—”

“As to their being perfectly good, and all that, I know it very well. And I am very sorry for it. A good father is a very serious misfortune to a poor lad like me, as the world runs; it causes one such confounded gripes of the conscience for every little awkward thing one does! A bad father would be the joy of my life; ’twould be all fair play there; the more he was choused the better.”

“But this pretty girl, Lionel!—Are you serious? Are you really engaging yourself? And is she so poor? Is she so much  
T 6 distressed,

distressed, that you require these immense and frequent sums for her?"

Lionel laughed again, and rubbed his hands; but after a short silence assumed a more steady countenance, and said, "Don't ask me any thing about her. It is not fit you should be so curious. And don't give a hint of the matter to a soul. Mind that! But as to the money, I must have it. And directly: I shall be blown to the deuce else."

"Lionel!" cried Camilla, shrinking, "you make me tremble! you cannot surely be so wicked---so unprincipled---No! your connexions are never worse than imprudent!—you would not else be so unkind, so injurious as to place in me such a confidence!"

The whole face of Lionel now flashed with shame, and he walked about the room, muttering: "'Tis true, I ought not to have done it." And soon after, with still greater concern, he exclaimed: "If this appears to you in such a heinous light, what will my father think of it?"

And



And how can I bear to let it be known to my mother?"

"O never, never!" cried she emphatically; "never let it reach the knowledge of either! If indeed you have been so inconsiderate, and so wrong—break up, at least, any such intercourse before it offends their ears."

"But how, my dear, can I do that, if it gets blazed abroad?"

"Blazed abroad!"

"Yes; and for want, only, of a few pitiful guineas."

"What can you mean? How can it depend upon a few guineas?"

"Get me the guineas;—and leave the how to me."

"My dear Lionel," cried she, affectionately, "I would do any thing that is not absolutely improper to serve you; but my uncle has now nothing more to spare; he has told me so himself; and with what courage, then, in this dark, mysterious, and, I fear, worse than mysterious business, can I apply to him?"

"My

“ My dear child, he only wants to hoard up his money to shew off poor Eugenia at her marriage; and you know as well as I do what a ninny he is for his pains; for what a poor little dowdy thing will she look, dizen'd out in jewels and laces?”

“ Can you speak so of Eugenia? the most amiable, the most deserving, the most excellent creature breathing!”

“ I speak it in pure friendship. I would not have her expos'd. I love dear little Greek and Latin as well as you do. Only the difference is I don't talk so like an old woman; and really when you do it yourself, you can't think the ridiculous effect it has, when one looks at your young face. However, only write the request as if from yourself, and tell him you'll acquaint him with the reason next letter; but that the post is just going out now, and you have time for no more. And then, just coax him over a little, with, how you long to be back, and how you hate Tunbridge, and how you adore Cleves, and how tired

you are for want of his bright conversation,—and you may command half his fortune.—My dear Camilla, you don't know from what destruction you will rescue me! Think too of my father, and what a shock you will save him: And think of my mother, whom I can never see again if you won't help me!"

Camilla sighed, but let him put the pen into her hand, whence, however, the very next moment's reflection was urging her to cast it down, when he caught her in his arms in a transport of joy, called her his protectress from dishonour and despair, and said he would run to the Rooms while she wrote, just to take the opportunity of seeing them, and to un-order the carriage, that she might have no interruption to her composition, which he would come back to claim before the party returned, as he must set off for Cleves, and gallop all night, to procure the money, which the loss of a single day would render useless.

All this he uttered with a rapidity that mocked every attempt at expostulation or  
answer;

answer; and then ran out of the room and out of the house.

\* \* \* \*

Horror at such perpetual and increasing ill conduct, grief at the compulsive failure of meeting Edgar, and perplexity how to extricate herself from her half given, but wholly seized upon engagement to write, took for a while nearly equally shares in tormenting Camilla. But all presently concentrated in one domineering sentiment of sharp repentance for what she had apparently undertaken.

To claim two hundred pounds of her uncle, in her own name, was out of all question. She could not, even a moment, dwell upon such a project; but how represent what she herself so little understood as the necessity of Lionel? or how ask for so large a sum, and postpone, as he desired, all explanation? She was incapable of any species of fraud, she detested even the most distant disguise. Simple supplication seemed, therefore, her only method; but so difficult

difficult was even this, in an affair so dark and unconscionable, that she began twenty letters without proceeding in any one of them beyond two lines.

Thus far, however, her task was light to what it appeared to her upon a little further deliberation. That her brother had formed some unworthy engagement or attachment, he had not, indeed, avowed clearly, but he had by no means denied, and she had even omitted, in her surprize and consternation, exacting his promise that it should immediately be concluded. What, then, might she be doing by endeavouring to procure this money? Aiding perhaps vice and immorality, and assisting her misguided, if not guilty brother, to persevere in the most dangerous errors, if not crimes?

She shuddered, she pushed away her paper, she rose from the table, she determined not to write another word.

Yet, to permit parents she justly revered to suffer any evil she had the smallest chance to spare them, was dreadful to her; and

and what evil could be inflicted upon them, so deeply, so lastingly severe, as the conviction of any serious vices in any of their children?

This, for one minute, brought her again to the table; but the next, her better judgment pointed out the shallowness and fallacy of such reasoning. To save them present pain at the risk of future anguish, to consult the feelings of her brother, in preference to his morality, would be forgetting every lesson of her life, which, from its earliest dawn, had imbibed a love of virtue, that made her consider whatever was offensive to it as equally disgusting and unhappy.

To disappoint Lionel was, however, terrible. She knew well he would be deaf to remonstrance, ridicule all argument, and laugh off whatever she could urge by persuasion. She feared he would be quite outrageous to find his expectations thus thwarted; and the lateness of the hour when he would hear it, and the weight he  
annexed

annexed to obtaining the money expeditiously, redoubled at once her regret for her momentary compliance, and her pity for what he would undergo through its failure.

After considering in a thousand ways how to soften to him her recantation, she found herself so entirely without courage to encounter his opposition, that she resolved to write him a short letter, and then retire to her room, to avoid an interview.

In this, she besought him to forgive her error in not sooner being sensible of her duty, which had taught her, upon her first reflexion, the impossibility of demanding two hundred pounds for herself, who wanted nothing, and the impracticability of demanding it for him, in so unintelligible a manner.

Thus far only she had proceeded; from the length of time consumed in regret and rumination, when a violent ringing at the door, without the sound of any carriage, made her start up, and fly to her chamber;

chamber; leaving her unfinished letter, with the beginnings of her several essays to address Sir Hugh, upon the table, to shew her various efforts, and to explain that they were relinquished.



## C H A P. XV.

*An Accorder.*

**T**HUS, self-confined and almost in an agony, Camilla remained for a quarter of an hour, without any species of interruption, and in the greatest amazement that Lionel forbore pursuing her, either with letter or message.

Another violent ringing at the bell, but still without any carriage, then excited her attention, and presently the voice and steps of Lionel resounded upon the stairs, whence her name was with violence vociferated.

She did not move; and in another minute, he was rapping at her chamber door, demanding admittance, or that she would instantly descend.

Alarmed for her open letter and papers, she inquired who was in the parlour.

“ Not

“Not a soul,” he answered; “I have left them all at the Rooms.”

“Have you returned, then, twice?”

“No. I should have been here sooner, but I met two or three old cronies, that would not part with me. Come, where’s your letter?”

“Have you not seen what I have written?”

Down upon this intimation he flew, without any reply; but was presently back, saying he found nothing in the parlour, except a letter to herself.

Affrighted, she followed him; but not one of her papers remained. The table was cleared, and nothing was to be seen but a large packet, addressed to her in a hand she did not know.

She rang to inquire who had been in the house before her brother.

The servant answered, only Sir Sedley Clarendel, who he thought had been there still, as he had said he should wait till Mrs. Arlbery came home.

“Is it possible,” cried she, “that a gentleman such as Sir Sedley Clarendel, can have permitted himself to touch my papers?”

Lionel agreed that it was shocking; but said the loss of time to himself was still worse; without suffering her, therefore, to open her packet, he insisted that she should write another letter directly; adding, he had met the Baronet in his way from the Rooms, but had little suspected whence he came, or how he had been amusing himself.

Camilla now hung about her brother in the greatest tribulation, but refused to take the pen he would have put into her hands, and, at last, not without tears, said: “Forgive me, Lionel! but the papers you ought to have found would have explained—that I cannot write for you to my uncle.”

Lionel heard this with the indignation of an injured man. He was utterly, he said, lost; and his family would be utterly disgraced, for ruin must be the lot of his father, or exile or imprisonment must be  
his

his own, if she persisted in such unkind and unnatural conduct.

Terrour now bereft her of all speech or motion, till the letter, which Lionel had been beating about in his agitation, without knowing or caring what he was doing, burst open, and some written papers fell to the floor, which she recognised for her own.

Much amazed, she seized the cover, which had only been fastened by a wafer that was still wet, and saw a letter within it to herself, which she hastily read, while a paper that was enclosed dropt down, and was caught by Lionel.

*To Miss Camilla Tyrold.*

FORGIVE, fairest Camilla, the work of the Destinies. I came hither to see if illness detained you; the papers which I enclose from other curious eyes caught mine by accident. The pathetic sisterly address has touched me. I have not the honour to know Mr. Lionel Tyrold; let

our acquaintance begin with an act of confidence on his part, that must bind to him for ever his lovely sister's

Most obedient and devoted

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

The loose paper, picked up by Lionel, was a draft, upon a banker, for two hundred pounds.

While this, with speechless emotion, was perused by Camilla, Lionel, with unbounded joy, began jumping, skipping, leaping over every chair, and capering round and round the room in an ecstasy.

“ My dearest Lionel,” cried she, when a little recovered, “ why such joy? you cannot suppose it possible this can be accepted.”

“ Not accepted, child? do you think me out of my senses? Don't you see me freed from all my misfortunes at once? and neither my father grieved, nor my mother offended, nor poor numps fleeced?”

“ And when can you pay it? And what do you mean to do? And to whom

will be the obligation? Weigh, weigh a little all this."

Lionel heard her not; his rapture was too buoyant for attention, and he whisked every thing out of its place, from frantic merriment, till he put the apartment into so much disorder, that it was scarce practicable to stir a step in it; now and then interrupting himself to make her low bows, scraping his feet all over the room, and obsequiously saying: "My sister Clarendel! How des your La'ship do? my dear Lady Clarendel, pray afford me your La'ship's countenance."

Nothing could be less pleasant to Camilla than raillery which pointed out, that, even by the unreflecting Lionel, this action could be ascribed to but one motive. The draft, however, had fallen into his hands, and neither remonstrance nor petition, neither representation of impropriety nor persuasion, could induce him to relinquish it; he would only dance, sing, and pay her grotesque homage, till the coach stopt at the door; and then, ludicrously hoping her  
Ladyship

Ladyship would excuse his leaving her, for once, to play the part of the house-maid, in setting the room to rights, he sprang past them all, and bounded down the hill.

Mrs. Arlbery was much diverted by the confusion in the parlour, and Miss Dannel asked a thousand questions why the chairs and tables were all thrown down, the china jars removed from the chimney-piece into the middle of the room, and the side-board apparatus put on the chimney-piece in their stead.

Camilla was too much confounded either to laugh or explain, and hastily wishing them good-night, retired to her chamber.

Here, in the extremest perturbation, she saw the full extent of her difficulties, without perceiving any means of extrication. She had no hope of recovering the draft from Lionel, whom she had every reason to conclude already journeying from Tunbridge. What could she say the next day to Sir Sedley? How account for so sud-

den, so gross an acceptance of pecuniary obligation? What inference might he not draw? And how could she undeceive him, while retaining so improper a mark of his dependence upon her favour? The displeasure she felt that he should venture to suppose she would owe to him such a debt, rendered but still more palpable the species of expectation it might authorise.

To destroy this illusion occupied all her attention, except what was imperiously seized upon by regret of missing Edgar, with whom to consult was more than ever her wish.

In this disturbed state, when she saw Mrs. Arlbery the next morning, her whole care was to avoid being questioned: and that lady, who quickly perceived her fears by her avoidance, took the first opportunity to say to her, with a laugh, "I see I must make no inquiries into the gambols of your brother last night: but I may put together, perhaps, certain circumstances that may give me a little light to the business: and if, as I conjecture, Clarendel spoke out to him,

his



his wildest rioting is more rational than his sister's gravity."

Camilla protested they had not conversed together at all.

"Nay, then, I own myself still in the dark. But I observed that Clarendel left the Rooms at a very early hour, and that your brother almost immediately followed."

Camilla ventured not any reply; and soon after retreated.

Mrs. Arlbery, in a few minutes, pursuing her, laughingly, and with sportive reproach, accused her of intending to steal a march to the altar of Hymen; as she had just been informed, by her maid, that Sir Sedley had actually been at the house last night, during her absence.

Camilla seriously assured her, that she was in her chamber when he arrived, and had not seen him.

"For what in the world, then, could he come? He was sure I was not at home, for he had left me at the Rooms?"

Camilla again was silent; but her tingling cheeks proclaimed it was not for

want of something to say. Mrs. Arlbery forbore to press the matter further; but forbore with a nod that implied *I see how it is!* and a smile that published the pleasure and approbation which accompanied her self-conviction.

The vexation of Camilla would have prompted an immediate confession of the whole mortifying transaction, had she not been endued with a sense of honour, where the interests of others was concerned, that repressed her natural precipitance, and was more powerful even than her imprudence.

She waited the greatest part of the morning in some little faint hope of seeing Lionel: but he came not, and she spent the rest of it with Mrs. Berlinton. She anxiously wished to meet Edgar in the way, to apologise for her non-appearance the preceding evening; but this did not happen; and her concern was not lessened by reflecting upon the superior interest in her health and welfare, marked by Sir Sedley, who had taken the trouble to walk

walk from the Rooms to Mount Pleasant to see what was become of her.

She returned home but barely in time to dress for dinner, and was not yet ready, when she saw the carriage of the Baronet drive up to the door.

In the most terrible confusion how to meet him, what to say about the draft, how to mention her brother, whether to seem resentful of the liberty he had so unceremoniously taken, or thankful for its kindness, she had scarce the force to attire herself, nor, when summoned down stairs, to descend.

This distress was but increased upon her entrance, by the sight and the behaviour of the Baronet; whose address to her was so marked, that it covered her with blushes, and whose air had an assurance that spoke a species of secret triumph. Offended as well as frightened, she looked every way to avoid him, or assumed a look of haughtiness, when forced by any direct speech to answer him. She soon, however, saw, by his continued self-complacency,

placency, and even an increase of gaiety, that he only regarded this as coquetry, or bashful embarrassment, since every time she attempted thus to rebuff him, an arch smile stole over his features, that displayed his different conception of her meaning.

She now wished nothing so much as a prompt and positive declaration, that she might convince him of his mistake and her rejection. For this purpose, she subdued her desire of retreat, and spent the whole afternoon with Mrs. Arlbery and the Dennels in his company.

Nevertheless, when Mrs. Arlbery, who had the same object in view, though with a different conclusion, contrived to draw her other guests out of the apartment and to leave her alone with Sir Sedley, modesty and shame both interfered with her desire of an explanation, and she was hastily retiring; but the Baronet, in a gentle voice, called after her, "Are you going?"

"Yes; I have forgotten something.---"

He rose to follow her, with a motion that seemed purporting to take her hand; but,

but, gliding quickly on, she prevented him, and was almost at the same moment in her own chamber.

With augmented severity, she now felt the impropriety of an apparent acceptance of so singular and unpleasant an obligation, which obviously misled Sir Sedley to believe her at his command.

Shocked in her delicacy, and stung in her best notions of laudable pride, she could not rest without destroying this humiliating idea; and resolved to apply to Edgar for the money, and to pay the Baronet the next day. Her objections to betraying the extravagance of Lionel, though great and sincere, yielded to the still more dangerous evil of letting Sir Sedley continue in an error, that might terminate in branding her in his opinion, with a character of inconsistency or duplicity.

Edgar, too, so nearly a brother to them both, would guard the secret of Lionel better, in all probability, than he would guard it himself; and could draw no personal inferences from the trust and obligation,

tion, when he found its sole incitement was sooner to owe an obligation to a ward of her father, than to a new acquaintance of her own.

Pleased at the seeming necessity of an application that would lead so naturally to a demand of the counsel she languished to claim, she determined not to suffer Sir Sedley to wait even another minute under his mistake; but, since she now could speak of returning the money, to take courage for meeting what might either precede or ensue in a conference.

Down, therefore, she went; but as she opened the parlour door, she heard Sir Sedley say to Mrs. Arlbery, who had just entered before her: "O, fie! fie! you know she will be cruel to excruciation! you know me destined to despair to the last degree."

Camilla, whose so speedy re-appearance was the last sight he expected, was too far advanced to retreat; and the resentment that tinged her whole complexion shewed she had heard what he said, and had heard it with an application the most offensive.

An immediate sensibility to his own impertinence now succeeded in its vain display; he looked not merely concerned, but contrite; and, in a voice softened nearly to timidity, attempted a general conversation, but kept his eyes, with an anxious expression, almost continually fixed upon her's.

Anger with Camilla was a quick, but short-lived sensation; and this sudden change in the Baronet from conceit to respect, produced a change equally sudden in herself from disdain to inquietude. Though mortified in the first moment by his vanity, it was less seriously painful to her than any belief that under it was couched a disposition towards a really steady regard. With Mrs. Arlbery she was but slightly offended, though certain she had been assuring him of all the success he could demand: her way of thinking upon the subject had been openly avowed, and she did justice to the kindness of her motives.

No opportunity, however, arose to mention the return of the draft; Mrs. Arlbery

saw displeasure in her air, and not doubting she had heard what had dropt from Sir Sedley, thought the moment unfavorable for a *tête-à-tête*, and resolutely kept her place, till Camilla herself, weary of useles waiting, left the room.

Following her then to her chamber, "My dear Miss Tyrold," she cried, "do not let your extreme youth stand in the way of all your future life. A Baronet, rich, young, and amiable, is upon the very point of becoming your slave for ever; yet, because you discover him to be a little restive in the last agonies of his liberty, you are eager, in the high-flown disdain of juvenile susceptibility, to cast him and his fortune away; as if both were such every-day baubles, that you might command or reject them without thought of future consequence."

"Indeed no, dear madam; I am not actuated by pride or anger; I owe too much to Sir Sedley to feel either above a moment, even where I think them----pardon me!----justly excited. But I should



ill pay my debt, by accepting a lasting attachment, where certain I can return nothing but lasting, eternal, unchangeable indifference."

"You sacrifice, then, both him and yourself, to the fanciful delicacy of a first love?"

"No, indeed!" cried she blushing. "I have no thought at all but of the single life. And I sincerely hope Sir Sedley has no serious intentions towards me; for my obligations to him are so infinite, I should be cruelly hurt to appear to him ungrateful."

"You would appear to him, I confess, a little surprising," said Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "for diffidence certainly is not his weak part. However, with all his foibles, he is a charming creature, and prepossession only can blind you to his merit."

Camilla again denied the charge, and strove to prevail with her to undeceive the Baronet from any false expectations. But she protested she would not be accessary

ary to so much after-repentance; and left her.

The business now wore a very serious aspect to Camilla. Mrs. Arlbery avowed she thought Sir Sedley in earnest, and he knew she had herself heard him speak with security of his success. The bulfinch had gone far, but the draft seemed to have riveted the persuasion. The bird it was now impossible to return till her departure from Tunbridge; but she resolved not to defer another moment putting upon her brother alone the obligation of the draft, to stop the further progress of such dangerous inference.

Hastily, therefore, she wrote to him the following note:

*To Sir Sedley Clarendel, Bart.*

SIR,

SOME particular business compelled my brother so abruptly to quit Tunbridge, that he could not have the honour to first wait upon you with his thanks for the loan you so unexpectedly put into his hands;

by mine, however, all will be restored to-morrow morning, except his gratitude for your kindness.

I am, sir, in both our names,  
your obliged humble servant,

CAMILLA TYROLD.

MOUNT PLEASANT,  
Thursday Evening.

She now waited till she was summoned down stairs to the carriage, and then gave her little letter to a servant, whom she desired to deliver it to Sir Sedley's man.

Sir Sedley did not accompany them to the Rooms, but promised to follow.

Camilla, on her arrival, with palpitating pleasure, looked round for Edgar. She did not, however, see him. She was accosted directly by the Major; who, as usual, never left her, and whose assiduity to seek her favour seemed increased.

She next joined Mrs. Berlinton; but still she saw nothing of Edgar. Her eyes incessantly looked towards the door, but the object they sought never met them.

When

When Sir Sedley entered, he joined the group of Mrs. Berlinton.

Camilla tried to look at him and to speak to him with her customary civility and cheerfulness, and nearly succeeded; while in him she observed only an expressive attention, without any marks of presumption.

Thus began and thus ended the evening. Edgar never appeared.

Camilla was in the utmost amaze and deepest vexation. Why did he stay away? was his wrath so great at her own failure the preceding night, that he purposely avoided her? what, also, could she do with Sir Sedley? how meet him the next morning without the draft she had now promised?"

In this state of extreme chagrin, when she retired to her chamber, she found the following letter upon her table:

*To Miss Camilla Tyrold.*

CAN you think of such a trifle? or deem wealth so truly contemptible, as to deny it  
all

all honourable employment? Ah, rather, enchanting Camilla! deign further to aid me in dispensing it worthily!

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

Camilla now was touched, penetrated, and distressed beyond what she had been in any former time. She looked upon this letter as a positive intimation of the most serious designs; and all his good qualities, as painted by Mrs. Arlbery, with the very singular obligation she owed to him, rose up formidably to support the arguments and remonstrances of that lady; though every feeling of her heart, every sentiment of her mind, and every wish of her soul, opposed their smallest weight.

## C H A P. XVI.

*An Helper.*

THE next morning, as Camilla had accompanied Mrs. Berlinton, in earnest discourse, from her chamber to the hall, she heard the postman say Miss Tyrold as he gave in a letter. She seized it, saw the hand-writing of Lionel, and ran eagerly into the parlour, which was empty, to read it, in some hopes it would at least contain an acknowledgment of the draft, that might be shewn to Sir Sedley, and relieve her from the pain of continuing the principal in such an affair.

The letter, however, was merely a sportive rhapsody, beginning; *My dear Lady Clarendel*; desiring her favour and protection, and telling her he had done what he could for her honour, by adding two trophies to the victorious car of Hymen, driven by the happy Baronet.

Wholly

Wholly at a loss how to act, she sat ruminating over this letter, till Mrs. Arlbery opened the door. Having no time to fold it, and dreading her seeing the first words, she threw her handkerchief, which was then in her hand, over it, upon the table, hoping presently to draw it away unperceived.

“My dear friend,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “I am glad to see you a moment alone. Do you know any thing of Mandlebert?”

“No!” answered she affrighted, lest any evil had happened.

“Did he not take leave of you at the Rooms the other night?”

“Leave of me? is he gone any where?”

“He has left Tunbridge.”

Camilla remained stupified.

“Left it,” she continued, “without the poor civility of a call, to ask if you had any letters or messages for Hampshire.”

Camilla coloured high; she felt to her heart this evident coldness, and she knew it to be still more marked than Mrs. Arlbery

bery could divine; for he was aware she wished particularly to speak with him; and though she had failed in her appointment, he had not inquired why.

“And this is the man for whom you would relinquish all mankind? this is the grateful character who is to render you insensible to every body?”

The disturbed mind of Camilla needed not this speech; her debt to Sir Sedley, cast wholly upon herself by the thoughtless Lionel; her inability to pay it, the impressive lines the Baronet had addressed to her, and the cruel and pointed indifference of Edgar, all forcibly united to make her wish, at this moment, her heart at her own disposal.

In a few minutes, the voice of Sir Sedley, gaily singing, caught her ear. He was entering the hall, the street door being open. She started up; Mrs. Arlbery would have detained her, but she could not endure to encounter him, and without returning his salutation, or listening to his address,



address, crossed him in the hall, and flew up stairs.

There, however, she had scarcely taken breath, when she recollected the letter which she had left upon the table, and which the afflicting intelligence that Edgar had quitted Tunbridge, had made her forget she had received. In a terror immeasurable, lest her handkerchief should be drawn aside, and betray the first line, she re-descended the stairs, and hastily entered the room. Her shock was then inexpressible. The handkerchief, which her own quick motion in retiring had displaced, was upon the floor, the letter was in full view; the eyes of Sir Sedley were fixed upon his own name, with a look indefinable between pleasure and impertinence, and Mrs. Arlbery was laughing with all her might.

She seized the letter, and was running away with it, when Mrs. Arlbery slipped out of the room, and Sir Sedley, shutting the door, half archly, half tenderly repeated,  
from

from the letter, "My dear Lady Clarendel!"

In a perfect agony, she hid her face, exclaiming: "O Lionel! my foolish----cruel brother!"-----

"Not foolish, not cruel, I think him," cried Sir Sedley, taking her hand, "but amiable----he has done honour to my name, and he will use it, I hope, henceforth, as his own."

"Forget, forget his flippancy," cried she, withdrawing impatiently her hand; "and pardon his sister's breach of engagement for this morning. I hope soon, very soon, to repair it, and I hope----"

She did not know what to add; she stopt, stammered, and then endeavoured to make her retreat.

"Do not go," cried he, gently detaining her; "incomparable Camilla! I have a thousand things to say to you. Will you not hear them?"

"No!" cried she, disengaging herself; "no, no, no! I can hear nothing!----"

"Do

“Do you fascinate then,” said he, half reproachfully, “like the rattlesnake, only to destroy?”

Camilla conceived this as alluding to her recent encouragement, and stood trembling with expectation it would be followed by a claim upon her justice.

But Sir Sedley, who was far from any meaning so pointed, lightly added; “What thus agitates the fairest of creatures? can she fear a poor captive entangled in the witchery of her loveliness, and only the more enslaved the more he struggles to get free?”

“Let me go,” cried she, eager to stop him; “I beseech you, Sir Sedley!”

“All beauteous Camilla!” said he, retreating yet still so as to intercept her passage; “I am bound to submit; but when may I see you again?”

“At any time,” replied she hastily; “only let me pass now!”

“At any time! adorable Camilla! be it then to-night! be it this evening!----be it at noon----be it----”

“No,

“No, no, no, no!” cried she, panting with shame and alarm; “I do not mean at any time! I spoke without thought---I mean---”

“Speak so ever and anon,” cried he, “if thought is my enemy! This evening then---”

He stopt, as if irresolute how to finish his phrase, but soon added: “Adieu, till this evening, adieu!” and opened the door for her to pass.

Triumph sat in his eye; exultation spoke in every feature; yet his voice betrayed constraint, and seemed checked, as if from fear of entrusting it with his sentiments. The fear, however, was palpably not of diffidence with respect to Camilla, but of indecision with regard to himself.

Camilla, almost sinking with shame now hung back, from a dread of leaving him in this dangerous delusion. She sat down, and in a faltering voice, said: “Sir Sedley! hear me, I beg!----”

“Hear you?” cried he, gallantly casting himself at her feet; “yes! from the fervid  
rays

rays of the sun, to the mild lustre of the moon!----from----”

A loud knock at the street door, and a ringing at the same time at the bell, made him rise, meaning to shut again the door of the parlour; but he was prevented, by the entrance of a man into the hall, calling out, in a voice that reached to every part of the house, “An express for Miss Camilla Tyrold.”

Camilla started up, concluding it some strange intelligence concerning Edgar. But a letter was put into her hand, and she saw it was the writing of Lavinia.

It was short, but most affectionate. It told her that news was just arrived from the Continent, which gave reason for hourly expectation of their cousin Lynmere at Cleves, in consequence of which Sir Hugh was assembling all the family to receive him. She was then, with her father, going thither from Etherington, where the restored health of her uncle had, for a week past, enabled them to reside, and she was ordered

to send off an exprefs to Tunbridge, to beg Camilla would prepare immediately for the post-chaise of Sir Hugh, which would be sent for her, with the Cleves house-keeper, and reach Mount Pleasant within a few hours after this notice.

A hundred questions assailed Camilla when she had run over this letter, the noise of the exprefs having brought Mrs. Arlbery and the Dennels into the parlour.

She produced the letter, and putting it in the hands of Mrs. Arlbery, relieved her painful confusion, by quitting the room without again meeting the eyes of Sir Sedley.

She could make no preparation, however, for her journey, from mingled desire and fear of an explanation with the Baronet before her departure.

Again, therefore, in a few minutes she went down; gathering courage from the horror of a mistake that might lead to so much mischief.

She found only Mrs. Arlbery in the parlour.

Involuntarily starting, "Where," she cried, "is Sir Sedley?"

"He is gone," answered Mrs. Arlbery, laughing at her earnestness; "but no doubt you will soon see him at Cleves."

"Then I am undone!" cried she, bursting into tears, and running back to her chamber.

Mrs. Arlbery instantly followed, and kindly inquired what disturbed her.

"O, Mrs. Arlbery!" she cried, "lend me, I beseech you, some aid, and spare me, in pity, your raillery! Sir Sedley, I fear, greatly mistakes me; set him right, I conjure you----"

"Me, my dear? and do you think if some happy fatality is at work at this moment to force you to your good, I will come forth, like your evil genius, to counteract its operations?"

"I must write, then----yet, in this haste, this confusion, I fear to involve rather than extricate myself!"

“ Ay, write by all means ; there is nothing so prettily forwards these affairs, as a correspondence between the parties undertaken to put an end to them.”

She went, laughing, out of the chamber, and Camilla, who had seized a pen, distressfully flung it from her.

What indeed could she say? he had made no direct declaration; she could give, therefore, no direct repulse; and though, through her brother's cruel want of all consideration, she was so deeply in his debt, she durst no longer promise its discharge; for the strange departure of Edgar robbed her of all courage to make to him her meditated application.

Yet to leave Sir Sedley in this error was every way terrible. If, which still seemed very possible, from his manner and behaviour, he should check his partiality, and make the whole of what had passed end in mere public-place gallantry, she must always have the mortification to know he had considered her as ready to accept him: If, on  
the



the contrary, encouraging what he felt for her, from the belief she returned his best opinion, he should seriously demand her hand----how could she justify the apparent attention she once paid him? and how assert, while so hopelessly his debtor, the independence to reject one who so many ways seemed to hold himself secure?

\* \* \* \*

She was broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin, who entered full of lamentation at the intelligence she had just heard from Miss Dannel of her sudden departure; which she ended with, "But as you are going in such haste, my dear, you must have fifty things to do, so pray now, let me help you, Come, what shall I pack up for you? Where's all your things?"

Camilla, incapable of doing any business for herself, accepted the offer.

"Well then, now where's your gowns? Bless me! what a one is here? why it's been in the dew, and then in the dust, and

then in the dew again, till all the bottom must be cut off; why you can never shew it amongst your friends; it will quite bring a disgrace upon poor Tunbridge; come, I think you must give it to me; I've got a piece of muslin just like it, and I can piece it so that it won't appear; but it will never do for you again."

Camilla was surpris'd; but her mind was filled with other matters, and the gown was put apart.

"What! are those all your neck handkerchiefs? why, my dear Miss Tyrold, that's a thing you want very bad indeed; why here's one you can never wear again; it wants more darning than its worth."

Camilla said she should have very good time to mend it at home.

"But then, my dear, you don't consider what a bad look that will have amongst your friends; what will they think of poor Tunbridge, that you should have let it go so far? why, may be they'll never let you come again; the best way will be not to let them see it; suppose I take it off your  
hands?"

hands? I dare say they don't know your count."

At any other time, Camilla would either have resisted these seizures, or have been diverted by the pretence that they were made only for her own benefit; but she was now glad at any rate to get rid of the care of the package.

When this was over, and Mrs. Mittin had pretty well paid herself for her trouble: "Well, my dear," she cried, "and what can I do for you next? Have you paid Mrs. Tildin, and Mr. Doust, and Mr. Tent?"

These were questions that indeed roused Camilla from her reverie; she had not once thought of what she owed to the milliner, to her shoemaker, nor to her haberdasher; from all of whom she had now, through the hands of Mrs. Mittin, had various articles. She thanked her for reminding her of so necessary an attention, and said she would immediately send for the bills.

"I'll

“I’ll run and pay ’em for you myself,” said Mrs. Mittin; “for they always take that kind; and as I recommended them all to you, I have a right they should know how I stand their friend; for there’s many an odd service they may do me in return; so I’ll go for you with all my heart; only give me the money.”

Camilla took out her purse, in which, from her debt to Sir Sedley, and perpetually current expences, there now remained but fifteen shillings of her borrowed five guineas; though latterly, she had wholly denied herself whatever did not seem an expence unavoidable. . . What to do she now knew not; for though all she had ordered had been trifling, she was sure it must amount to four or five guineas. She had repeatedly refused to borrow any thing more of Mrs. Arlbery, always hoping every call for money would be the last; but she was too inexperienced to know, That in gay circles, and public places, the demands for wealth are endless and countless; and that œconomy itself, which is always local, is there

lavish and extravagant, compared with its character, in private scenes and retired life.

Yet was this the last moment to apply to Mrs. Arlbery upon such a subject, since it would be endowing her with fresh arms to fight the cause of Sir Sedley. She sat still, and ruminating, till Mrs. Mittin, who without scruple had taken a full inventory of the contents of the purse, exclaimed: "La! my dear, why sure I hope that i'n't all you've got left?"

Camilla was fain to confess she had nothing more at Tunbridge.

"Well, don't be uneasy, my dear," cried she, "and I'll go to 'em all, and be caution for you, till you get the money."

Camilla thanked her very sincerely, and again resumed her first opinion of her real good nature, and kindness of heart. She took her direction in London, whither she was soon to return, and promised, in a short time, to transmit the money for her to distribute, as every one of the shopkeepers

keepers went to the metropolis in the winter.

Delighted both with the praise and the commission, Mrs. Mittin took leave; and Camilla determined to employ her next quarter's allowance in paying these debts, and frankly to beg from her uncle the five guineas that were due to Mrs. Arlbery.

She then wrote an affectionate adieu to Mrs. Berlington, intreating to hear from her at Etherington; and, while she was sealing it, Mrs. Arlbery came to embrace her, as the carriage was at the door.

Camilla, in making her acknowledgments for the kindness she had received, intermingled a petition, that at least, she would not augment, if she refused to clear the mistake of Sir Sedley.

“I believe he may safely,” she answered, “be left to himself; though it is plain that, at this moment, he is in a difficulty as great as your own; for marriage he still resists, though he finds you resistless. I wish you mutually to be parted till---pardon me, my fair friend---your understandings are mutually

mutually cleared, and he is divested of what is too factitious, and you of what is too artless. Your situation is, indeed, rather whimsical; for the two mortals with whom you have to deal require treatment diametrically opposite; yet, humour them a little adroitly, and you presently gain them both. He that is proud, must be distanced; he that is vain, must be flattered. This is paying them with their own coin; but they hold no other to be current. Pride, if not humbled, degenerates into contempt; vanity, if not indulged, dissolves into indifference."

Camilla disclaimed taking any measures with respect to either; but Mrs. Arlbery insisted the field would be won by Sir Sedley, "who is already," she cried, "persuaded you have for some time encouraged him, and that now you are fully propitious----"

Camilla hastily interrupted her: "O, Mrs. Arlbery!" she cried, "I cannot endure this! add not to my disturbance by making it my own work!"

She

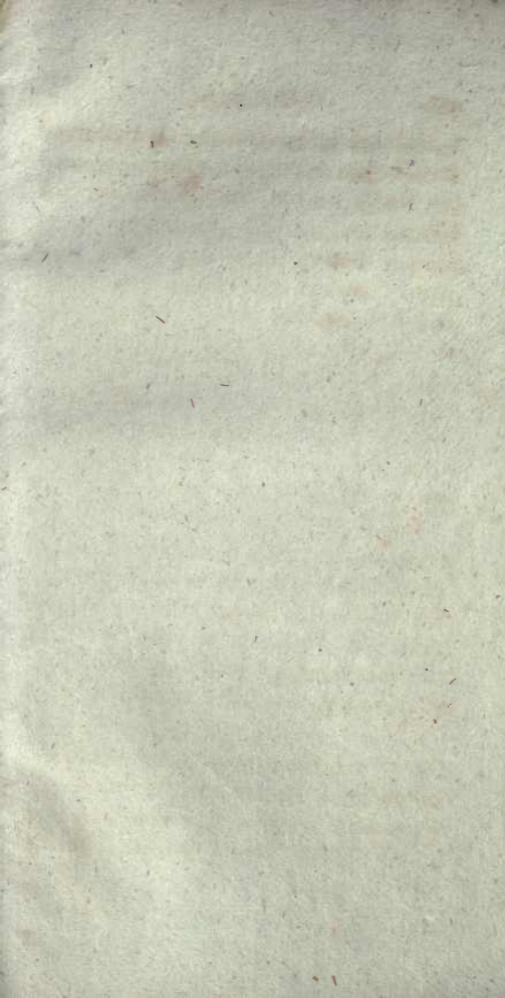
She then embraced her; took leave of the Dennels, and with the housekeeper of Sir Hugh set out from Tunbridge for Cleves.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

Camilla disclaimed taking any measures with respect to either; but Mrs. Arbery insisted the field would be won by Sir Seely, "who is already," she cried, "permanently you have for some time encouraged him, and that now you are fully partisan...."

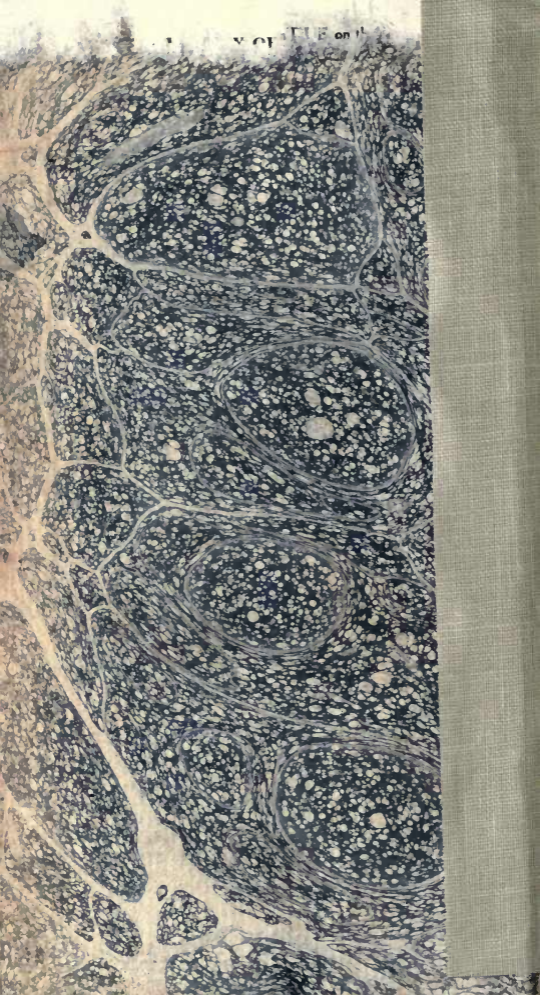
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